

AN  
STRIP, *Syn. 8. 69. 25*  
AND *De 5. 11*  
WHITT:  
OR  
SATYRICALL ESSAYES.

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By GEORGE WITHER.

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Divided into two Bookes.  
*Revised and enlarged.*

Ἐπὶ Μὰνὶ τοῖς κὶ μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν ἡσυχία

Despise not this, what-ere I seeme in show:  
A foole to purpose speakes sometime, you know.



LONDON

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1617.

ARVSES

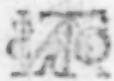
STRIP T

AND

WELP T



415;01







To him-ſelfe, *G. W.* wiſheth  
all happineſſe.

**T**Hou (*even my Selfe*) whom next  
God, my Prince, and Country,  
I am moſt engaged vnto; it is  
not vnlikely, but ſome wil won-  
der; why, contrary to the *worlds*  
cuſtome, I haue made choiſe of thy Patro-  
nage for this Booke, rather than the protec-  
tion of ſuch whoſe Mightineſſe might ſeeme  
better able to defend it; eſpecially conſider-  
ing ſuch a *Gigantick* troupe of Aduerſaries  
haue banded themſelues againſt the *Truth*,  
that one of them *Goliath*-like, dares raile vpon  
a whole hoaſt of *Israel*. It may bee (I ſay)  
ſome will wonder, and ſome ſcoffe at me for  
it: for which cauſe (though to anſwere them  
with *Sic volo* had bin ſufficient: yet to ſhew I  
wil not like our *Great-ones* ſtand ſo much vpo  
my

## The Epistle

1  
2  
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my authority as to make my Will my Reason) I here let you know why, and for what causes I haue done it; the first is this: I could not amongst all men finde any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my Worke was ynworthie, or too worthie his Patronage. Secondly, it is said; *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I doubting my free speech would hardly make a *Diapason*, pleasing to the eare of a common *Mecenas*, thought it best to hold my tongue, or speake to my selfe, whose disposition I am better acquainted with. Thirely, seeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather endure the *Kites* tyranny, than with *Aesops* Doves make the Sparrow-hauke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I haue spoken *Truth*, it is able to defend it selfe; if not, who-ere be my Patron, it is I must answer for it. Fifthly, forasmuch as I know mine owne minde best, I purpose, if need bee, to become mine owne *Advocate*. Sixtly, for my owne sake I first made it, and therefore certaine I am I my selfe haue most right vnto it. But seauenthly, and lastly (which is indeed the principall Reason) I haue

## Dedicatorie.

haue made this *Dedication* to thee, poore  
world-despised *Selfe*; euen to put thee in  
minde, (seeing thou hast hieere boldly begun  
to bid defiance to the *Flesh*, and vpon iust  
causes quarrelled with the *World*) that thou  
take heede to thine owne yvords, and not  
through baseueltie of minde or vntowardnes  
of *Fortune* (to thy euerlasting disgrace)  
faintly giue ouer so noble a *Combat*. If euer  
aduersitie (as 'tis like enough) oppresse thee,  
yet remember thy owne sayings; and in de-  
spight of outward *Destinies*, haue a care to  
keepe an vndeiectioned heart, still free for *Ver-  
tue*. Or on the contrarie, if euer (as 'tis vn-  
likely) vnexpected *Prosperitie* be cast vpon  
thee, then looke to thy selfe, take to thee this  
poore Booke of thine, vwherein thou shalt  
see the danger of it, and bee, perhaps, there-  
by stayed from many a perillous enterprise,  
which that estate might else driue thee into.  
Read it, weekly, daily, yea and hourly too:  
What though it be thine owne? thou knowest  
mans nature to be so vncertaine and prone to  
forgetfulness, euen in the best things, that  
thou canst not haue too many *Memorandums*.  
The vviseest fall, and therefore euery day was

Philip

## The Epistle

1  
2  
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Philip desirous to bee remembred that hee  
was a *Man*. Thou thinkest, I know, stil to re-  
maine what thou art; I desire in some things  
thou maist: but vnlesse thou labour it vvith  
diligent watchfulnesse ouer *affection*, it is at  
least much to be doubted, if not altogether to  
be despaired of; thou hast scene many by an  
alteration in their estate been so *metamorpho-*  
*sed*, as if they were not the same men; nor of  
that Nation.

Nay, remember it, thou thy selfe, and that  
but vpō a bare hope, or imagination of some  
preferment, hast bin puffed vp and exalted a-  
boue measure: cōsider now then how much  
more thou hadst bin so, & what had become  
of thee, if God had not by dashing those  
hopes, called thee to thy selfe againe? Alas!  
if he had answered thy *ambitious* expectati-  
ons to thy desire, thou hadst beene by this  
time past recouery, and not thought of this;  
but delighted in *villany*, been ouer-mastered  
by *passion*, rusht into all *vanity* and *presumpti-*  
*on*; yet neuer felt any danger, till it were too  
late to preuent it. Thou hast oft wisht thou  
hadst bin borne to the like means that others  
are, which might it haue been so, now thou  
seest

## Dedicatorie.

seest thou shouldst hardly or neuer haue come to the knowledge of those things that are now showne thee. Tis true, thou hast lamented to be crost in thy preferments: but thou seest since, that it might haue been thy vndoing if it had not beene so, and must perswade thy selfe whether it be now or neuer, it will be to thy good. For tell me, hast thou not often felt, euen when thou wert busied to preuent them; *Fond-loue, Ambition, Reuenge, Conuiousnesse*, and such like *Passions*, then to inuade thee? Hast thou perceiued it, I say? How much more then would they haue been ready to assaile thee, when quite forgetting the, thou hadst wholly addicted thy selfe to the things of this world? Let me aduise my dear selfe then, to make vse of this thine ovvne Worke, it will bee better to thee than all the World: for this good it may doe thee, and to this end, I made both it and the *Dedication* therof to thee, that if euer hereafter the temptations of the world, the flesh, & the diuel, or any occasion should make thee to forget this minde that thou art now in: or so blinde thy understanding, thou shouldest not perceiue thy own & the worlds follies as thou doost; That  
if

## The Epistle

1  
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if thou shouldst bee in that miserable state as many are, to haue no feeling of thy danger: that if thou shouldst bee wofully flattered, and haue no friend that dares, or loues thee so vuell, to put thee in minde of thy transgressions.

Then I haue ordained this to shew thee what once thou wert, to touch thee againe with the feeling of thy miseries, and to be vn-to thee that true *Friend*, vvhich, free from all fained inuention, shall plainly tell thee, what perhaps should else haue neuer bin brought againe to thy remembrance. Looke then that for thy owne sake thou respect this, how euer to others it may seeme a trifle. Be carefull of thy actions; for seeing thou knowest the dangerous Passions whercunto Man is subiect, hast showne his *Vanities*, layd open his *Weakenesse*, and sharply taxed his *Presumption*: If now thou shouldest wilfullie runne thy selfe into the same euills; the *World* would vpbraide thee, this Booke, yea, thy Conscience accuse thee, God and good men hate thee, thy fault be more odious and inexcusable, thy *Iudgement* more seuer, and which is worst, thy *Punishment* most intolerable;

## Dedicatorie.

lerable; I say seeke therefore (if for no other cause) to to carry thy selfe, that at least thou maist haue a good Conscience before God; for, *Si Deus tecum quis contra te?* But if now hauing made the *World* thine enemy, exposed thy selfe to the malice thereof, and hauing so many Legions of foes without thee, thou shouldest also, by thy negligence, suffer the inuincible fortresse of a sound Conscience to be crazed within thee, the Diuell, that is alway watching such aduantages, would quickly possesse it with an vnmercifull troope of Horrors, Feares, and Desperations, that without Gods miraculous assistance, thou wouldest growe wholly past either comfort or recouery.

For all the *World* cannot defend thee against thy Conscience: but *that* beeing with thee, thou maist preuaile against all the *World*. Beware then, doe not like the *Zebithum*, yeeld a perfume to sweeten others, and bee thy selfe a stinking vermine, but let this thy ovne Worke be first confirmed by thy life and conuersation, yea, let it be a *President* to thy selfe; for, *Tanti erit aliis quanti tibi fuerit*: but if not, I say, if the  
*World*



## The Epistle

World mis-esteem either it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore esteeme the lesse eyther of thy Booke or of thy Selfe, but rather let them know,

That thou hast learned, still thy care shall bee,  
A rush for him that cares a straw for thee.

But now, though for these and diuerse other *Reasons*, I haue to thee my *Own*-selfe committed the *Protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this Booke, yet my meaning is not that thou shouldst keepe it wholly to thine own vse; But rather, seeing it is honorable to giue, (though none will giue thee any thing) I haue bestowed this on thee, that if thou canst in this corrupted Age, find any, whom desert, and thy loue may make so deare vnto thee; or whom thou art perswaded will gratifie, or but thinke well of thy honest endeavours, thou maist be liberall to them both of these thy labours and expenses.

But this I coniure thee; bee they neuer so Great, yet flatter not: or if he be a man whom thou knowest the *World* speaks any way iustly ill of; either tell him his faule, or leaue him wholly



## *Dedicatorie.*

wholly out of thy *Catalogue*. But because I  
begin to growe tedious to my *OWNE-SELFE*, and  
sith I shall haue *Opportunitie* enough to con-  
sider with thee what is further needfull with-  
out an *Epistle*, with my Prayers for my  
*Prince*, my *Country*, my *Friends*, and my *owne*  
prosperitie, without any leaue-taking, or  
commendations of my *Selfe*, I hartily  
with my *owne Saule* to  
fare-well.

*Thy Princes, thy Countries,*  
*thy Friends, and Thine.*  
*thine owne whilst Reason*  
*masters Affection;*

GEORGE WITHER.

# Dedication

Wholly out of thy Country. But because I  
begin to grow old, and to my own self, and  
thou I shall have opportunity enough to con-  
sider with thee what is further needful with-  
out an Epistle, with my prayers for thy  
prosperity, Country, my friends, and my other  
relations, without any house-taking, or  
recommendations of my self, I humbly

submit with my own self to

thy wisdom and well.


Thy friend, thy Country,

and thyself, I humbly

submit with my own self to

thy wisdom and well.

Geo. Wither



## To the Reader.

**R**eaders; I speake to you that haue understanding; vwhen these first fruites of my conuerted Males shall come to your iudicious censures, doe not looke for Spencers or Daniels vvel-composed numbers; or the deepe conceits of now flourishing Iohnson: no; say, Tis honest plaine matter, and there's as much as I expect. If I haue seem'd to erre in any thing, suppose mee not so obstinate, or well conceited of my own opinion, but that I may bee perswaded by any that shall produce stronger reasons to the contrary. If any thing may seeme to haue a doubtful interpretation, assure your selues the honestest meaning in it is mine; and although some may thinke I haue not so well ioyned: things together as I might haue done, I know when you haue considered the nature of the Subiect, & the diuersity of things therein handled, you wil accept my good-wil, and let my yeeres be an excuse for that & all other ignorant ouer-sights whaisoener. Some no doubt

To the Reader.

1  
2  
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will mistake my plainenes, in that I haue so blantly  
spoken what I haue obserued, without any Poetical  
additions or fained Allegories: I am sory I haue  
not pleased them therein, but should haue bin more  
sory if I had displeased my selfe in dooing other-  
wise; For I knowe if I had wrapt up my meaning  
in dark riddles, I should haue been more applauded,  
and lesse understood, which I nothing desire.

I neither feare nor shame to speak the Truth,  
and therefore haue nakedly thrust it forth with-  
out a couering. To what end were it, if I (as some  
doe) had appareld my minde in darke Parables,  
that few or none might haue understood mee? I  
should doe better to be silent; but if I be more in re-  
quest, I may heereafter be obscure enough: yet in  
this tis not my meaning; for indeed if I knew how,  
my desire is to be so plaine, that the blunest Iob-  
nole might understand me. Our Grand-villaines  
care not for a secret ierke; well wee may shewe an  
honest wit in couertly nipping them; but either it  
is in vaine, cause they perceiue it not, or else ridi-  
culous, seeing they onely understand it vho will  
but either malice or flout vs for our labours. Ma-  
ny may dislike the harshnesse of the Verse, but you  
knowe, although it be not stately, yet it well enough  
befits the matter. And whereas I may seeme  
blame-worthy in mixing Diuinitie with Huma-  
nitie:

## To the Reader.

nitie: yet when you haue found my generall ayne,  
considered with what reuerent respect I haue done  
it, and what commendable authorities I may haue  
for it, I nothing misdoubt your approbation. Those  
things which concerne my selfe, may seeme chil-  
dish, nothing pleasing, but you must consider I had  
a care to please my selfe as well as others. And if  
the World blame me as too sawcy with her, it is  
for want of manners; but her own fault that would  
allow mee no better education. To be brieft, if I  
haue any way offended, I am so well perswaded you  
will mildly conser my errors and infirmities, that  
I rest wholly, and onely on your sound and incor-  
rupted Iudgements.

\* But \*

Readers, I mean you that are no more but Rea-  
ders; I make no question if this booke come to your  
spelling; it will haue many halting verses, and  
disioynted sentences: for I haue had experience of  
your insufficiencie: yet haue I strined to bee for  
your sakes I tell you (because I would if it were  
possible, be vnderstood) as plaine (as they say)  
as a pack-saddle, and now the doubt is then fooles  
will ride me. If they doe, certainly I shall be rough  
and vneasie for their tendernes.

## To the Reader.

1  
2  
3  
Though you understand them not, yet because  
you see this wants some fine Phrases, & florishes,  
as you finde other mens writings stuf't w<sup>th</sup>all,  
perhaps you will iudge mee v<sup>n</sup>learned. Well; and  
right enough. Yet you will bee counted but fancy  
Cobblers to goe beyond your Lasts. And if that  
be a fault, did not the subiect and your ignorances,  
require me to be in that sort faulty, I could w<sup>th</sup>  
ease haue amended it, for it cost mee (I protest)  
more labour to obserue this plainenesse, than if I  
had more Poetically trim'd it; but for feare if I  
speake much, I confound your Memories, I wil  
say no more but this, Read and welcome, but  
Censure not, for your iudgement is  
weake, and I vtterly re-  
nounce it.

Valete.

George Wither.

# EPIGRAMS

## To Time.

### EPIGR. I.

**N**ow swift-devouring, bald, and ill fac't *Time*,  
 Dost not thou blush to see thy selfe vncloak't?  
 Oh that I knew but how to laugh in Rime!  
 Faith I would doe it though thou wist me choakt,  
 Didst thou but see how thy faire *antique* shape,  
 Is now transformed to a *shapelesse* bew:  
 How like thou look'st to some *Barbarian Ape*,  
 Could'st thou I say with me thine own selfe view,  
 Thou wouldst be *Metamorphosed* anew;  
 Run quite away, and either all amend,  
 Or with thy selfe and all things at an end.

And yet despaire not *Time*, though thou art ill;  
 The worst that euer yet was knowne to be,  
 Tis not ordayn'd thou shouldst remaine so still,  
 For I my selfe this Age doe hope to see  
 The gloriou'st work that euer *Time* brought forth,  
 The master-peece, and the most noble act,  
 In the respect of which 'twere nothing worth  
 If all the braue deeds done were but one fact,  
*Romes fall I meane*, I heard it when it crack't.  
 Yea from my Cradle I did still surmize,  
 I should see *Babel* tumble, *Bethell* rise.

## EPIGRAMS.

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### EPICR. 2.

I Heare there's some aske how I dare so plaine  
Taxe the *Abuses* that I now see aigne;  
I muse as much they dare say ill vnto it,  
Or dare but aske, but how I dare to doe it.

---

### To the Stranger. 3.

T Hou that wert so vnhappy, first to breath  
Without the compasse of *Great Britaines* power,  
And blest againe that Fate did thee bequeath  
The knowledge of so rich a tongue as our;  
If (vnderstanding) thou doost hap to read  
This booke wherein thou seest my Nations shame,  
Yet doe not thou against my Country plead,  
For thine thou know'st doth merit as much blame:  
Our faults are many, this indeed is true;  
But were they moe, we are no worse than you.

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### To the Satyre-mastix. 4.

O H Lord Sir, y'are deceiu'd, I'me none of those  
That write in Anger, or malicious spleene;  
I haue not taken Pepper in the Nose,  
Nor a base forger of false libels beene,  
Such ones there be indeed, such I haue seene;



## EPIGRAMS.

I enuy no man for his greatnes I,  
Nor seeke I any honest mans disgrace:  
I ioy in euery ones prosperity,  
He not the credit of a dogge deface,  
My Aduersary shall not proue the case.

Then stand back sirrah Whip-Iack with your scourge,  
Doe not incense my Satyr for thy life:  
Hee's patient enough vnlesse thou yrge,  
Contentions are now adayes too rife,  
And he is very backward vnto strife.

But notwithstanding here he lets thee see,  
As long as there is cause and reason why,  
Inspight of all that foes to Satyrs be:  
He shall, if I list, taxe iniquitie,  
It is a matter of necessity.

What? you would faine haue all the *Great-ones* freed,  
They must not for their vices be controld,  
Beware; that were a saucinesse indeed:  
But if the *Great-ones* to offend be bold,  
I see no reason but they should be told.

Yea and they shall; their faults most hurtfull be,  
And though I will not put them to that shame,  
I no iniustice in the matter see,  
If they were taxed by their proper name,  
For no sinne can on earth haue her full blame.

Then *Scourge* of *Satyrs*, hold thy whip from mine,  
Or I will make my rod lash thee and thine.

# EPIGRAMS.

## To the gald Reader.

### EPIGR. 8.

**S**Ir, he that's night-gald, or hath cornes on's toes,  
 May blame the Shoemaker, & curse his shooes;  
 But those that are acquainted with the fault,  
 Can tell the reason wherefore he doth halt;  
 So thou maist think (perhaps) these Satyrs siting thee,  
 Where onely thine owne guiltines doth wring thee,  
 For if thou wert from these diseases free,  
 Thou wouldst be quiet, as some others be.  
 But tis well known a ticklish beast hath tricks,  
 And the old Prouerb saith, *A gald side kicks.*  
 But I'll aduise thee, If thou feele it smart,  
 Be rul'd by me, and play not the fooles part;  
 Keep't to thy selfe, and there are none shal know  
 Whether that thou art toucht therein or no.  
 Thou seest thou neither art markt out nor nam'd,  
 And therefore onely to thy selfe art sham'd:  
 Now if thou stirre, at best thou shalt but make  
 The Country of thy faults more knowledge take,  
 And (as indeed it iustly may) diuine,  
 The worst faults that I write against are thine.  
 Then sith to be reprov'd seemes a curse,  
 And to be mooued, makes the matter worse,  
 Either for to amend thy life haue care,  
 Or like a Pack-horse and an Asse, still beare.

## EPIGRAMS.

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### *To the impartial Author.*

**G**orge; I did ever think thy faithfull breast  
Contain'd a mind beyond the common sort.  
Thy very looke and honest heart exprest,  
And seem'd an awfull mildnesse to import:  
Poets may vaunt of smooth and lofty straines,  
Thine with thy subiect firly doe agree,  
But then thy *Muse* a better praise obtaines,  
For whilst the greatest but *Time-pleasers* be,  
Thou vnappald and freely speak'st the truth:  
Not any one for feare or lucre sparing:  
A vertue rare in age, more rare in youth;  
Another *Cato*, but I thinke more daring;  
Well maist thou speed in these tempestuous times,  
Thou soone beginst to make the World thy foe,  
Yet I so well doe like thy honest Rimes,  
That I could wish all Poets would write so:  
For thou the way of truth so rightly tend'st,  
I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'st.

*Thy deare friend,*

Th. C.



## The Contents of the first Booke.

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<b>T</b> He Occasion.	
The Introduction	
Of Man,	
Of fond Love.	Satyr. 1
Of Lust.	2
Of Hate.	3
Of Envy.	4
Of Renenge.	5
Of Choler.	6
Of lealouſie.	7
Of Conuouſneſſe.	8
Of Ambition.	9
Of Feare.	10
Of Deſpaire.	11
Of Hope.	12
Of Compaſſion.	13
Of Cruelty.	14
Of Ioy.	15
Of Sorrow.	16
The Conclusion of the first Booke.	

The



## The second Booke.

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**O** *F Vanitie.*  
*Of Inconstancie.*  
*Of Weakenesse.*  
*Of Presumption.*

Satyr. 1

2

3

4

---

*The Scourge.*

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*Epigrams to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Perso-  
nages and Friends, to vvhom the Author gave any of  
his Bookes.*

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The Second Book.

*[A large black ink blot obscures the handwritten text in this section.]*



## THE OCCASION *of this Worke.*

**W**Hen nimble *Time* that all things over-runs,  
Made me forsake my tops and eldern guns;  
Reaching those yeeres in which the schoole-  
In leauing off the bottle and the bag: (boyes brag,  
The very Spring before I grew so old,  
That I had almost thrice five Winters told,  
Noting my other fellow-pupils hast,  
That to our *English Athens* flockt so fast:  
Lest others for a truant should suspect me,  
That had the selfe-same *Tutor* to direct me,  
And in a manner counting it a shame  
To vnder-goe so long a Schoole-boyes name,  
Thither went I. For, though I'le not compare  
With many of them that my Fellowes were,  
Yet then (I'le speake it to my Teachers praise)  
I was vnfurnisht of no needfull layes;  
Nor any whit for Grammer Rules to seeke,  
In *Lallies* Latine, nor in *Camdens* Greeke;

## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

But so well grounded, that another day  
 I could not with our idle Students say  
 For an excuse, *I was ill enter'd*; no:  
 There yet are many know it was not so.  
 And therefore, sith I came no wiser thence,  
 I must confesse it was my negligence:  
 Yet daily longing to behold and see  
 The places where the sacred *Sisters* be;  
 I was so happy, to that *Fount* I came  
 Of which an *Oxe*, they say, beares halfe the name:  
 It is a Spring of knowledge, that imparts  
 A thousand severall Sciences and Arts,  
 A pure cleare Fount, whose water is by odds  
 Farre sweeter than the *Nectar* of the Gods;  
 Or for to give't a title that befits,  
 It is the very *Nurserie* of wits.

There once arriv'd, 'cause my wits were raw,  
 I fell to wondring at each thing I saw:  
 And for my learning made a month's Vacation,  
 In noting of the places situation,  
 The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due  
 Vnto the wise *Minervaes* hallowed crew,  
 Their *Cloysters*, *Walkes*, and *Groves*: all which surue'd,  
 And in my new admittance well apaid,  
 I did (as other idle *Freshmen* doe)  
 Long to goe see the Bell of *Ousey* too:  
 But yet indeed (May not I grieve to tell?)  
 I neuer dranke at *Aristotles* Well,  
 And that perhaps may be the reason why  
 I knowe so little in Philosophy.



## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

Yet old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,  
 In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot  
 The *Farrest* by (Belieue it they that will)  
 Retaines the known name of *Shot-over* still.

But hauing this experience, and withall  
 Gotten some practise at the Tennis-ball,  
 My *Tutor* (telling me I was not sent  
 To haue my time, there vaine and idly spent)  
 From childish humors gently call'd me in,  
 And with his graue instructions did begin  
 To teach, and by his good perswasions sought  
 To bring me to a loue of what he taught.

Then after that, he labour'd to impart  
 The hidden secrets of the *Logick Art*;  
 In stead of Grammer Rules he read me than,  
 Old *Scottus*, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*;  
 He shew'd me which the *Pradicables* be,  
 As *Genus*, *Species*, and the other three:  
 So hauing said enough of their contents,  
 Handles in order th' ten *Pradicaments*;  
 Next *Postpradicamenta* with *Priorum*,  
*Perhermenias* and *Posteriorum*:  
 He with the *Topickes* opens, and discloses  
*Elenchi*, full of subtile fallacies:  
 These to vnfold (indeed) he tooke much paine,  
 But to my dull capacitie in vaine:  
 For all he spake was to as little passe,  
 As in old time vnto the vulgar was  
 The *Romish* rites, which (whether bad or good)  
 The poore vnlearned neuer vnderstood;

But

## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

But of the meaning were as farre to seeke,  
 As *Coriats* horse was of his Masters Greeke,  
 When in that tongue he made a Speech at length,  
 To shew the beast the grearines of his strength.  
 For I his meaning did no more coniecture,  
 Than if he had been reading *Hebrew Lecture*.  
 His *Infinites*, *Individuities*,  
*Contraries*, and *Subcontrarities*,  
*Divisions*, *Subdivisions*, and a crew  
 Of terms and words, such as I neuer knew,  
 My shallow vnderstanding so confounded,  
 That I was grauell'd like a ship that's grounded;  
 And in despaire the mysterie to gaine,  
 Neglecting all, tooke neither heed nor paine.  
 Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,  
 Till *Cynthia* six times lost her borrowed light:  
 A But, then asham'd to find my selfe still mute,  
 And other litle Dandipratts dispute,  
 That could distinguish vpon *Rationale*,  
 Yet scarcely heard of *Verbum Personale*;  
 Or could by heart (like *Parots*) in the Schooles,  
 Stand prattling, those me thought were pretty fooles.  
 And therefore in some hope to profit so,  
 That I like them (at least) might make a show;  
 I reacht my Bookes that I had cast about,  
 To see if I could pick his meaning out:  
 And, prying on them with some diligence,  
 At length I felt my dull intelligence  
 Begin to open; and perceiued more  
 In halfe an houre, than halfe a yeere before.

And

THE OCCASION, &c.

And (which is strange) the things I had forgot,  
 And till that very day remembered not,  
 Since first my *Tutor* read them (those *Books*)  
 Returne into my memory againe:  
 So, that with which I had so much to doe,  
 A week made easie, yea and pleasing too.  
 But then therewith not thorowly content,  
 I practis'd to maintaine an Argument:  
 And hauing waded thorow *Sophistrie*,  
 A little lookt into *Philosophie*,  
 And thinking there the *Exhicks* not enough,  
 I had a further longing yet to know  
 The cause of Snow, Haile, Thunder, Frost and Raine,  
 The Lightnings, Meteors, and what here were vaine  
 For me to speake of, sith I shall but show-It,  
 To those that better than my selfe do know-It.  
 Then from the causes of things naturall,  
 I went to matters Metaphysicall:  
 Of which when I a little newes could tell,  
 I (as the rest in Schooles) to wrangling fell:  
 And as example taught me, to disgrace her,  
 When I oppos'd the *Truth* I could out-face her:  
 But now enues the worst I getting foot,  
 And thus digesting Learnings bitter Root:  
 Ready to taste the fruit, then when I thought  
 I should a Calling in that place haue sought,  
 I found that, I for other ends ordain'd,  
 Was from that course perforce to be constrain'd:  
 For Fortune that full many a boone hath lost me,  
 Thus in the reaping my consentment, cross me.

## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

You sir (quoth he) that I must make my slave;  
 For whom in store a thousand plagues I haue;  
 Come hence, I pray, and learne to hold the plough;  
 For you haue read Philosophy enough.  
 If wrangling in the Schooles be such a sport,  
 Goe to your *Playden* in the Innes of Court;  
 For aske your parish neighbours, they can tell,  
 Those fellows doe maintaine contention well.  
 For Art in numbers, you no coyle need keepe,  
 A little skill shall serue to tell your sheepe:  
 Seekenot the Starres, thy euils should relate,  
 Lest when thou know them, thou growe desperate;  
 And let alone Geometry, tis vaine;  
 Ile finde you worke enough to marre your braine;  
 Or would you study Musick? else 'twere pittie,  
 And yet it needs not, you shall finde Ile be ye:  
 Ile teach you how to frame a song, and will  
 Provide you cares to be the subiect still.

This, Fortune or my Fate, did seeme to tell me,  
 And such a chance, indeed, ere long befell me.  
 For ere my yeares would suffer me to be  
 Admitted hys to take the low'st degree;  
 By Fates appointment (that no stay can brooke)  
 The Paradise of England I forooke,  
 To Art and Studie both I bad farwell,  
 With all that good my *thoughts* did once fore-tell:  
 There all my sweetest hopes I left, and went  
 In quest of Fate, Despaire, and Discontent.  
 For seeing I was forc't to leaue those Mountaines,  
 Fine groves, faire walks, & sweet delightful fountaines,

7  
*THE OCCASION, &c.*

And saw it might not vnto me be granted  
To keepe those places where the *Muses* haunted;  
I home returned somewhat discontent,  
And to our *Bentworth* beechy shadowes went,  
Bewailing these my first endeauiours lost,  
And so to be by angry Fortune crost,  
Who though she daily doe much mischief to mee;  
Can neuer whilst I liue a greater doe mee;  
Yet there, e're she on me procur'd her will,  
I learn'd enough to scorne at Fortune still:  
Yea vs had made her enuy seeme so vaine,  
That I grew almost proud in her disdaine:  
And hauing thorough her first malice worne,  
Began to take a pleasure in her scorne.

But after I returned as is said,  
And had some time in mine own Country staid,  
I there perceiu'd (as I had long suspected)  
My selfe of some men causelesse affected:  
By those to whom my owne respect vnfauld,  
Made me esteeme their loue to me vnstain'd:  
I found though they in show my friends had beene,  
And kept their hidden malice long vnscene,  
With such faire shewes as if they sought my good,  
None my aduancement with more spight withstood.  
For, (seeming kind) they often did perswade  
My friends, to learne me some Mechanick Trade,  
Vrging expence (perhaps) and telling how  
That *Learning* is but little made of now;  
When twas through malice, cause they feard that I  
Might come to vnderstand my selfe thereby,

## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

Exceed their knowledge, and attain to do  
 My selfe more good, than they would with me to  
 Some such or worse, at best a wicked end,  
 Thus mood'd this selfe conceired crew to bend  
 Their spitefull heads, by secret means to crosse  
 My wisht desire, and propagate my losse.

But hauing noted this their hollownesse,  
 And finding that meer Country businesse  
 Was not my Calling; to avoid the spight,  
 (Which at that season was not shewne out-right)  
 And to escape the ouer dangerous smiles,  
 Of those new-found vplandish Crocodiles,  
 Vpon some hopes, I soone forsooke againe  
 The shady Groue, and the sweet open Plaine,  
 To see the place of this great Iles resort,  
 And try, if either there or at the Court,  
 I might by good endeauiour action find,  
 Agreeing with the nature of my mind.

But there I viewd another world, me thought;  
 And little hope or none of that I sought.  
 I saw I must (if there I ought would doo)  
 First learne new fashions, and new language too.  
 If I should haue been hung, I knew not how  
 To teach my body how to cringe or bow,  
 Or to embrace a fellowes hinder quarters,  
 As if I meant to steale away his garters;  
 When any stoopt to mee with conges trim,  
 All I could doe, was stand and laugh at him.  
 Blesse me, thought I, what will this Cozcomb doo,  
 When I perceiue done reaching at my shoo:

But

## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

But when I heard him speake, why I was fully  
 Posselt, we learn'd but barbarisme in *Tully*.  
 There was not any street but had a wench,  
 That at once coming could haue learn'd them French.  
 Grecians had little there to doe poore soules,  
 Vnlesse to talk with begger-men in *Pauls*.  
 All our schoole Latine would not serue to drawe  
 An Instrument adiudged good in lawe:  
 Nay, which is more, they would haue taught me faine,  
 To go new learne my English tongue againe;  
 As if there had been reason to suspect  
 Our ancient vsed *Hampshire Dialect*.  
 There I perceiv'd those brutish thronging swarms,  
 That were transformed by lewd *Cyrees* charms,  
 There heard I wanton *Syrens* tune the lay,  
 That works th' vnwarie traucilers decay.  
 The cruell *Lycauntrops* walkt in sight,  
 So did the beastly loose *Hermaphrodite*.  
 I saw *Chimera's*, *Furies*, fearefull things,  
 And fiends, whose tounge, are such enuenom'd stings,  
 As plague not onely bodies that haue breath,  
 But make a wound, that oft vncur'd by death,  
 Poysons the next in blood, and comes to be  
 At length the ruine of a Progenie.  
 There I saw Guls that haue no braine at all,  
 And certaine Monsters which they Gallants call;  
 New broods of *Centaures* that were onely proud  
 Of hauing their beginning from a Cloud.  
 These with a thousand other creatures more,  
 Such as I neuer saw the like before,



## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

In stranger shapes, and more deform'd and vile,  
 Than euer yet appear'd to *Mandinile*,  
 Flockt there, that I almost to doubt began,  
 How I had past the straights of *Megalan*,  
 Or gotten on the sudden with such ease,  
 To see the wonders at th' *Antipodes*.  
 O Lord, thought I, what doe I meane to runne,  
 Out of Gods blessing thus into the Sunne!  
 What comfort or what goodnes heere can I  
 Expect, among these *Anthropophagi*,  
 Where like the droues of *Neptune* in the water,  
 The lesse are made a prey to feed the greater I  
 Certaine it is, I neuer shall be able,  
 To make my humor suit to please this rabble;  
 Better it were I liu'd at home with wants,  
 Then heere with all these strange inhabitants,  
 Whose natures doe with me so disagree,  
 I shall scoffe at them though they ruine me:  
 Yet being loth to turne till I had try'd,  
 What Fate my new aduenture would betide,  
 I stayd for my experience, and withall  
 Flattering my selfe, with hope there would befall,  
 Vnto my share, something well worth my sute,  
 Which honestie might serue to execute,  
 Without respecting how to please the rude,  
 And Apish humors of this multitude.  
 But all in vaine I that preferment sought,  
 Ill Fortune still my Hopes confusion wrought.  
 Which though for ominous some vnderstood,  
 Yet I presum'd vpon some future good;



## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

And though I scarce am with so well off some,  
 Beleue there is a happy time to come:  
 Which, when I have most need of comfort, shall  
 Send me true Joy to make amends for all:  
 But say it be not whilst I draw this ayre,  
 I have a heart (I hope) shall ne'er despaire,  
 Because there is a God, with whom I trust  
 My Soule shall triumph when my body's dust:  
 Yet when I found that my endeavours still  
 Fell out as they would haue't that with me ill,  
 And when I saw the world was growne so coy,  
 To curbe me as too young then to imploy:  
 And that her greatnes thought she did not want me,  
 Or found no calling bad enough to grant me,  
 (And hauing scap't some enuies, which to touch,  
 Vnto this purpose appertaines not much)  
 Weighing both that and therewith also this,  
 How great a shame and what reproach it is  
 To be still idle; and because I spy'd  
 How glad they would be that my state enuy'd,  
 To finde me so, although the world doth scorne  
 To allow me action, as if I were borne  
 Before my time; yet euen to let her see,  
 In spite of Fortune I'de employed bee;  
 Casting *Preferments* too much care aside,  
 And leauing that to God that can provide;  
 The actions of the present time I ey'd,  
 And all her secret villanies discry'd:  
 I stript Abuse from all her colours quite,  
 And laid her vgly face to open sight,

## THE OCCASION, &amp;c.

I labour'd to obserue her waies, and then  
 In generall the state and tricks of men.  
 Wherein although my labour were not seen,  
 Yet (trust me) the discouery hath been  
 My great content: and I haue for my paine,  
 Although no outward yet an inward gaine,  
 In which because I can wish all my heart,  
 Allow my Country-men to share a part,  
 And cause I think it may doe some a pleasure,  
 On opportunity Ie now take seisure,  
 And summon vp my *Muse* to make relation,  
 I may b' employd ere long, now's my *Vacation*.



## *An Introduction.*

Comethen *Invention*, and call *Judgement* in,  
*Knowledge* and *Reason* he where have you bin?  
 Goe whistle off my *Muse* that wanton playes,  
 With *Epigrams*, *Love-Sonets*, *Roundelayers*,  
 And such like trifling game; Bid her come on,  
 I have found braver prey to seise vpon.  
 Some new inspired power warms my hart,  
 And adds fresh courage vnto euery part:  
 New blood hath filld vp all my *Love-dri'd veines*,  
 A sacred *Fury* hath possesst my braines:  
 Something there is swels in my troubled brest,  
 Till it be witt'rd I expect no rest,  
 For full with matter like a *Sibyl Nun*,  
 I shall grow furious if't be long vndon.

Then rouse thee *Muse*, each little *Hobby* plyes,  
 At *Scarabes*, and painted *Butterflies*:  
 Leave thou such trash, it is not now for vs  
 To fly for pleasure, weel in earnest trulle.  
 Leave base attempts to buzzards or the kite,  
 And check the bravest in their proudest flight.

But thou me thinks seem'st sickly feathered,  
 As if thy sprightly heart, extinguished,  
 Had left thee nothing of the same thou wert,  
 Dejection hath possesst euery part,

And

## AN INTRODUCTION

And thou look'st dull, vnfit for lofty things,  
*As if thy wanton flight had tir'd thy wings.*  
 Lest therefore thou should'st faint, forsake the first,  
 And turne thy selfe into a *Satyrist*;  
 Not of the roughest, nor the mildest sort:  
 Be most in earnest, but sometimes in sport.  
 What e're thou finde to speake be not afraid,  
 But for assistance craue *Iehouah's* ayd:  
 And to that grace and power which he shall daigne,  
 Adde all thy best endeauours to attaine  
 So thriving an euent, that men may see,  
 Heauen had decreed to helpe and fauour thee.  
 Looke to thy taske: for knowe thou must vnfold  
 The strangest *Nature* that was euer told:  
 Lanch that foule deepe impostumated sore,  
 Which shamelesse time hath so well skinned ore,  
 At ripping vp thereof some smart will be:  
 Yet strike it home, and none shall hinder thee;  
 Search if thou canst, till thou the bottome found,  
 Yet not too farre lest thou thy selfe confound,  
 And (by too neere inquirie) smothered ly,  
 In the vnfathom'd depths of villany;  
 For (doe not misconceiue what I intend)  
 No message to th' *Antipodes* I send:  
 Nor haue I any meaning thou should'st goe  
 To search th' Earths center what lies hid belowe,  
 Or vndermine it for rich Minerals:  
 Thou shalt not haue to doe with Vegetals.  
 Strange natures haue both *stones, trees, herbs, & plants,*  
 Which let them seeke for, that employment wants.

There

## AN INTRODUCTION.

There is an Herb some say, whose vertue's such,  
 It in the pasture onely with a touch  
 Vnshoes the new-shod steed. Within the North  
 The Scottish Iles cald Orcades bring forth  
 Trees, (or else Writers faine it) from whose seeds,  
 A certaine kinde of water-foule proceeds,  
 The Loadstone also drawes the Steele vnto it,  
 Yet hath no ginne nor instrument to doe it:  
 Rare powers in Nature; and yet none of these,  
 Nor what lies hidden in the vast wide Seas,  
 Meane I to speake of: I no knowledge haue,  
 What Monsters play with *Neptunes* boystrous wauē:  
 Nor qualitie of Birds, or Beasts I sound.  
 For soone their open natures may be found:  
 Mans wisdom may, with little Inquisition,  
 Finde out the brutish creatures true condition.  
 For by experience we for certaine know  
 The Elephant much loue to Man will show.  
 The Tygers, Wolues, and Lyons, we doe finde  
 Are rauenous, fierce, and cruell euen by kinde.  
 We know at carryon we shall find the Crowes,  
 And that the Cock the time of midnight knowes:  
 By a few dayes experience we may see,  
 Whether the Maltife curst or gentle be.  
 And many other natures we finde out,  
 Of which we haue no cause at all to doubt:  
 But there's another Creature called *Man*,  
 Note him who will, and tell me if he can,  
 What his condition is, obserue his deeds,  
 His speech, his raiment, yea and how he feeds,

Try

## AN INTRODUCTION

Try him a month, a yeare, an age, and when  
 You haue so try'd him; say, what is he then?  
 Retaines he either vnto *Praster John*,  
 Or else vnto the Whore of Babylon?  
 If that you know not which of them to grant,  
 Is he a *Brownist* or a *Protestant*?  
 If in an age you cannot finde out whether,  
 Are you so much as sure that he is either?  
 Is his heart proud or humble? know you where  
 Or when he hates, or loues, or stands in feare?  
 Or who can say (in Conscience I thinke none)  
 That this mans words, & deeds, & thoughts are one?  
 Where shall you him so well resolved find,  
 That wants a wandering and a wauering mind?  
 Nay he of whom you haue most triall, when  
 You see him dying, will you trust him then?  
 Perhaps you may; yet questionlesse he leaues you  
 A mind misdoubting still that he deceiues you.  
 And no great wonder; for hee's such an else,  
 That euer is vncertaine of himselfe.  
 He is not *semper idem* in his will,  
 Nor stands on *this* or *that* opinion still,  
 But varies; he both will and will not too,  
 Yea euen the thing he thinks and swears to doo  
 He many times omits; and not alone  
 Hath from anothers expectation gone,  
 But least to any he should else prooue iust,  
 Himselfe he guiles if in him selfe he trust.

But this same *diuerse* and *inconstant* creature,  
 That is so contrary in his owne nature,

## AN INTRODUCTION.

'Tis he that now my *Muse* must here deuise,  
 Whilst he is liuing to *Anatomize*;  
 'Tis his *Abuse* and ill taught condition  
 (Although it be beyond all definition)  
 She must discover, with the boundlesse rage,  
 Of the vnbridled humors of this age.  
 Yet tis a mighty taske, whose vndertaking,  
 Would make all *Argus* eyes forget their waking;  
 And I do feare I may attempt as well,  
 To dragge againe to light the Dogge of hell.  
 For all *Alcides* toyles had not been more,  
 Though his *twice-sixe*, had been *twice-sixty-score*.  
 So infinite is this I must vnfold,  
 That might I write and speak till I were old,  
 I know that I should leaue vnspoken than,  
 Most of those humors I haue seen in *Man*;  
 Yet still confesse in him there hidden be  
 Thousande of humors more than I can see.  
 Somewhat he hath to doe must trace him out  
 In euery action that he goes about:  
 Or but looke after him and see the path  
 He treads, what contrarieties that hath?  
 To find him by his words were to assay,  
 To seeke a fish out by his watry way;  
 Or chase the Swallow to her home at night,  
 Through all the pathlesse windings in her flight:  
 But to obserue him in his thoughts were more  
 Than all the labours of mankind before.  
 The neuer ending winding turning way,  
 That the vnbounded minde of man doth stray,  
 So



## AN INTRODUCTION;

So full of wonder is, that admiration  
 Hath nigh confounded my imagination  
 With too much musing therevpon: but yet  
 Sith either want of yeeres, or want of wit,  
 Or lack of work, or lack of all, hath brought me  
 To be more heedfull than a number thought me;  
 Sith it some time and study too hath cost me,  
 And many a *humour* of mine owne hath lost me;  
 Sith it hurts none, and sith perhaps some may  
 Be benefited by't another day:  
 Though as I said, the taske be not alone,  
 Too huge to be perform'd by any one,  
 But more then all the world can well dispatch;  
 Yet looke what I could by obseruance catch,  
 And my weake memory well beare away,  
 I registred against another day:  
 Nor will I ought that I remember spare,  
 Saue things vnfit, and such as needlesse are,  
 There I will teach my rough Satyrick rimes  
 To be as madde and idle as the times:  
 Freely I shall discover what I spy,  
 And in despight of curiositie,  
 Maske in a homely phrase as simply plaine,  
 As other men are mystically vaine,  
 Ile breake the vessell of mans priuate sin,  
 Search out the villanies conceald therein;  
 And if their sight may not infectious be,  
 Draw them to th'view in spight of secrecie,  
 Greatnesse and Custome shall not haue their will  
 Without controule so to Authorise ill,

That

## AN INTRODUCTION.

That though much be amisse, yet no man dare  
 Seeme to take notice that offences are,  
 Weel brand them, and so brand them all shall see,  
 We durst not onely say such faults there be,  
 But startle those who had securely long  
 Slept senselesse of all shame and others wrong,  
 None will I spare, for fauour or degree;  
 My verse like death shall so impartiall be.  
 If that my father or my brother halt,  
 Thought I spare them, I will not spare their fault:  
 No, mine owne follies that are most belou'd,  
 Shall not escape their censure vnreprou'd.

Now some will say, fir'twere I held my tongue,  
 For such a taske as this I am too young:  
 I ne'r had dealings in the world with men,  
 How can I speake of their conditions then?  
 I cannot, they conclude: Strong reason: why  
 Know none how Market goes but such as buy?  
 We finde that it is oft and daily scene,  
 When a deceitfull shifting knaue hath bene  
 Playng at Cards with some vnskillfull gull  
 Whose purse is lin'd with crownes, and penny-full,  
 He by some nimble passage may deceiue,  
 And yet the simple Gamester ne'er perceiue  
 What wrong is done, till one the same discry,  
 That is no player, but a stander by:  
 So I aloose may view without suspicion,  
 Mens idle humors, and their weake condition,  
 Plainer perhaps, then many that haue scene  
 More dayes, and on Earths stage haue Actors been.

And

## AN INTRODUCTION.

And 'tis no marvell: for imployments takes them  
 Quite from themselves, & so dim-sighted makes them  
 They cannot see the fooleries they doe,  
 Nor what ill *Passions* they are subject to:  
 Then who e're carpe, the course I have begun,  
 If God assist me, spight of them I'll run:  
 And least th' *Exordium* hath too tedious bin,  
 What I intended loe I now begin.

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OF



## OF MAN.

**M**ounted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,  
 And noting with my selfe the state of things,  
 I plainly did perceiue, as on a Stage,  
 The confus'd actions of this present age;  
 I view'd the *World*, and viewing saw my fill,  
 Because that all I saw therein was ill.  
 I weigh'd it well, and found it was the *Scene*  
 Of *Villanie*, of *Lust*, and all vncleane  
 And loath'd Corruption. Seeing which, my Mind  
 (That by some *inspiration* gan to find  
 The place was not in fault for this) search't on,  
 To finde the cause of this Confusion.  
 And noting every Creature there, I found  
 That onely *Man* was the chiefe *spring* and *ground*  
 Of all this *uproare*: Yea, I soone did see,  
*Hee* there was *all* in *all*, and none but *Hee*.

Then beeing also willing for to know  
 What thing *Man* was, I did begin to grow  
 Yet more inquisitiue. An old *Record*  
 At last I hapt vpon, which did afford  
 Much sacred light. It shew'd, *Man* was a *Creature*,  
*First made by God, iust and vpright by nature,*  
*In his owne Likenesse. That he was compounded*  
*Of Soule and Body: That this last was founded*

## OF MAN.

*Of earth: The first infus'd by inspiration,  
 And that the finall cause of his creation,  
 Was to set forth the glory of his Maker,  
 And with him to be made a ioynt-partaker  
 Of endlesse happinesse. Grown much amaz'd  
 To read thus of him, for a time I paus'd.  
 And finding now in man no marke or signe  
 That ere he was a Creature so diuine,  
 I knew not what to thinke, vnlesse the same  
 Meant any other Creature of that name:  
 But prying further on, I there found out  
 The resolution of my present doubt:  
 I saw the cause of 's Fall: How with *Free-will*  
 He fell from his *first goodnes* vnto ill:  
 I saw how he from happinesse did slide;  
 Through disobedience and vnthankful pride:  
 Yea, and I found, how by that cursed Fall  
 He was bereaued and quite stript of all  
 That so adorn'd him; his *first beelinesse*  
 Was chang'd to a *corrupted filthinesse*.  
 Then he began to draw a painefull breath,  
 And was a *slane*, made *captine* vnto *Death*:  
 His body was expos'd to labour, sweat,  
 And much disquieting: He got his meat  
 With sorrow, care, and many perturbations,  
 And then his soule grew subiect vnto *Passions*  
 And strange distemperatures. Moreouer, he  
 So perfect miserable grew to be,  
 That if he had not a *Re-generation*,  
 Nothing was left him but meere *desperation*.*

13  
O F M A N.

Having scene this, I made no question than,  
But it was spoken of the *Creature MAN*,  
Which I sought after. Searching further yet,  
On some *Apocriphall Records* I hit,  
The works of wise Philosophers; from whence  
I yet receiued more intelligence  
Concerning him: for there they doe vnfold  
Each part about his body, and haue told  
Secrets of Nature very rare to finde.  
Because they haue considered of the *Minde*,  
The *Vnderstanding part*; and doe relate  
The nature of his *Soule*, and her estate;  
Deepe Mysteries indeed: but 'cause that I  
Cannot diue into that Philosophy,  
So farre as these; And sith I shall but tell  
Those things which no men can explaine so well  
As they themselues, I leaue you to their bookes;  
In which he that with good aduise ment lookes,  
Shall finde it largely handled: As for me,  
I meane to speake but what I know and see  
By try'd experience, which perhaps may giue  
(Although I haue but now begun to liue)  
Some profitable notes. First, I avow  
What euer *Man* hath been, that he is now  
A *Reasonable liuing Creature*: vvhich  
Consisteth of a *Soule* and *Body* too.  
His *Body's* flesh and blond, subiect to sinning,  
Corrupting euen in his first beginning,  
And full of all vncleanenesse: Then his *Soule*  
Is a pure lasting substance, yet made soule

*Through th' others filibinnesse: and much suppress  
 By diuerse burroughfull passions which molest  
 And hinder her proceedings; yea, hee's this,  
 A Creature that exceeding wretched is;  
 And that he may be sure no fault to want,  
 Vaine, Fickle, Weake, and wondrous Arrogant.  
 And though his nature heretofore were pure,  
 Now nothing is more fading or vnure.  
 But Ile omit at this time to relate  
 The courses I've obseru'd in's outward state;  
 For though the body that before the Fall  
 Sustain'd no sorrow, were it ne'er so small,  
 Doth now feeble hunger, with heat, thirst, and cold,  
 A feeble birth, defects in beeing old,  
 With thousands more, & though each gaspe of breath,  
 In miserie he draw vntill his death:  
 Yet all this outward change which I doe find,  
 Is nothing when I doe behold the mind:  
 For there inordinate and brutish *Passion*,  
 Keepest Vmpire, and hath got predomination.  
 Many a pensiue thought doth now molest  
 His troubled mind, whose conscience slept in rest;  
 His chiefe contents but discontentments are;  
 Yea, the best halfe of all his pleasures, care;  
 And that too little price of good he gaines,  
 He with that danger smart and losse obtaines,  
 Or with such feare 'twill be bereau'd enioyes it,  
 Ere he can taste his comfort, that destroy's it.  
 Amongst his owne desires do hourelly rise  
 So many wondrous Contrarieties,*

And



25  
OF MAN.

And vaine repentings of what's done before,  
As all his good makes but his ill the more,  
This day hee's cheerfull, and to morrow sad  
E'ne from the same occasion made him glad.  
The Minde which *quondam* harbord so much good,  
That euill but in man was vnderstood,  
Knowes ill so well, as of that good bereft,  
There's now the name of goodnes onely left.  
And vnto one the greatest wonder 'tis,  
To thinke of what man was, and what he is.  
The best are bad, yet I obserued still,  
There are degrees amongst men in their ill.  
The brutest things that here doe breath on earth,  
Inheriting corruption by their birth,  
In the condition of their life are farre  
Lesse different from what the worst men are,  
Then they are from the best: Perhaps the shapes  
(Vnlesse it be some strange disguised Apes)  
Remaine alike, but their poore soules are quite  
Exchang'd to that which we call Appetite:  
For who can name of *reasonable* giue,  
To what is made but meere ly sensitive?  
It was a throne where Vertue ruling fate  
Ioynly with Reason her beloved mate:  
And they two vnder sweet obedience than,  
Kept that faire place, the vnblemish't *Isle of Man*.  
But sith with Good we learne to know the ill,  
In steed of Reason we haue set vp Will:  
The minde is nothing but a mint of larrs,  
Or little world of mad domestique warres:

Vertue's depp'd thence, and Vice rule obtaines:  
 Yea, Vice from Vice there by succession raignes:  
 Thrusting out those whom Vertues presence graceth,  
 And in their steads these hurtfull Monsters placeth;  
 Fond Love, and Lust, Ambition, Enmitie,  
 Foolish Compassion, Ioy, and Icalousie,  
 Feare, Hope, Despaire, and Sadnes, with the Vice  
 Call'd Hate, Reuenge, and greedy Auarice,  
 Choler and Cruelty: which I perceiu'd  
 To be the onely causes Man's bcreau'd  
 Of quietnesse and rest. Yea, these I found  
 To be the principall and onely ground  
 Of all pernicious mischiefes that now rage,  
 Or haue disturbed him in any age.  
 These, losing *Reason* their true Prince, began  
 To breed disturbance in the heart of Man:  
 Each laid a feuerall claime forsooth, and he  
 Would be the Monarch in this Emperie.  
*Ruine* had got the vper hand, and they  
 Would be Commanders that were made to obey.

*Love*, when as *Reason* rul'd you would haue thought,  
 Wou'd neuer haue been forc't or drawne to naught,  
 When God the *Chae* did diuide, then he  
 Set it to looke things should not disagree,  
 And taught it sweetly how to moue the mind,  
 Both for increasing and preserving kind:  
 But now the bound it had, contenteth not,  
 A veine of Dominiering it hath got,  
 And the whole Man is held in slauerie,  
 Within the compasse of that Tyranny.

Such

27  
O F M A N.

Such apishnesse it now hath entertain'd,  
That all the credit which it had is stain'd;  
Yea 'tis as farre from what it was, as we  
From our more honor'd Ancient English be.  
And so vnlike vnto it selfe doth proue,  
We scarce dare giue it now the name of *Loue*.

*Ambition*, that earst gently moou'd *Desire*  
To nought else but to good things to aspire,  
Now must be Lord of Mis-rule, and will force  
The Mind beyond her bound from bad to worse.

*Reuenge* too claimes a Princedome, and will be  
The sole Commander in this *Signorie*,  
Being an vpstart Russian, that indeed  
Falsely makes show to be true Valours seed.

*Despaire* and *Fear*, two rakehels more, that Man  
Neuer had knowledge of till Sinne began,  
With a huge troops of terrors plaid their part,  
To batter the weake fortresse of the hart.  
Yea every *Passion* striu'd that onely he  
Might Ruler in that *Microcosmos* be.

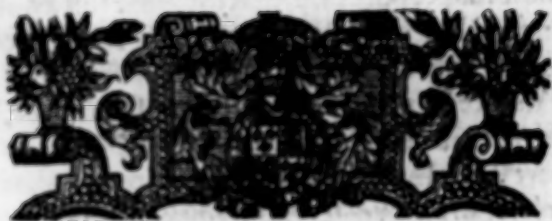
*Hope*, that, when this dissension first fell out,  
Was sent to keepe *Despaire's* rude forces out,  
And be a comfort to this troubled state,  
He came an Actor in this foule debate.  
And when she had got footing in his brest,  
Under the colour of procuring rest,  
Built Castles in the ayre; from whence did grow,  
Another meanes of *Reasons* ouerthrow:  
Yea, *Choler*, *Ielousie*, black *Envy*, *Hate*,  
And bloody *Cruelty* aym'd at this state.

*Joy*, though faire shew it made of discontent,  
 And kind *Compassion* though she weeping went,  
 Made private meanes to sway all to their wills  
 Without the least care of ensuing ill;  
 That by their discord (I perceiue) began  
 All whatsoener is amisse in *Man*.  
 And therefore I doe heere intend to show,  
 Ere I goe farther, what ill humors flow  
 From these forenamed: and I will declare,  
 To what *Abuses* most men subiect are,  
 Through euery of them: for when I tooke view,  
 Although I sawe not all, I found a few.  
 And heere because I will not order breake,  
 I will asunder of each *Passion* speake.

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# OF THE PASSION of Love.

## SATYR. I.

**F**IRST *Love*, the same I heere the first doe call,  
 Because that *Passion* is most Naturall;  
 And of it selfe could not be discommended,  
 Wer't not with many a foule *Abuse* attended,  
 Or so much out of measure, as wee see  
 By those in whom it raignes it oft will bee:  
 For looke where't growes into extremitie,  
 It soone becommeth *Vertues* *Lethargie*,  
 Makes them set light by *Reasons* sound direction,  
 And beares them headlong by vntam'd affection.  
*Connsell's* in vaine, cause when this fit doth take them,  
*Reason* and *Understanding* both forsake them,  
 It makes them sometimes merry, sometimes sad,  
 Vntam'd men milde, and many a milde man mad:  
 To fooles it wisdome gives, and makes the witty  
 To shew themselues most fooles (the more's the pitty)

Some

Some it makes purblind, that they doe not know  
 The Snow-white Cygnet from the cole-black Crow:  
 That one to gold compares his Mistris haire,  
 When 'tis like Fox-fur, and doth think shee's faire,  
 Though she in beauty be not far before  
 The swart West-Indian, or the tawny Moore.

*Oh those faire starre-like eyes of thine! one sayes,*  
 When to my thinking, she hath look't nine waies;  
*And that sweet breath;* when I think (out vpon't)  
 'Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't.

Another, hauing got a daintypeece,  
 (Prouder then *Iason* with his golden Fleece)  
 Commends her vertues (that must needs haue many,  
 Because she neuer spends nor vseth any)  
 Yea, swears shee's chaste, and takes her for no lesse,  
 When all that know her, know her sicklenesse.

Another, he growes carelesse of his health,  
 Neglects his credit, and consumes his wealth,  
 Hath found a pretty *Peat*, procur'd her fauour,  
 And swears that he, in spight of all, will haue her:  
 Well, let him take her sith they are contented,  
 But such rash-matches are the soon't repented.

Then there is one who hauing found a peere  
 In all things worthy to be counted deere,  
 Wanting both Art and heart his minde to breake,  
 Sits sighing (*Woe is me*) and will not speake:  
 All company he hates, is oft alone,  
 Growes melancholy, weepes, respecteth none,  
 And in despaire seeks out a way to dy,  
 When he might liue and find a remedy.

But

But how now, Wast not you (sayes one) that late  
 So humbly begg'd a boone at Beauties gate?  
 Was it not you that to a female Saint  
 Indited your *Aretophils* complaint,  
 With many doleful Sonnets? was't not you?  
 Suret was, saies hee: but then how comes it now  
 You carp at *Loue* thus in a Satyr's vaine?  
 Take heede you fall not in her hands againe,  
 Sure if you doe, you shall in open Court,  
 Be forc't to sing a *Palinodia* for't.

What? are your braines dry, or your blood grown  
 Or are you on a sudden wexen old,  
 To flout at *Loue*, which men of greatest wit  
 Allow in youth as naturall and fit?  
 What reason have you for't else? what pretence  
 Have you to make excuse for this offence?

To him I answer, That indeed, euen I  
 Was lately subiect to this malady:  
 Lik't what I now dislike, employd good times  
 In the composing of such idle *Rimes*  
 As are objected: From my heart I sent  
 Full many a heavy sigh, and sometimes spent  
 Vnmanly teares. I thought, I must confesse,  
 If she I lou'd had smil'd, no happinesse  
 Might equalize it, and her frowne much worse  
 (O God forgieue me!) then the Churches curse.

I did (as some doe) not much matter make  
 To hazard soule and body for her sake.  
 Hauing no hope, sometime I did despaire,  
 Sometime too much build Castles in the aire:



In many a foolish humour I have beene  
As well as others. Lookewhere I haue seene  
Her (whom I lou'd) to walke, when she was gone,  
Thither I often haue repair'd alone;  
As if I thought the places did containe  
Some poore contentment (Oh exceeding vaine!)

Yet, what if I haue been thus idly bent,  
Shall I be now ashamed to repent:  
Moreouer, I was in my Childhood than,  
And am scarce yet reputed for a Man;  
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry,  
Nor cloy'd with any foule disease am I,  
Whereby the strength of nature is declin'd;  
'Tis no such cause that made me change my mind:  
But my Affection, that before was blinde,  
Rash and vnruely, now begins to finde  
That it had runne a large and fruitlesse race,  
And thereupon hath giurn Reason place.  
So that by Reason; what no Reason might  
Perswade me from before, I haue out-right  
Iustly forsaken; for because I see  
'Twas vaine, absurd, and nought but foolery.  
Yet for all this, looke where I lou'd of late,  
I haue not turn'd it in a spleene to hate;  
No, for 'twas first her Vertue and her Wit  
Taught me to see how much I wanted it.  
Then as for *Love*, I doe allow it still,  
& neuer did dislik't, nor neuer will;  
So it be Vertuous, and contain'd within  
The bounds of Reason: but when't will begin

To

To runne at random, and her limits breake,  
I must, because I cannot chuse but speake.

But I forget my selfe: Wherefore am I  
So tedious in my owne Apologie?

It needed not at all; I'le on againe,  
And shew what kinde of *Lovers* yet remaine.

One sort I finde yet of this louing crew,  
Whose quality I thinke is known to few;

These seeke by all the meanes they can to gaine  
Each Virgins liking: Sometime not in vaine,

The thing they would, they haue; but when tis got,  
Sorry they are, and wish they had it not:

For peraduenture they haue plac't their Loue,  
So as it cannot, nor it must not moue;

And yet if they should faile but to procure it,  
'Twould grieue them so, they hardly would endure it.

Yea, though in shew (at least) they haue said nay,  
Their Loues with like affection to repay,

If they perceiue 't abate, as it will doe,

Both this and that doth make them sorry too.

But such as doe into that weakenes fall,

Vnsteady and vnconstant I may call.

Moreouer, some such humors do infect

That the same man doth diuersly affect:

Now he the Faire approues, anon the grace

Appeares not in the colour of a face;

He spies the Browne, and then that most esteemes,

Cause the proportion much more pleasant seemes;

Then he the Wanton likes, then modest Eyes,

Then loues the Simple lasse, and then the Wise:

One for her pafe, and for her geſture one,  
Muſt be the Miſtris he adores alone;  
Yet peradventure ere a little while  
Another winnes her from him with a ſmile.

This, with a looke nigh languiſhing, moves pittie:  
That, he commends becauſe ſhee's bold and witty,  
And longs for what anon againe he loathes,  
Becauſe ſhee ſeem'd faire in her gaudy clothes.

True worth moves few: but ſure I am, not many  
Haue for bare Vertues ſake affected any.  
Wealth winnes the moſt, yet they by triall proue,  
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it gaines not *loue*.

Then to obtaine his Miſtris, one man tries  
How he can ſtraine his wits to *Poetiſe*:  
His *Paſſion* to relate, hiſſkill he proues;  
But in this blockiſh Age it little moves:  
Nor doe I wonder much true meaning failes,  
And wit ſo little in this caſe auails,  
Sith Dunces can haue Sonnets fram'd, and ſend them  
As their inuentions, when ſome others pend them.

Another ſeekes by Valour to obtaine  
His wiſhed prize, but now that triall's vaine:

The third brings Wealth, and if he doe not ſpeed,  
The Woman's worth the ſuing for indeed.

Then he that's neither valorous nor wiſe,  
Comes ruſſling in, with ſhameleſſe brags and lies;  
Making a ſtately, proud, vaine-glorious ſhow  
Of much good matter, when tis nothing ſo.  
In ſteed of lands, to which he ne'er was heire,  
He tells her tales of Caſtles in the ayre:

For martiall matters, he relates of frayes,  
Where many drew their swords & ran their wayes:  
His Poetry is such as he can cull  
From Playes he heard at *Curtaine* or at *Bull*;  
And yet is fine coy Mistris-*Mary-Muffe*  
The soonest taken with such broken stuffe.

Another shallow braine hath no device,  
But prates of some strange casts he had at Dice;  
Braggs of his play; yea sure it doth befall,  
He vaunts oft-times of that which marreth all.

But some I note (now fie on such a man)  
That make themselves as like them as they can,  
Thereby to winne their loues: they faine their pafe,  
Order their lookes, and strue to set their face  
To be demure. Some wooe by nods and lookes;  
Some by their sighes; and others by their bookes.

Some haue a nature must not be denaide,  
And will grow furious if they be delayd:  
Others againe haue such a fancie got,  
If they soone speed, then they esteem them not.

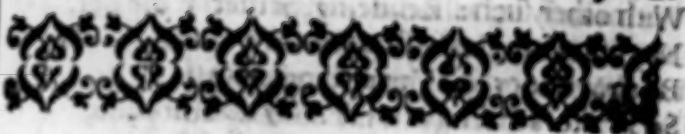
Whē women wooe, some men do most affect them,  
And some againe for wantons doe suspect them:  
Besides, we see that fooles themselves they make,  
What toyes they count of for their wenches sake:

One, for some certaine months, or weeks, or dayes,  
Weares in his hat a branch of wither'd Bayes,  
Or sweareth to employ his vtmost power,  
But to preferue some stale neglected flower:  
He weares such colours as for Louers be,  
Drinks vowed healths vpon his bared knee:

Sues mainly for a shoo-string, or doth craue her,  
 To grant him but a busk-point for a fauour:  
 And then to note (as I haue seene) an Aisse  
 That by her window, whom he loues, must passe,  
 With what a fained pae the Woodcock stalks;  
 How skuruly he fleareth as he walkes:  
 And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,  
 As if his horse were troubled with the bots:  
 'Twould make one swell with laughing. In a day  
 He makes more errands then he needs that way,  
 Bearing himselfe as if she still espyde him;  
 When as perhaps shee flouts, or lookes beside him.

Nay, should I tell you all the *Vanitie*  
 I haue obserued in this maladie,  
 I should shame *Louers*: but I'll now be hush;  
 For had I said more, I my selfe had blush.  
 Yet knowe: Although this *passion* I haue tide  
 To loue of *Women*, it concludes beside  
 All whatsoeuer kinde of loues there bee,  
 Vnlesse they keepe the minde from troubles free;  
 And yeeld to *Reason*: but of such-like *Louers*,  
 My *Muse* hereafter other feates discouers.

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## OF DESIRE; OR

L V S T.

SATYR. 2.

**L** Viscall Desire (although were rather fit  
 To some brut Creature to attribute it)  
 Shall be presented in the second place;  
 Because it throwds a vile deformed face  
 Vnder *Lones* vizard, and assumes that name,  
 Hiding it owne fault with the others blame.  
 Tis a bale *Passion*, from whose sink doth flowe  
 Many bale humors; 'tis the overthrow  
 Of all in whom it enters; 'tis an euill  
 Worse than to be possessed with a Diuell.  
 This 'tis that oft hath caused publique strife,  
 And priuate discord; this makes man and wife  
 Grow each to other cold in their affection,  
 And to the very marrow sends infection.  
 And as Physicians say, it makes the face  
 Lookewanne, pale, yellow, and doth much disgrace  
 The beauty of it: and as for the sight,  
 It either dims it, or bereaues it quight:  
 It dries the body: and from thence doth sprout  
 Griefes of the Stomach, Leprosie and Goury

E

With

With other such: Beside, it doth decay  
Not life alone; but also takes away  
Both Memory and Vnderstanding too;  
So Doctors that haue tryde it say t'will doo.

And which way comes that foule disease to vs  
We call the French, so vile and odious?  
Is't not by *Lust*? Breed not such-like desires  
Children begotten by vnlawfull Sires?  
Strange generations, beds so oft defilde,  
That many a Father scarcely knowes his childe?  
Or, is't not hence this common Prouerbe growes,  
*'Tis a wise childe that his owne Father knowes?*

Doth it not others reputation foyle?  
And them e'ne of their dearest Iewels spoyle?  
Yes, and from hence a thousand other crimes  
Doe daily spring: and yet in these our times  
Tis highly made of. Yea, 'tis *Lust* doth weare  
The richest garments, and hath curiou'st fare:  
The softest beds it hath to take repose,  
With sweet Perfumes; but sure there's need of those.

Drawne in a Coach it visits, now and then,  
Some neere acquaintance, 'mongst the Noblemen;  
Yet doth it not the Court alone frequent,  
But is it h' Citie as much resident:  
Where when it walks the street, it doth employ  
Some young Apprentice, or a Roaring-buy,  
To vsheer it along; and few disdain it,  
But those vnable more to entertaine it.

'Twere much to note the paine that some endure,  
And cost that they'l be at, but to procure

Their



Lib. 1.

Their beastly wills: There's many spend their stocks  
In Ruffes, Gownes, Kirtles, Pery-coats and Smocks;  
For which one's paid with that shall make him crawl  
(If he be friended) to some Hospitall.

Another's quitted for his well spent stiffe,  
By some grim Serieant with a Counter-buffe:  
At last it brings him (if that course he followes)  
First to the Gaole, and so forth to the Gallows.

And what haue you obserued to haue bin  
The vsuall associates of this sin?  
But filthy speeches, bold face's impudence,  
Vnseemely actions, riot, negligence,  
Or such as these; yea, to procure their lust  
It makes them into any mischiefs thrust  
How hatefull or apparant ere they be,  
Or put in practice any villanie.

Moreouer, where it enters once, the minde  
Cannot true rest or any quiet finde.  
Wee see it also maketh them to craue,  
Not what is best, but what they long to haue.  
Yea, Lust hath many mischiefs that ensue it,  
Which most men see, but few the lesse eschew it:  
Men rather now as if 'twere no offence,  
Are grown to such a shamelesse impudence,  
They vaunt and brag of their lasciuious facts,  
No lesse than some of braue Heroick acts:  
And not a few of this same humor be  
That would be rearm'd the foes of Chastitie.  
By whom if I see ill, he sure conceale it,  
For they themselues will to their shames reueale it.

There's others, who disliking so to want,  
Will, *Sinon castè, tamen cautè*, grant  
(For that's their *Motto*) they make modest shewes,  
But what they doe in secret, man ne'er knowes.

Some make a Baud of the diuine profession,  
Like *Shauelings in Auricular Confession*,  
Th' other are bad, and sure of God accurst :  
But of all others, these I deeme the worst.

There's other Gallants would desire but this,  
Without suspicion they might talke and kisse :  
For other pleasures they doe neuer craue them,  
Nay, if they might, they swear they wil not haue them;  
So meane, perhaps: but time brings alteration,  
And a faire woman is a shrewd temptation.

Then many make their fained loue to be  
A cloake to couer their immodestly,  
These will protest, and vow, and swear, their life  
Consists in hauing whom they wooe, to wife;  
Yet if the villaines can their lust fulfill,  
They will forswear them, and be liuing still.

Some doe court all, and not alone to proue,  
But for because withall they are in loue,  
With such deepe *Passion*, that they cannot smother  
Their hot affection, till they meet another.

But why will *Man* against himselfe and Reason  
Consent to such a Tyrant in his Treason?  
Why will he so his liberty forgoe,  
To be a slave to such a monstrous foe?  
For, what is this same *Passion* we call Lust?  
Is't not a *Brutish longing, and vnjust*,

And

*And foule desier of the soule to gaine  
 Some euill pleasure? Or, to speake more plain;  
 A furious burning Passion, whose hot fumes  
 Corrupts the vnderstanding, and consumes  
 The very flesh of man: Then what's the fact?  
 What may I tearme that vile and shamefull act,  
 But this; The execution of an ill,  
 Out of set purpose, and with a good will,  
 In spite of Reason? Tell me, is't not base?  
 When men shall so their worthy sex disgrace,  
 To giue their bodies in a deed vncleane,  
 With a foule nasty prostituted queane?  
 Or in their vnderstanding be so dull  
 As to obserue an idle short-heeld trull?  
 A puling female Diuell, that hath smiles  
 Like Syrens Songs, and teares like Crocodiles.  
 Yet there be some (I will not name them now)  
 Whom I haue scene vnto such Puppets bow  
 And be as seruiceable as a Groome  
 That feares another man will beg his roome:  
 They haue been glad full oft to please their pride  
 With costly gifts, and forced to abide  
 Imperious scoffes, with many scornfull words,  
 Such as the humor they are in affords:  
 And yet for these they'l venture Honours, Liues,  
 If they commaund it: when for their poore Wives  
 (Though they in beauty, loue and true delight,  
 Exceed them more then day-time doth the night)  
 They'l scarcely take vpon them but to speake  
 In any case of theirs, their loue's so weak,*

Yea, and their *Lust* doth wrap them in such blindness,  
They cannot giue them one poore looke in kindnes.

Moreouer, for their lust they have not laid  
Base plots alone, like him that was conpay'd  
In a close Trunk, because in secrecy  
He would (vnscene) enjoy his venery.

I say, not onely therein haue they retcht  
Their damn'd inuentions : it hath also stretcht  
Vnto strange *Lusts*, of which I will not speake,  
Because I may offend the minde that's weake;  
Or, least I to some simple one should show  
Those sinnes by naming, he did neuer know.  
Then here I leaue : there's lurking holes such store,  
This stinking Vermine I will hunt no more.

---

OF



## OF HATE.

SATYR. 3.

**B**Vt I haue rous'd another heere as bad,  
 They call it *Hate*; a worse I neuer had  
 Before in chafe: I scarce can keepe (in sooth)  
 My selfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.  
 This is the *Passion* that doth vs to moue  
 The minde, a cleane contrary way to Loue.  
 It is an inspiration of the Diuell,  
 That makes men long for one anothers euill,  
 It cankers in the hart, and plagueth most,  
 Not him that's hated, but the hatefull host.  
 And yet there's too-too many I doe know,  
 Whose hearts with this foule poyson ouer-flow:  
 Of which I haue a true intelligence,  
 By the sharp scoffes and slanders springing thence:  
 But where it rules, they cannot well conceale it,  
 But either words or deeds, or both reueale it.

Were it iust causes that did still ingender  
 This passion in them, or if they could render  
 A reason for't, 'twere somewhat, but their will  
 Carries them on in spight of Reason still.  
 These are their humors, for a slight offence  
 They'll hate th'offender for a recompence,

Some

Job. 1.

Some malice all that any way excell,  
 Although they know it farre from doing well.  
 And many haue abhorred (*God amend them*)  
 The Stranger that did neuer yet offend them:  
 Which they are not ashamed to confesse,  
 Yet in their hate continue ne'er the lesse.  
 But though that they can yeeld no reason why  
 They beare them causelesse malice: yet can I,  
*Their hearts are ill, and it is seldome knowne,*  
*That a sweet brooke from bitter springs hath flowne.*

There's some to, when they see a man respected,  
 Though they are nothing by that meanes neglected,  
 They inly grudge, and outwardly disdain,  
 Being alike condition'd as was Cain.

Some hate their friends that loue & count the dear,  
 As by these sequell plainly shall appear;  
 One that a seeming friendship had profess'd me,  
 Vpon a time did earnestly request me,  
 That I would plainly my opinion shew,  
 What I of his conditions thought or knew;  
 And that I would without exception tell  
 What things in him did not become him well.

I scorn'd flattery, with a simple heart,  
 'Twixt him and me my minde did soone impart;  
 And as a friend that is unsained, ought,  
 Left nothing unreueal'd of that I thought:  
 Yea, without soothing, him I reprehended,  
 If I percein'd he any way offended;  
 Provided alwaies that I did not swerue  
 From a decorum fitting to obserue.

But

Lib. 1.

But marke *Mans* nature: he perceiving I  
 Had taken note of some infirmitie  
 He would not haue vnript; And seeing I  
 Saw more then he wisht any man should spy  
 Of his ill humors; (though I must confesse  
 Being my friend I lou'd him nothing lesse:  
 Instead of thanks and liking for my paines,  
 My company and sight he now refraines;  
 And for my kindnesse, like a thanklesse mate,  
 Doth ill repay me with a loathing hate.

This one I knowe, and by that one I finde,  
 That there be many beare as bad a minde:  
 But let vs for their true conuersion pray;  
 For neuer Age could this more iustly say,  
 Truth hatred gets (she of such gaine is sped)  
 While *Loue* and *Charitie* to heauen is fled.

Againe, the wicked hates beyond all measure  
 The righteous man, that contradicts his pleasure;  
 And that's the fundamentall cause I knowe,  
 That many men doe hate their teachers so;  
 These common humors are obseru'd of few,  
 Yet may a young experience finde them true,  
 And boldly say, that all in whom th'are found  
 Haue poysoned hearts, polluted and vnfound;  
 Yet they are more corrupted then the rest,  
 Who hate their friends they should account of best;  
 But let *Men* strue and study to remoue  
 This *Passion* from their hearts, and graft-on *Loue*.  
 Let them not harbour such a hellish sin,  
 Which beeing entred, marreth all within:

Nor



Nor let them thinke my counsell merits laughter,  
Sith Scripture sayes, *To hate our brother's slaughter.*



## OF ENVIE.

### SATYR. 4.

**T**Hen some enuenom'd with an enuious touch,  
Thinke eu'ry thing their neighbor hath, too  
O Lord say they (if in the field they be) (much:  
*W'at goodly Corne, and well-fed beasts hath be?*  
(If in the house) *they neuer in their liues*  
*Saw fairer women then their neighbours wiues;*  
*Tis pittie see, a lasse of such renowne,*  
*Should be embraced by so rude a Clowne:*  
*That house is too well furnisht, or doth stand*  
*Better then his: or it hath finer land:*  
*This Farme he thinketh more commodious much:*  
*For wood and water, he had neuer such,*  
Yea, so he grudges inwardly and frets  
At every good thing that his neighbor gets.  
Of these besides there are, that when they see  
Any beloued, or in fauour be,

Especially

Especially in Courts, and great mens houses,  
Then the heart swelleth, and the Enuious rouses,  
Ne'er resting till that like a spightfull Else,  
He doe displace them, or disgrace himselfe.

Now some are in the minde that *Hate* and This  
Still goe together and one *Passion* is.

Indeed, they foule iniurious Humors be  
So like, they seeme to haue Affinitie,  
And yet they differ (as oft kindred do)

Enough at least I'me sure to make them two.

*Hate* many times from wrongs receiu'd hath grown,

*Envy* is scene where iniuries are none :

Her *malice* also is more generall,

For *Hate* to some extends, and shee to all.

Yet enuious men doe least spight such as be

Of ill report, or of a lowe degree :

But rather they doe take their aime at such,

Who either well-beloued are, or rich.

And therefore some doe fitly liken these,

Vnto those flies we call *Cantharides* :

Sith for the most part they alight on none,

But on the flowers that are fairest blowne :

Or to the boisterous winde, which sooner grubs

The stately Cedar than the humble shrubs :

Yet I haue known it shake the bush belowe,

And moue the leafe that's *Wither'd* long agoe :

As if it had not shown sufficient spight,

Vnlesse it also could o'erwhelme it quite,

Or bury it in earth : Yea I haue found

The blast of *Envy* flies as lowe's the ground.

And when it hath already brought a man  
Euen to the very meanest state it can,  
Yet tis not satisfi'd, but still deuising  
Which way it also may disturbe his rising.

This is most true, or else it could not be  
That any man should hate or enuy me,  
Beeing a creature, (one would think) that's plac't  
Too farre below the touch of *Enuies* blast:  
And yet they doe; I see men haue espy'd  
Some-thing in me too, that may be enuy'd.  
But I haue found it now, and knowe the matter,  
The reason's *They are great, and I'll not flatter*:  
Or else because they see that I doe scorne  
To be their slave whose equall I am borne.

I heard (although 't were spoken in a cloud)  
They censure, that my knowledge makes me proud;  
And that I reach so farre beyond my calling,  
They euery hower do expect my falling;  
With many a prayer, and prognostication,  
To shew their loue not worthy reuelation.  
But what care I? to quite their good surmising,  
*I doe desire my fall may be their rising*:  
Which say should once be, as I hope twill neuer,  
My hope is sure it shall not be for euer;  
Or else, because I know it cannot be  
Much lower then it is, it grieues not me.

And, where they say, my wit augments my pride,  
My conscience tells me that I am belide:  
For that poore dram which heauen on me bestowes,  
Such lack (of what is yet more needfull) shewes

That I am sad to thinke how much I come  
Short of those gifts which are bestow'd on some:  
And knowledge of that want doth grieve me so,  
I haue no ioy to boast of that I know.

But let them scandale as I heare they doe,  
And see whose lot the shame will fall vnto:  
The shafts are aim'd at me, but I reiect them,  
And on the shooters may perhaps reflect them.  
I care not for their enuy, sith they shoue it;  
Nor doe I feare their malice, now I know it:  
For to preuent the venome of their throat,  
I'll of this poyson make an *Antidote*:  
And their presaging (though it be abuse)  
I hope will serue me to an excellent vse:  
For, where before I should haue tooke no heed,  
Their words shall make me circumspect indeed.  
Yea, I will be more carefull to doe well,  
Which were a plague for them as bad as Hell.

Some I doe know, yea too too well I know them,  
And in this place doe a remembrance owe them:  
These men, when through their enuy they intend  
To bring one out of fauour with his friend,  
Will make as though they some great vices knew,  
That he is guilty of, and not a few:  
They'll shake their heads, as if they did detest  
The course he followes; and that not in iest.

If to the *Father* they dispraise the *Sonne*,  
It shall be slyly, indirectly done:  
As thus; (I hope there's some will vnderstand)  
*Helmes*, I tell you, at a second hand.

*Should*

Should I say all I knowe, 't would much offend you,  
But more such children I pray God ne'er send you.  
With other words of doubt to breed suspicion,  
But dare not (being of a base condition)  
To name them any fault: And good cause why,  
It should be proou'd vnto their shames a ly.  
Now tis a qualitie I doe despise,  
As such a one doth him whom he enuies;  
If any therefore doe that loue professe me,  
Lord from their friendship I beseech thee blesse me.

Some crafty ones will honour to their face  
Those whom they dare not openly disgrace:  
Yet vnder-hand, their fames they'l vndermine,  
As lately did a seeming friend of mine;  
They'l sowe their slander as if they with griefe  
Were forc't to speak it: or that their believe  
Were loath to credit it, when 'tis well known  
That damn'd inuention was at first their own.

Some doe not care how grossly they dispraile,  
Or how vnlikely a report they raise;  
Because they know if 't be so false an ill  
That one belieues it not, another will:  
And so their enuy very sildome failes,  
But one way or another, still preuailes.

Oh villainous conceit! an engine bent  
To ouerthrow the truest innocent:  
For well they knowe when once a slander's sown,  
And that a false report abroad is blown,  
Though they would wipe it out, yet they can neuer,  
Because some scar will stick behind for euer.

But

But what is this, that men are so inclin'd  
And subiect to it? How may't be defin'd?  
Sure, if the same be rightly vnderstood,  
*Tis but a grieſe that ſprings from others good,*  
Tormenting them when euer they heare tell,  
That other mens endeauours prosper well;  
It makes them grieue if any man be friended,  
Or in their hearing praiſed, or commended.

Contrariwiſe againe, ſuch is their ſpight,  
In other mens miſfortunes they delight:  
Yea, norwithſtanding it be not a whit  
Vnto their profits, or their benefit,  
Others proſperity doth make them leane,  
It nigh deuoureth, or conſumes them cleane:  
But if they ſee them in much grieſe, why that  
Doth onely make them iocund, full and far.

Of Kingdomes ruines they beſt loue to heare,  
And tragicall reports doe onely cheare  
Their helliſh thoughts: and then their bleared eyes  
Can looke on nothing but black infamies,  
Reprochfull actions, and the fouleſt deeds  
Of ſhame, that mans corrupted nature breeds:  
But they muſt wink when Vertue ſhineth bright,  
For feare her luſtre marre their weakened ſight.

They do not loue *Encomiaſtick* ſtories,  
Nor bookes that ſhow their predeceſſors glories,  
For good report to all men they deny,  
And both the liuing and the dead enuy:  
Yea, many of them, I doe thinke, had rather  
Loſe all good fame, than ſhare't with their owne father.

The

Lib. 1.

The byting *Satyr* they doe onely like;  
 And that at some particulars must strike;  
 Or all's worth nothing; if they can apply  
 Some part of this to him they doe enuy,  
 As well perhaps they may, then they'l commend it!  
 And, (spight of their ill natures, I that pend it  
 Shal haue some thank; but why? not cause they deem  
 Me, or my writing either, worth esteem:  
 No, here's the reason they my labour like,  
*They thinke I meane him they suppose to strike.*  
 So shall my wel-meant lines become to be  
 A wrong to others, and a plague to me.

Heau'n shield me frō such monsters: for their breath  
 Is worse then blasting, and their praise is death.  
 And let them heare no inkling heere, but what  
 May tend vnto their glories whom they hate;  
 To make them either this ill *Passion* flie,  
 Or swolne with their owne venome, burst, and die.

Foule Hag of *Enuy*, let thy snaky Elues  
 Keepe Hell with thee, and there torment themselves:  
 Your poyfned conuersation sitteth men  
 For no societie, but some grim den  
 Where nothing can be heard, nor scene appeare,  
 But grones and sighes of misery and feare.  
 Who haue you yet possesse that pleased stood  
 With any priuate, or with publique good?

What mans endeavors thinke you prosper should,  
 If the euent of things were as these would?  
 (None can resolute me that, for it's vnknowne)  
 Nor parents, no nor children, scarce their owne:



(I say) their owne hand-works are sildome free;  
But subiect to their proper enuies be:

'Witnesse a certaine rich man; who of late  
'Much pittying a Neighbours wofull state,  
'Put to his helping hand, and set him cleare  
'From all his former misery and feare:  
'But when he saw that through his trust, and heed,  
'He had well cur'd againe his former need,  
'And grew to pretty meanes; though he now hit  
'Vnthankesfull was for that his benefit:  
'Yet, being of a nature that did long  
'And loy to see anothers case goe wrong,  
'Hauing no cause, but a repining now  
'That he once helpe him; all his study's bow  
'To ruine the poore mans estate againe,  
'And make (through Enuy) his own labour vaine.

Oh that a man should so from reason range,  
Or entertaine an humor that's so strange  
And so vnprofitable I tell me why  
Should we the honors, or the wealth enuy  
Of other men? If we delight to see  
Our brethren when in euill case they be,  
Lets wish them riches, titles, and promotion,  
'Twill make them greedy, proud, & choak deuotion;  
'Twill plunge them in a flood of misery;  
In the respect of which, the beggery  
We thinke so vile, is heauen: Yea I know  
It is a thousand more mens overthrow  
Than poverty can be; That if we hate,  
Or would enuy who are in happy state,

In my opinion they must not be such  
That titles haue attain'd, or to be rich;  
But poore men rather, who are comberlesse,  
And haue indeed the truest happinesse.

*But be they rich or no, I passe not whether:  
For my part, I am sure, I enuy neither;  
So I but reach the glory I desire,  
I doe not care how many mount vp higher:  
And if I want not, what hurt is't to me  
If I the poorest in the kingdome be?  
Yet from this Passion, I believe not many  
Can be exempred, if there may be any:  
But sure more mischief alway doth betide  
To th' enuious, than to him that is enuide;  
And they haue often (who would them bemoane?)  
Lost both their eyes to lose their neighbour one.  
Yea, there is many a periur'd enuious Noddy  
Damnes his owne soule to hurt his neighbours body.  
But now such men may best by this be known,  
They'l speake in no mans praise but in their own;  
And, in their presence but commend a man,  
They'l from his worth detract euen all they can.  
So do the soule-mouth'd Zeales, & frightful Admones,  
Whose eyes on euery new-pent Treatise romes;  
Not for their owne auail or benefit,  
To feed their humors by disgracing it  
They rather seeke: and that they'l disallow  
Which they would mend themselves, if they knew how.  
But what are they that keepe this censuring Court?  
None I'll assure you of the wisest sort.*

Lib. 1.

None of the wisest, said I? yet content yee,  
They are a great way past *As in present*;  
And think themselves (but thought sometime is free)  
A great deale wiser then indeed they be:  
For, howsoeuer their insinuation  
Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,  
They are but Glow-wormes that are brisk by night;  
And neuer can be seene when Sunne giues light;  
Ill tongu'd and enuious, ignorant of shame,  
And vile detractors of anothers fame:  
But let them carpe on; what need any care?  
Sith they are known for fooles without compare.

But fellow Christians, thinke vpon this euill,  
Know 'tis an instigation of the Diuell;  
Remember, 'tis a known apparant foe  
To Charitie; and friendships ouer-throw;  
A vicious humour that with Hell acquaints,  
And hinders the *Communion of Saints*:  
Consider that, and how it makes vnable  
To be partaker of the holy *Table*.  
Doe so; Suruey your selues: and if you finde  
Such guests within you, root them from your minde;  
Banish that gnawing Fury from your hart:  
And as One wisely counsels, Lay apart  
Dissembling, Enuy, Slander, Malice, Guile,  
With Euill-speaking, as most bad and vile;  
But in those chiefly, whose *Religion* saith,  
Her mainest pillar, is *True-love* next Faith.



## OF REVENGE.

## SATYR. 5.

**R**ome for *Revenge*: hee's no *Comedian*  
 That acts for pleasure, but a grim *Tragedian*;  
 A foule sterne Monster; which if we displease,  
*Death, wounds* and *bloud*, or nothing can appease.  
 This most inhumane *Passion* now and than,  
 With violence and fury hurries Man  
 So farre from that sweet mildnesse, wherewith he,  
 Becing himselfe, should ever graced be,  
 That Man nor Diuell can we tearme him well,  
 For part he hath of Earth, and part of Hell.  
 Yet this so bad, of all good Men disdaind,  
 Many therē are haue rashly entertaind  
 And hugge it as a sweet contenting *Passion*;  
 But all men act not in one kind, or fashion.

Some are more staid, and can their purpose keepe  
 Vnscene, that they may make the wound more deepe,  
 And euer are so priuate no man knowes it.  
 Another cares not before whom he shoves it:  
 Then some of them are fearefull, some are bolder:  
 Some are too hot, and some againe are colder.

Oh,

On, I have scene, and laught at heart to see't,  
Some of our hot-spurs drawing in the street,  
As though they could not *Passion's* rage withstand;  
But must betake them to it out of hand.

But why ith' street? *Oh company doth hart them,  
And men may see their valorous acts and part them.*

And yet that humor rather I commend,  
Then theirs whose fury hath no stay nor end,  
Till of their lives they have bereft their foes;  
The onely way to both their overthrowes.  
Oh poore revenge I behold, he thou hast slaine,  
Sleeping in rest, lyes free from care and paine.  
Death is the good Mans refuge, which his God  
Ordain'd to be his sorrowes Period.  
And he perhaps thou in revenge didst slay,  
Enioyes more blisse than thou couldst take away;  
Whilst thou suruiuing feelst the horrid smart  
Of many thousand tortures in thy hart.  
For say thou scape the rigour of the Law,  
Thy wounded conscience will haue many a flaw;  
Feares thou shalt passe by day, and then at night  
Dreames all of terrour thy scarr'd soule affright.  
Orphanes and widowes curses thou shalt haue,  
To bring thee with confusion to thy grave.  
Which if in mercy God doe shield thee from,  
Iustice hath set this vnavoided Doe me,  
The plague of bloodshed on thy stock shall lie,  
Till she be quit in thy posteritie.  
Poore world, if these thy best contentments be,  
Seeke blood and vengeance you that list for me.

If this be sweet, Heaven grant I may forgive,  
And neuer seeke for vengeance whilst I live.

But now (me thinks) I heare our *Hacksters* tell me,  
With thundring words, as if their breath would felle me,  
I am a *Coward*, if I will not fight.

True, *Camelicroes*, you have spoken right:  
And, if vpon good termes you vrge me to it,  
I haue both strength and heart enough to do it,  
Which you should finde, and yet my minde is still  
Rather but to defend my selfe, then kill.

Yet breathes there to my knowledge many a Man,  
That in his bloody actions glory can,  
He thinks it honour to be said that he  
Was the destruction of some two or three.  
A braue tall man I promise yee, and may  
Take *Tisburne* for preferment in his way.  
What poore renowne is there, in such a deed  
For which a good mans heart would inly bleed?  
What valours 's in't, sith a poore flie or gnat  
Doth many times perfome as much as that?  
But I perceiue the chiefeft cause of this,  
Th' opinion of the rascall *Vulgar* is;  
They puffe men vp with their infectious breath,  
Till swollen ther-with, they then burst; shame or death.  
But though they think, that he which kills his foe  
Is most couragious. Reason tels them no:  
For he that hath a heart that fact to do,  
Is both a Tyrant and a Coward to.

And how is he a Coward some will aske?  
To answere that is but an easie taske;

Lib. 1.

## REVENGE.

Satyr. 5.

Thus he is one: Hee hauing by his might  
 A power on him with whom he haps to fight,  
 Thinks if he spare his life in such a case,  
 He one day may reuenge his foule disgrace,  
 That thought with feare of future dangers, fills him,  
 Which to preuent, he like a Coward kills him.  
 Yet those whose present safety cannot be,  
 Without the ruine of their enemy,  
 Blamelesse I count, sith nature giues vs way,  
 Things violent by violence to stay.  
 Yet thou, what e'er thou bethat hast a foe,  
 Seeke not to be his wilfull ouerthrow.  
 Sith life's a matter of the greatest weight,  
 If there be any way though nere so straight,  
 Whereby thou maist from such an act be free:  
 Part not such friends as soule and body be.  
 Rather if 't may be keepe him liuing still,  
 I tell thee hee's a necessary ill.  
 And for thy mercy thou shalt one day finde  
 Much comfort and contentment in thy minde.  
 Foes I haue some, whose liues I doe not grutch,  
 For they haue done me seruice very much,  
 And will doe still: These wherefoe'er I goe,  
 Doe make me carefull what I speak or doe:  
 And if I step aside, haue so much grace,  
 To tell me all my folly to my face:  
 Whereas my friend, till I were quite vndone,  
 Would let me still in mine old vaine nesse run;  
 Or, if he warne me, it is so in sport,  
 That I am scarce a whit the better for't.

But



Ish. 1.

## REVENGE.

Sayer. 5.

But this good-evil few of vs can vse,  
 For we doe better things than these abuse,  
 Mans nature's ill, and I have noted this,  
 If we vpbraided be with what's amisse,  
 We cannot brooke it, but are readier still  
 To hate them that reprove, than mend what's ill:  
 Nay, in the mildest sort, men know not how  
 To speake their mindes without exceptions now:  
 We must not our mad lusty-blounds gaine-say,  
 No, not so much as in a yea, or nay;  
 But presently we die for't, (*if we will*)  
 They have both hand and hart prepar'd to kill.  
 Let them but thinke a man to them iniurious,  
 Although he be not so, they'l straight grow furious,  
 And are so quickly vp in a Brauado,  
 They are for nothing but the *Imbracado*:  
 And in this humor they respect not whether  
 They be vnto them friends, or foes, or neither;  
 All are alike: and their hot choler ends  
 Not onely loue and friendship, but their friends.

I know't were vaine if I should tell to these  
 The peacefull minde of ancient *Socrates*:  
 Or if I should *Lycurgus* vengeance shoue,  
 How he behau'd himselfe vnto his foe:  
 'Twere but much labour lost, for there's no doubt  
 Our *Bedlam Gallants* would but grin and flout  
 At their well temper'd passions, such they deem  
 Nought but their brainelesse humors worth esteem.  
 The small discretion that doth guide this Age,  
 Hath left them so to their vnbridled rage,

That

That the most foolish desperate who care  
 For nought, but little wit enough to dare  
 Some beast-like combate without lawfull ground,  
 Are now the onely men that are renownd  
 Amongst the vulgar, and forsooth to gaine  
 A little fame that way, though ne'er so vaine,  
 They'l put their liues in danger: nay, there's som  
 Had rather haue it, then the life to come.

Alas, poore men, what hath bewitcht your mind?  
 How are you growne so senselesse and so blind,  
 Thusto affect vaine shadowes, and let slide  
 The truer substance, as a thing vnspied?  
 Is Reason in you growne so great a stranger,  
 To suffer an affliction of such danger  
 To settle in you? Banish't from your breast;  
 And there let Mercy and Forgivenessse rest;  
 It is a token of a humane mildenesse:  
 But Vengeance is a signe of Brutish wildnesse,  
 Not fitting any but the Tyger, Beare,  
 Or such like creatures that remorselesse reare  
 What ere they light on. Cast it from you then,  
 Be in condition, as in shape y'are Men.  
 And stand vnmoou'd, for Innocence ere long,  
 Will shew her selfe abroad in sight of wrong:  
 When of your Patience you shall not repent,  
 But be auenged to your owne content:

Yet some may say the Counsell I haue given,  
 Is hard to follow, strict, and too vneuen,  
 And what so euer shew I seem to make,  
 Such as my selfe would hardly vndertake.

Know

Lib. I.

REVENGE.

Satyr. 5.

Know you that thinke so, I am not afraid,  
 If that it be a burthen I haue laid,  
 To beare't my selfe; nay, I haue vnder-gone,  
 If this be hard, a more vncasie one.  
 For, but of late a friend of mine in show,  
 Being (indeed) a spightfull secret foe,  
 I know not why, (for I did ne'er in ought  
 Wrong him I'me sure; no, not in my least thought.)  
 Yet this man having wisely watcht his time,  
 When I (a stranger, in another *Glasse*)  
 Left mine owne Country, did meane while repaire  
 To my best friends, and with discreditable faire,  
 And shower of loue, and grieve, did there vnfold,  
 The grossest slander euer Villaine told.  
 A damn'd inuention, so exceeding vile,  
 That *Gallants*, 'twould haue made your blood to boile,  
 And out of your abused bodies start,  
 I know it would haue broken vaines, or heart:  
 If you had felt that tongue's enuenom'd sting,  
 You would haue fret, fume'd, stamp't; done anything,  
 Or angry rag'd like mad-men in your fit,  
 Till mercilesse *Revenge* had quenched it.  
 And what did I? At first, I must confesse,  
 I was extreamely moou'd; who could be lesse?  
 But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin  
 To ioyne with brutish *Pasſion's* force within,  
 And raise disquiet humors in my brest,  
 I fear'd if I should yeeld 'twould marre my rest.  
 And therefore to my selfe I *Patience* tooke.  
 Which whil'st I haue about me, I can brooke

Any

Any misfortune. Then that *Patience*  
 Grew so much stronger through my *Innocence*,  
 That I, as much as flesh and blood could do,  
 Forgot both Iniurie and Vengeance too;  
 Yet might I wanted not to do him ill,  
 All the defect that was, was in my will:  
 It is well knowne the *Coward* dares not stand,  
 To abide the Vengeance of my wronged hand,  
 Were his strength tripled: Nay, were I in bands  
 Of impotencie wrapt, & had no hands,  
 Yet I haue friends (whom if I had not pray'd,  
 And begd vnto, to haue their fury stay'd)  
 Had heapt confusion on him for my sake.  
 Yea I am halfe perswaded he would quake  
 A twelue-month after, had he but the daring  
 To thinke vpon the *Vengeance* was preparing  
 For that lewd slanderous tale of his; which he  
 Might better raise on one vnborne than me.

But when that course my *Reason* did gaine-say,  
 I was allow'd Reuenge a better way.  
 Both *Law* and *Iustice* proffer'd me the scourge,  
 To whip him for it: which though friends did vrge,  
 Shewing me motives to allure me to it;  
 Yet I was much vnwilling still to doe it:  
 For though I might (beside submission) gaine  
 No little summes, my heart doth much disdain  
 To adde vnto my substance through his shame;  
 Or raise it with the ruine of my fame.  
 Yet cause perhaps ther's some may thinke I faine,  
 Or speake a matter fram'd out of my braine:

Know;

Know ; This *back-biter lives*, and may doe long  
 To do me more, and many others wrong :  
 And but that I am loath to staine my Verse,  
 The name of such a Monster to rehearse ;  
 For others satisfaction, and to grace it,  
 Vpon the Margent here my pen should place it :  
 Yet that perhaps would Vengeance counted be,  
 For what shall neuer be reueng'd by me.  
 Nor had I thus much said, but to make knowne,  
 So truly these opinions are mine owne,  
 That I doe wish no other men vnto,  
 More then I gladly of my selfe would doe.  
 Thus was I wronged, and I thus withstood  
 My owne mad *Passion* in the heat of blood :  
 Yet thinke my selfe in as good case as those,  
 That haue reueng'd themselues with stabs and blowes.  
 In my opinion it is now as well,  
 As if that I should packe his soule to hell  
 With danger of mine owne ; and here remaine  
 To grieue, and wish he were alieue againe ;  
 Nay, now 'tis best, for why ? he may repent,  
 Whil'ft I with a safe conscience liue content :

But grant that some misdeem'd my Innocence,  
 (Because they saw that I with *Patience*  
 Endur'd the wrong) by thinking I did know  
 My selfe in fault, because I tooke it so :  
 What's that to me ? Indeed if all my care,  
 But to make show of what I should be, were,  
 I might be much displeased when I see  
 Men thinke me not, what I would seem to be.

But

But he whose onely aime is *Vertues* path,  
 And that true aime by his endeaour hath  
 (Which God grant me) so much sweet comfort gaines  
 Within his conscience, that he nought complains  
 Of *Mens* opinions; but aboue them borne,  
 Doth both their censures and supposings scorne.  
 And why should I doe lesse, who neuer weigh'd  
 My innocence by that which others said?  
 Whether I patient be, or storm at it,  
 It prooues the accusation ne'er awhit.

He that condemnes my milde and gentle course,  
 May in his wisdom light vpon a worse.  
 I must confesse, I let his error passe,  
 Nor haue I done amiss: for say an Ass  
 Had strooke me with his heeles; how should I quit  
 The harme he doth me? You would blame my wit  
 If I should kill him. If I went to law,  
 Who would not count me the most Ass? a daw;  
 Or worst of fooles? And pray, what were I lesse  
 If I had don't to his vnworthinesse?  
 One that's so ignorant of his offence,  
 He seemes as if he had no sparke nor sense  
 Of vnderstanding: one, whom if I touch,  
 Or offer to lay hands on, tis as much  
 As if I in my anger would begin  
 To breake the stoole that erst had broke my shin.

In this, and that, I found the cause was one,  
 And therefore did I let *Revenge* alone:  
 Onely I markt him, for this cause indeed,  
 That other men, might (knowing him) take heed;

And

And he himfelfe, with a repining shame,  
 Reading his follies *Emblem* in his name,  
 Might grieue he did into that error runne:  
 Which hoping he by this time now hath done,  
 I ceafe to brand him, and forgive him too:  
 Others might thus by my example do.

But to thy taske my *Muse*; for there remaine  
 Mad humors many more yet to explaine:  
 Such as are theirs who vse to take in hand  
 A lawlesse Pilgrimage to *Calice* land;  
 And thinke if they by tricks can blinde the Law,  
 Of God they neuer need to stand in awe.

These onely deale in blowes. But there be other,  
 Who their *reuengefull mindes* as ill can smother;  
 Yet cause they haue not hart to deale with words,  
 Like valiant Champions fight it out with words.  
 Such fraies haue made me often-times to smile,  
 And yet they proue shrewd combats other while:  
 For from such braules doe sudden stabs arise,  
 And sometime in reuenge the quart-pot flies;  
 Ioyn'd stooles and glattes, make a bustling rumor:  
 Yeathis is grown a Gentle-man like humor.  
 But in my minde, he that so well can fight,  
 Deserueth to be dubd an *Ale-house-knight*.

Is't not a shame that men should at their meeting  
 Welcome each other with a friendly greeting;  
 As I haue seene; and yet before they part,  
 Bandy their swords at one another's hart?  
 Wondrous inhumane! and the savage Boare,  
 Or wilde *Armenian* Heards can doe no more:



But such believe not it is God hath said,  
*Vengeance is mine, and I will see it repaid,*  
 For if they did, they would not dare to be  
 Such caruers for themselves as now we see,

No good remaines if long this fit endure,  
 Friendship is quite extinguished: and sure  
 The diuell doth so much possesse them than,  
 They haue no honest thought of God or Man.  
 Which you may note, if you doe cuer see  
 Two hare-braine Ruffians when at odds they bee,  
 Allth' ones ambition is the others fall,  
 Without compassion, or respect at all,  
 Which fury so vnlimited doth proue  
 They haue to man-ward, not a spark of loue.  
 Nor more regard of God shall you espy,  
 If you obserue their damned blasphemy,  
 When standers by restraine their bloody will;  
 For mad with rage, the heau'ns wide eares they fill  
 With horrid, bloody, fearefull cannon oathes,  
 Such as no honest Christian man but loathes  
 Almost to heare them nam'd: they seeme to teare  
 Christ's man-hood peece-meale from him when they  
 For foote, hart, nailes, still vsing God wirhall (swear,  
 Their foule-mouth'd-rackets, like a tennis-ball  
 Doe bandy to and fro: *His blood and wounds,*  
 Adde to their hellish brauings such strange sounds,  
 As if the powers of Heau'n they did contemne,  
 And meant in this wilde fit to challenge them.

Oh base proud clay I Who by their deeds can ga-  
 These men believe a power aboue? but rather (ther  
 That

That they are viler than the brutest creature:  
 For that is taught more reverence by nature.  
 But these bold champions dare him: yea when they  
 Cannot have *Vengeance* their desired way  
 (As if they scorn'd the threatning of his rod)  
 Thus think they to avenge themselves on God;  
 Who were he not as mercifull as iust,  
 Might with a blast consume them into dust.

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OF



## OF CHOLLER.

## SATYR. 6.

**B**Ut now the cause of mans *Reuengefull thirst*  
 Proceeds from rash vnbridled *Choller first* :  
 Which *Passion* flowes from imbecillitie,  
 And brings vs vnto much absurditie :  
 Yea, those that are infected with this crime,  
 Are (in a manner) mad men for the time.  
 'Tis a short *Fury*, where-with man possesse,  
 Resembles most a wilde vntamed beast.  
 It makes the wisest so beside their wit,  
 They speake and practice many a thing vnfit :  
 Yea, those in whom I finde this *Passion* raigne,  
 I haue oft seene to storme for things but vaine;  
 And chaufing, fret at poore halfe-penny losses,  
 As if for some intollerable crosses.  
 In a slight trifle, or some slender toy,  
 You would suppose consisted all their ioy :  
 For should a wise man euery sorrow prooue  
 This world could heap, it would not so much moue  
 His settled patience, as one rascal fit  
 Would on no ground in these distemper it.  
 There is this weakenesse in a *chollerick man*,  
 I haue obseru'd it, and I proue it can,

He is not only ready to believe  
 Any report, that may occasion give  
 Of discontents, but it so doth blinde him,  
 If no occasions be, he seeks to finde them:  
 And in light matters, if he should contend,  
 Would pick a quarrell with his dearest friend.

Yea, I have seen where friends, nay more, where bro-  
 That be, or should be, dearer far then others, (then  
 Have in their heat of anger, turned foes,  
 And mixed sharp words with far sharper blowes:  
 Nor do, nor can they in this humour spare  
 Any degree; for reuerence, nor care  
 Doth then remaine, although they be most sure  
 Their heedlesse words not foes alone procure,  
 But lose their friends: nor doe they in that case,  
 Respect the time, nor company, nor place.

Besides, there is this over-sight in some,  
 Where Choller doth the Reason overcome;  
 They doe not onely blame him that offends,  
 But are displeas'd eu'n with their dearest friends,  
 And with the like displeasure do pursue  
 All that are in their presence, or their view.  
 Yet, if that any should but tell these men,  
 Such anger were without iust reason; then,  
 Although it be so, and they know it right,  
 Their fury would the more increase with spight.  
 They cannot beare controule, neither can they  
 Brooke him ought better that doth nothing say;  
 For then indeed they presently suspect,  
 Such carelesse ones their anger doe neglect.

Also,

Also, some Masters now and then I spy  
 Too much o're-come with this infirmity:  
 They are so hor, and confident in this,  
 That all their Anger, still with reason is,  
 If they once thinke their seruants doe offend,  
 They must not their suspected crimes defend,  
 Guilty or no; but what hurt euer may  
 Follow thereby, yeeld all their Worships say,  
 And so be sure to make it an offence,  
 Though but by wronging their owne innocence;  
 Which is meere tyrannie. And he that can  
 Force to such slavery the minde of Man,  
 By my opinion, shall for euer passe  
 For an imperious foolish wayward Ass:  
 Who hath perhaps read some strict rules in *Cato*,  
 But ne'er was scholer to diuiner *Plato*.

This *Anger* is a wondrous head-strong *Passion*,  
 And hath a beastly, frantick operation;  
 From which, how can we any man release,  
 When we must neither speak, nor hold our peace?

Some will be angry, if they cannot make  
 Another into their opinion take;  
 But to my thinking, much it should not chaufe them,  
 Out of their humours I would rather laugh them.

Others haue meanings, but they cannot shew them,  
 Yet are displeas'd with those that do not know them,  
 And I haue scene (that anger may be holy)  
 A good man mooued for anothers folly.

The hurt that through this *Passion* doth ensue  
 (None do consider, or but very few)

Ere now the ruine of a State hath been,  
 That which hath follow'd vpon one mans spleen:  
 And therefore, though I none excuse the while,  
 I hold it much lesse seemely, and more vile  
 In men Authoriz'd, than in those that be  
 Borne to a lower fortune or degree:  
 For, when this fir possellerh such as these  
 Men priuate, they alone themselues disease;  
 At most their family: while greater men  
 Plague, by their anger, Country now and then.  
 In my opinion, hee's vnfit to weeld  
 The sword of *Iustice*, that doth basely yeeld  
 Vnto such brutish *Passion*: howsoe'er  
 In other things he most sufficient were:  
 Yet some in places eminent we see.  
 Who very strangely ouermastred be.

By this, and worse affections, yea some now  
 Haue charge of others, that doe worse know how  
 To guide themselues. The angry *Magistrate*,  
 To be aueng'd on him whom he doth hate.  
 For priuate causes drawes the publique sword;  
 And all the rigor that the lawes afford  
 Shall serue his *choller*: which if't will not do,  
 He can dispence with *Law* and *Iustice* to.

Now diuerse do affirme, that such as be  
*Hastie* (so tearme they this infirmitie)  
 Are the best natur'd. But I see not how  
 Reason can their Position well allow;  
 And therefore, whosoe'er that doctrine taught,  
 If they are best, I le sweare the best are naught.

Moreouer, there be many doe suppose,  
It is a signe of courage. What meane those?  
Where is their iudgement? they me think should ga-  
That it were *weakenes* did produce it rather: (ther  
Or else, why should the feeble and the sick,  
Women and children be most cholerick?

Again, there's some (whose iudgement is as rude)  
And they think Anger quickens Fortitude,  
Which cannot be, for they must grant me this,  
It Vice produce and perfect Vertue can:  
But thou that iudgement hast, say, how may't be  
That Fortitude and Anger can agree?  
The one, a Resolution is that's steady,  
And rul'd by reason; th' other, rash and heady:  
The one, doth nothing but on consultation,  
The other cannot take deliberation;  
But head-long vnadvisedly doth tend,  
Till it in sorrow, shame, or ruine end.  
And though some thence much help may seem to ga-  
To whet true valour on, it hinders rather: (ther,

Yea, so vnreasonable is this *Passion*,  
It overthrowes in man all seemly fashion;  
Making him speake if ought but discontent him,  
Yea, doe the thing of which he shall repent him:  
And such a dangerous kinde of Lunatick  
Is he who vseth to be Cholerick,  
That of a friend if I might chuse be,  
I'de rather haue a man that's mad then he.

Some tearme it inflammation of the blood,  
And say, with heed it may be soone withstood;



But there's so few that seeke to stop this ill,  
 It runnes at random, and growes worser still:  
 All gladly seeme to yeeld to the inuasion  
 Of this strange frenzie on the least occasion:  
 And those that make a seeming to suppress  
 This strong disease, indeed doe nothing lesse,  
 For he that will a certaine medicine finde  
 For such a *malady*, must haue a minde  
 Settled in God, and an vnfauld intent  
 To prosecute what he in show hath meant.  
 Light trust he must not giue to all reports,  
 Nor take too much delight in idle sports:  
 On toyes his loue should neuer so be set,  
 To make him for their absence grieue and fret.  
 He must be wary still, not to adore  
 Treasure or Honours, heapt vpon him, more  
 Than will besit such things as needs must perish;  
 For oft that folly doth his *Passion* cherish.  
 Let dogs, nor hawkes, nor any pleasure moue,  
 But as it doth indifferent things behooue:  
 At no time let him rashly speake or doe,  
 What selfe conceit doth vrge or prompt him to.  
 And not alonethis my aduice embrace,  
 But learne of *Cottus*, the wise king of *Thrace*,  
 Who hauing many pretious vessels sent  
 Of brittle metall, fearing discontent  
 Might for their losse another day arise,  
 The Messenger he richly gratifies,  
 And then before his face against the stones  
 Dashes the costly present for the nones:

Shew.

Shewing that those, who *Anger's* flames would hinder,  
Must first remooue the Fuell and the Tinder.

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## OF IELOVSIE.

SATYR. 7.

**B**Ut though these angry ones soone breed a broul,  
And are pernicious to conuerse withall;  
Not one jot better is the *Ielous* head,  
That thinks his friend and wife are still a-bed.

Sometime this *Passion* as it doth appeare,  
Proceeds out of a too-much loue with feare;  
Sometime againe the mischief doth arise,  
When any, worth in the beloued spies;  
And therewithall (as he can be no lesse)  
Is priuy to his owne vnworthinesse.  
This is the cause indeed that brings the smart  
Of *Ielousie*, vpon the greatest part.

The first cause is more seldom, and is sent  
Of God as a peculiar punishment,  
To those who doe the creature so affect,  
As thereby their Creator they neglect.

*Loue*

*Loue* is a match procures the highest blisse  
 That for mankinde on earth ordain ed is:  
 But when true measure it exceeds, and gets  
 Beyond the decent bound that Reason sets,  
 God turnes it to a plague, whereby he will  
 Shew them their folly, and correct the ill.  
 He addes a *Fear* of losing of their *Joy*,  
 Or that they loue: which quickly doth destroy  
 All their delight; and strewing good with ill,  
 Makes things seem lost though they are with the still.  
 Thus doth it oftentimes with such men proue.

One carefull in the chusing of his louè,  
 Hath gotten her that is not faire alone,  
 But modest, wise, and kinde to every one;  
 With such respect as her a while he deemeth  
 Worthy all loue, and much her wit esteemeth:  
 Yea, he is so confirm'd he dares vphold  
 Shee will not be allur'd to ill by gold,  
 Honour, nor beauty: but as she is chaste,  
 So hee's perswaded will be to the last.  
 And to himselfe so well doth seeme to thrive,  
 He thinks his owne the happiest choice aliue.  
 All which is good, and if no more I tell,  
 You cannot say wherein he doth not well:  
 But there he cannot his affection stay,  
 Further it tends, and further it will stray.

For when this man by daily prooffe doth see,  
 His wife is onely what a wife should be;  
 It so augments his loue to that extreame,  
 He knowes not if he be awake or dreame;

Then

Then doth his *Loue* (such loue will euer doe it)  
 For a Companion take in *Fear* vnto it;  
 A *Fear* of losing what he loues so much:  
 And then the nature of this *Fear* is such,  
 That it begets *Suspect*; which creeping in,  
 Doth by a little at the first begin  
 To make him doubt, his Spouse may loosely liue:  
 But then her well knowne vertuous mind doth giue  
 Such blamelesse testimonie of her good,  
 As that surmise is for a time withstood,  
 Till this disease vpon him growes more strong,  
 Then he begins to thinke she doth him wrong:  
 Which if he doe, that one false thought's enough  
 To giue all former truths the ouerthrowe:  
 And why? *Suspect* growes thereupon so great,  
 She thrusts *true iudgement* quite besides her seat:  
 Which being done, then straight begins to wane  
 The good conceit he of his blisse had tane:  
 His onely labour's how to bring't about,  
 To be assur'd of what he stands in doubt:  
 A Cuckold he esteemes himselfe, and he  
 Were e'en as good indeed a Cuckold be:  
 Nay, rather then he'le be deceiu'd, the else  
 Will try to make a Cuckold of himselfe;  
 In borrowed shapes to bed her he will try,  
 Sometimes he courts her by a deputy:  
 And if all faile to tempt her vnto ill,  
 Yet he remaines himselfe, a Coxcomb still.  
 For if his friend doe to his house repaire,  
 He thinks 'tis onely 'cause his wife is faire:

Or

Lib. I.

IEALOUSIE.

Satyr. 7.

Or if a stranger come he'le pawne his life  
 All his intent is, to corrupt his wife:  
 Yea, though the businesse to himselfe he finde,  
 He thinks 'tis but a hood to keepe him blinde.

Thus all the sweet he had is turn'd to sowre,  
 Faine would he thinke well, but hath not the powre;  
 Much care torments his heart, and yet he will  
 Be prying farther to encrease it still:  
 Yea, he will seek although he truly know,  
 The more he seekes, the more he findes his woe.

Besides, *Suspect* reuiue in the head  
 All things that may be mis-interpreted;  
 And the best thought her vertue's like to win  
 Is onely this; *It seru'd to cloake her sin.*  
 In brieft, his former loue he marreth quite,  
 And there he lothes where once he tooke delight.  
 But wherefore? Onely 'cause he doth mistrust,  
 And not on any prooffe that shee's vniust.

Vnhappy man, thus thy ill nature shall  
 Conuert the hony of thy life to gall.  
 And haplesse woman shee that comes to wed  
 So meere a sot, and such a ielous head;  
 An Owle-eyed Buzzard, that by day is blinde,  
 And sees not things apparant, yet can finde  
 That out which neuer was. The feare to loose  
 The Iewell he aboue all Iems did choose;  
 That feare, I say, of wit doth so bereaue him,  
 He thinks that's gone which meanes not yet to leaue  
 Oh foolish man, that hauing gain'd a blisse, (him.  
 Dooft make't a curse, by vsing it amisse;

If iudgement be not blinded in thee, looke;  
 Try if thou hast not all this while mistooke:  
 Is not thy wife still faire? and to the eye  
 Seemes she not yet to haue that modesty  
 Thou didst commend her for? Is she not wary  
 With whom she walks, or speakes, or where to tary?  
 Is she not still as carefull how to please;  
 As louing too as in her former dayes?  
 In shew he sees it, but he thinks 'tis feind.  
 Out blockish dolt, that art most iustly pain'd:  
 Thou but a few supposed shadowes hast,  
 That makes thee to account thy wife vnchast;  
 But many firme substantiall proofes make cleare  
 That shee's vnstain'd, and ought to be as deare  
 As e'er she was: Why should an ill in thee  
 Make her seeme so, vnlesse she euill be?

A woman that is faire, shall much be view'd,  
 And haue perhaps vnlookt for fauours shew'd;  
 She shall be courted whe'er she will or no;  
 Nay, be resorted too: and though she show  
 Scarcely so much as common curtesies,  
 She shall be censur'd by misjudging eyes,  
 And false reports will flie: But what of this?  
 Wilt thou that hast had triall what she is,  
 And neuer saw'st amisse, wilt thou, I say,  
 Cast all the good conceit thou hadst away,  
 And straight grow ielous, trusting the seruise  
 Of the lew'd *Vulgar* more then thine owne eyes?  
 It were mad folly: and yet I doe knowe  
 Some that are thus besotted: more's their woe.

*And*

*And pittie'twere but they had burned him,  
Were't not a greater pittie so to sinne.*

Should you but sit with such a one at Table,  
To hold from laughter you were scarcely able,  
To see what note the iealous-Wood-cocke takes  
Of his Wiues words, and euerie looke she makes,  
In what a feare he eates his meat, and drinks;  
What signes he vses, how he nods and winks,  
With twenty scuruy gestures, though he see  
No reason he should so suspicious be:  
Now some haue cause enough, and I beleue  
Such seem to haue a colour why they greeue,  
But yet there's no iust reason any one  
Should over-strueto hold what will be gone,  
Vexing himselfe so for anothers ill,  
Which he can neuer help: Let him that will:  
This I know true; To seeke much to restraine  
A womans will, is labour spent in vaine;  
And he that tryes to doe it, might haue bin  
*One of the crew that bedg'd the cuckaw in.*  
Why should a man goe put himselfe to paine,  
As some haue done, a businesse to faine?  
And then at night come lurke about his house,  
Where, be it but the stirring of a Mouse,  
He doth obserue it: Wherefore doth he so?  
Since, if thereby he ought amisse doe know,  
The greatest good that he shall hereby find,  
Is more vexation to molest his mind:  
For then the mischiefe he but fear'd before,  
Hee's certaine of, and need not doubt it more.



*Lib. 1. I E A L O V S I E. Satyr. 7.*

A goodly meed : but sure those wretched elves,  
 Take pleasure in tormenting of themselves;  
 They harken, watch, set spies, and alway long  
 To heare some tales or inkling of their wrong:  
 And he that can but whisper some such fable,  
 Shall be the welcom't guest that sits at Table,  
 Though it be ne'er so false; they loue so well,  
 To feele the torture of this earthly hell:  
 But I doe muse what Diuell keeps their heart,  
 They should affect the causers of their smart;  
 Those euer-buzzing-deadly-stinging flies;  
 Those that of *Ecchoes* only can deuise  
 A slander'gainst thy selfe. Whatere they say,  
 Thy loue from her thou must not draw away  
 On bare reports: thou must behold the crime,  
 Or keepe her as thy best belou'd her time;  
 Better or worse, thou surely must abide her,  
 Till from thy selfe the death of One diuide her:  
 Then tell me, were it not (by much) lesse paine.  
 A good opinion of her to retaine?  
 Could'st thou not be contented by thy will,  
 At least to thinke that she were honest still?  
 Yes in thy heart I know thou wouldest be glad,  
 Vnlesse that thou wert void of sense, or mad.  
 Why, shake off all these claw-backs then, that vse  
 Thy soone beleeuing nature to abuse;  
 For (trust me) they are but some spightfull elves,  
 Who'cause they have not the like blisse themselves,  
 Would faine marre thine; or else I dare be bold,  
 If thou the truth couldst warily vnfold,

They

Lib. I.

IEALOVSYE.

Satyr. 7.

They are some lust-flung Villaines, that did court  
 Thy honest wife to some vnlawfull sport:  
 And finding her too chaste to serue their turne,  
 Whose euill hearts with foule desires did burne,  
 To spight her (beeing farre more euill dooers  
 Then *Daniels* Elders, faire *Susannas* wooers)  
 To thee they doe accuse her of an ill,  
 Whereto they labour'd to allure her will.

Let me aduise thee then, what e're he be  
 That of such dealings first informeth thee,  
 Belieue him not what proofes soe'er he bring,  
 Doe not giue eare to him for any thing:  
 And though he be the neereft friend thou hast,  
 From such like knowledge shut all *sense* vp fast,  
 Fly and auoyd him as thou wouldst the Diuell,  
 Or one that brings thee messages of euill:  
 Let him be to thee as thy deadliest foe,  
 A *Fury*, or some one thou loath'st to knowe;  
 And be assured whatsoe'er he shewes  
 He is no friend of thine that brings that newes,  
 Sith if that thou wert his most deadly foe,  
 For any wrong it were reuenge enough.

Now some men I haue noted, loue as well  
 The Husbands faults vnto the Wife to tell,  
 And aggrauate them too: as if thereby  
 They either meant to feed their *Ielousie*,  
 Or else stirre vp their vnbecoming hates,  
 Against their guiltlesse welbeloued mates:  
 But of these monsters (fairest sexe) beware,  
 Of their insinuations haue a care:

Beleeue

Lib. 1. JEALOUSIE. Satyr. 17.

Believe them not, they will coyne tales vnttrue,  
 To sowe foule strife betwixt your loues and you  
 Out of ill-will: or else heere is my doome,  
 They hope to get into your Husbands roome,  
 Through the aduantage of the discontent  
 They would worke in you. But this their intent  
 They'l so disguise, that you shall neuer spy it  
 Till you are Inar'd too surely to deny it.

But oh! consider you, whose excellence  
 Had reasonable once for difference,  
 This *Passion* well: if ill your Spouses do,  
 Amend your selues, and they'l grow better too,  
 Look not vpon them with ore-blinded eyes,  
 Nor griue you them with causelesse Ielousies:  
 For most of them haue euer this condition,  
 Though they are bad, they cannot brook Suspicion.  
 Striue not with them too much; for as the Powder  
 Being fast stopt, makes the report the lowder,  
 Sending the bullet with the greater force:  
 So he that seeks to barre a womans course,  
 Makes her more eager, and can ne'er out-strive her,  
*But on she will, because the Diuell doth driue her.*

Let those then that thus matched are, begin  
 By loue, and gentle meanes, their wiues to win,  
 And though no hope they see, yet patience take,  
 So there is none shall know their heads doe ake:  
 But let all wary be, that no surmises,  
 Or flying tale some enuious head deuises,  
 Make them to wrong their chaste and modest wiues,  
 Who haue with vertue led vnspotted liues:

For

*Lib. 1.*      *IEALOUSIE.*      *Satyr. 7.*

For though some stand vnmoou'd, yet that's the way  
To make a woman soonest goe astray.

And so I will conclude these *jealous humors*,  
Which part I found b' experience, part by rumors;  
I feele it not, yet knowe it is a smart  
That plagues the minde, and doth torment the hart:  
And I could wish, but for the others sake,  
Their *thought-tormenting paine* might neuer flake:  
For, none's so ielous I durst pawne my life,  
As he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

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OF



## OF COVETOUSNES.

## SATYR. 8.

**B**Ut how mist I of *Auerrice* to tell,  
 Whose longing is as infinite as Hell?  
 There is no *Pasſion* that's more vile or base,  
 Yet tis as common as to haue a face:  
 I muse it seap't so long, for I'll be plaine,  
 Ino where looke, but there I see it raigne.  
 In all this spacious *Round* I know so few  
 That can this *flauſh-dung-hill-vice* eschew,  
 I neither will excuse sex nor degree,  
 Young folkes, nor such as middle aged be:  
 Nay, I perceiue them giuen most to craue,  
 When they had need to dig themselves a graue.  
 Like Earth-bred Moles, still scrambling in the dust.

Not for the treasure that shall neuer rust,  
 But for vile cancred dross is all their care;  
 As if the same their *Summum bonum* were:  
 When all that they haue with their labour bought  
 (If well consider'd) is not worth a thought.

I haue known Chuffes, that hauing well to liue,  
 Enough to lend, sufficient to giue,

H

Yet

*Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.*

Yet nathelcſſe, toyle, moyle, and take more paine  
Than a Jewes bond-ſlave, or a Moore in Spaine.  
All day they brooke the raibe, haile, froſt, & ſnow,  
And then, as if they had not drudg'd enough,  
They lie and thinke all night with care and ſorrow,  
How they may take a little reſt to morrow.

'Tis ſtrange their minds ſo much for gold ſhould itch,  
And beeing gotten, that it ſhould bewitch:  
For tis by nature in a priſon pent,  
Vnder our feet i' th' baſeſt Element:  
And ſhould we pluck't from dungeon, filth, & mire,  
To giue 't the chiefeſt ſeat in our deſire;  
'Twerewant of iudgement: which braue ſpirits know,  
Counting it baſe, with thoſe that prize it ſo.

I've heard thoſe ſay that travell to the Eaſt,  
Where this beloved metall hath it neaſt,  
That in the places where ſuch Mineralls be,  
Is neither graſſe, nor hearb, nor plant, nor tree:  
And like enough, for this at home I finde,  
Thoſe who too earneſtly imploy their minde  
About that traſh, have hearts (I dare vphold)  
As barraine as the place where men dig gold.

This humour hath no bounds, tis a deſire  
(Or diſeaſe rather) nothing can expire:  
'Tis Hell, for had it all the world, why yet  
'Twould long as much as if 't had ne're awhit;  
And I with pittie doe lament their paine  
Who have this *newer-quenched* thirſt of gaine;  
This *ever-gaping-whirl-poolle*, that receiveth  
Still, yet the ſelfe ſame roome ſtill empty leaves.

Hee's

## Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

Hee's mad that food to such a Vulture giues  
 That's neuer full: and e'en as good fill liues,  
 Or vessels bottomlesse, as still endeavor  
 To gorge a Monster that will hunger euer.  
 All that man can performe will be in vaine,  
 And longing will for euermore remaine:  
 Like those foule issues that must still haue vent,  
 Till strength of nature and the life be spent.  
 It makes men tire themselves, like him that drinks  
 Brine, or salt-water; and still thereby thinks  
 To slake his thirst, although he feele it more  
 Augmented, at each draught then 'twas before.  
 Yea, wealth dorth as much lessen this desire  
 Of Avarice in men, as flames of fire  
 Alay the heat. Besides, though they haue store,  
 This makes them to themselves exceeding poore:  
 And howsoeuer they may seeme, yet such  
 Vntill their dying-day are neuer rich.  
 They very seldome haue respect or care  
 To Promise or Religion: they'l not spare  
 To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himselfe,  
 Thereby to adde vnto their cursed pelfe.

They neither reuerence the right of lawes,  
 Nor are they touched with the poore mans cause:  
 They could be well content to shed their blouds,  
 Lose Soule and Heauen, but to saue their goods.  
 To talke to them of better things 'twere vaine,  
 For they are onely capable of gaine:  
 They neuer liue in true society,  
 Nor know they friendship, love, or pietie.



## Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. SATYR. 8.

And in a word, those that are thereby led,  
 Neuer doe good till they be *sicke or dead*:  
 And therefore with those vermine we may place them  
 That serue vs to nowse till we vncafe them,  
 And I've obseru'd, that such mens children be  
 Borne many times to greatest misery:  
 For they haue neither *wisdomes* nor *education*,  
 According to their Kindred, State, or Nation;  
 Whereby we see that they do often run  
 Into vile actions, and are quite vndone.  
 And then perhaps the Parent grieues at this,  
 But ne'er considers that his fault it is.

'Tis greedinesse that makes a man a slave  
 To that which for his seruant he should haue:  
 And teaches him oft to esteeme of more  
 The *vicious Rich-man*, then the *best poore*.

How many in the world now could I name,  
 Iniurious villaines, that but to defame  
 Or spight their neighbour, would their God forswear,  
 As if they thought that no damnation were?  
 (Provided, when they thus their conscience straine,  
 It be out of a hatred, or for gaine'.  
 Yea, there be idle theetting Drones a many,  
 That haue no Vertue, nor will ne'er haue any,  
 That for their wealth shall highly be respected,  
 When honest men (their betters) are neglected:  
 And then we also see that most men do  
 Impose such worthy titles on them too,  
 That such base scummes shall oft intreated be  
 With *Good your worship*, and with cap and knee.

But

## Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Say. 8.

But sure the World is now become a Gull,  
 To think such scoundrels can be worshipful;  
 But pish; in these dayes if that men haue riches,  
 Though they be Hangmen, Vsurers, or Witches,  
 Diuels-incarnate, such as haue no shame  
 To act the thing that I should blush to name,  
 Doth that disgrace them any whit? Fie no,  
 The World ne'er meant to vse her Minions so.  
 There is no shame for Rich-men in these times,  
 For wealth will serue to couer any crime.  
 Wert thou a crook-backt dwarfe, deform'd in shape,  
 Ther sits like, condition'd like an Ape,  
 Didst neuer doe a deed a good man ought,  
 Nor spake true word, nor hadst an honest thought;  
 If thou be rich, and hap to disagree  
 With one that's poore, although indeed he be  
 In euery part a man, and hath a spirit  
 That's truly noble, worthy well to merit  
 Euen praise of Enuy; yet if thou wilt seeme  
 A man farre worthier, and of more esteeme,  
 Although thou canst inuent no meanes to blame him;  
 Yet I can tell a trick how thou shalt shame him:  
 And that's but this, Report that he is poore,  
 And there is no way to disgrace him more:  
 For so this *Passion* doth mens iudgement blinde,  
 That him in whom they most perfection finde,  
 If-so he be not rich, they count him base;  
 And oft hee's faine to give a Villaine place.

Moreouer, the desire to gaine this pelfe,  
 Makes many a braue man to forget himselfe.

*Lib. 2. CORYDOVENSIS. Satyr. 8.*

Some I haue knowne that for their worthy parts,  
 Their vertue, and their skill in many Arts;  
 Deserued honour; and (if any can  
 Iudge by the outward looke, the inward man)  
 They to command men (you would think) were born,  
 And seem'd a flaw with seruitude toorne:  
 Yet haue I seene when such as these (alas!)  
 In hope of gaine haue croucht vnto an Ase;  
 Obseru'd a Dolt, and much debas't their merits  
 To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits.

How many of our finest wits haue spent  
 Their times and studies in meere complement?  
 Greasing with praises many a fat-fed Bore,  
 Of whom the world hath thought too well before.  
 How many now that follow'd Mars his troope,  
 Whom fated of death could neuer make to stoope?  
 How many also of our graue Diuines,  
 That should seek treasure not in earthly Mines  
 Descend to basenesse, and against the haire,  
 (As goes the common proverb) can speake faire,  
 Flatter for gaine, and humour such base groopes  
 As are not worthy of their horse-boyes roopes?  
 They wrong themselves: but those are counted wise  
 That now adayes know how to temporize;  
 Yet I abhor'd it euer; and I vow,  
 Ere I to any golden Calf will bow,  
 Flatter against my conscience, or else smother  
 What were to be reueal'd, to please another:  
 Ere I for gaine would fawne vpon a Clowne,  
 Or feed Great fooles with tales of the renowne

## Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

Of their reputed fathers, when (*God mend them*)  
 Themselves haue nothing why we should commend  
 Or e're I'de coyne a lye, be't ne'er so small, (them:  
 For e're a bragging *Thrase* of them all  
 In hope of profit, I'de giue vp my play,  
 Begin to labour for a groat a day;  
 In no more clothing then a mantle goe,  
 And feed on *Sham-roots*, as the *Irish* doe:  
 For what contentment can in riches be,  
 Vnlesse the body and the minde be free?

But tush: what's freedom? looke where gold beares;  
 It takes all care of what is fit away; (sway,  
 Corrupts the iudgement, and can make the lawes  
 Oft-times to fauour an vngodly cause.

Moreouer, worldly men doe so affect,  
 Where wealth abounds, and beare so much respect  
 To those that haue it, that their vice they deeme  
 To be a vertue, and so make it seeme:  
 For, say they vse extortion, no men more,  
 Vndoe their Country, hurt and wrong the poore,  
 Be such damn'd Vsurers, they keepe a house  
 That yeelds not crummes enow to feed a Mouse;  
 Yet they'l not say they are couetous; oh no,  
*But thrifty and good wary men, or so.*

Another, though in pride he doe excell,  
 Be more ambitious then the Prince of Hell;  
 If his apparell be in part like vs,  
 Italian, Spanish, French, and Barbarous;  
 Although it be of twenty seuerall fashions,  
 All borrowed from as many seuerall Nations;

Yet

Lib. 1. CORYTOYSNES. Satyr. 8.

Yet hee's not vaine, nor proud, What is he than?

*Merry & proper, fine, neat Gentleman.*

Or if he be a Ruffian than can swagger,  
Make strange Bravadoes, weare an Ale-house dagger,  
Insteed of Valour, quarrelling professe,  
Make Hospitality of lewd excesse;  
Quaffe Soule-sick-healths vntill his eyes doe stare,  
Sing bawdy Songs, and Rounds, and curse & swear,  
Though he vse gaming, as the Cards and Dice,  
So out of measure that he make 't a vice;  
Turne his owne house into a loathsome stews,  
Keepe Whores, and Knaues, & Baudes (and that 's no  
Yet if he be a rich man, what is he? newes)

*A rude ranke Ruffin, if ye aske of me.*

A Ruffin? Gup sack sauce-box with a wannion,  
*Nay, hee's a merry and a boone Companion;*  
This is the Worlds milde censure. Yet beside,  
Another quality I haue espide:

For those diseases they doe shun the poore,  
They doe abhorre a rich man nere the more.

Him I haue known that hath disdain'd to sup  
Water, or Beere, out of a poore mans cup,  
For feare of poysoning, or some thing as bad,  
Although he knew no malady he had;  
Yet haue I often scene that curious Asse  
Pledging a rich-man in the selfe-same glasse,  
When he hath known the party sweating lie  
Of the abhorred French foule malady;  
Which proues this Proverbe true; *Birds of a feather  
Will alwaies vs to flock and feed together.*

But

But I oft wonder and doe yet admire,  
Men hunt for riches with such strange desire:  
For being once possesse thereof, it fills  
The owners of it with a thousand ills,  
More than they can conceiue. For first we finde  
It choaks and marr's the vertue of the minde:  
Then (by much businesse) it brings annoyces  
Vnto the minde, and hinderstruer ioyes  
From seating there: and though some stormes it clear,  
It drives men into fouds of greater feare:  
That oft the Rich are more in sorrow tost,  
Then those that haue no riches to be lost.

But further, ouer and aboue all this,  
Hence a much greater disadvantage is:  
It makes vs to growe Arrogant, Vniust,  
Drawes vnto pleasure, and prouokes to lust,  
More powerfull in a deed of villanie,  
Than helpfull in a worke of honesty;  
It nere contents the owners that enioy it:  
And those that haue it, many times employ it  
To corrupt Iustice, or else to allure  
Matrons, or Virgins, to an act impure:  
It hireth murderers, makes men seditious,  
Full of suspect and enuy, or ambitious;  
It breedeth ~~enue-backs~~, ~~pick-shanks~~, ~~flattery~~,  
Makes many rheumes, and causeth ~~poverty~~:  
It hinders knowledge, for most that haue lands,  
Liue neither by their wisdom nor their hands,  
But following sloth and pleasure, hate the schooles,  
To leape much meanes vnto a race of fooles.

Such

## Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

Such are the fruites of vvealib; yet that alone  
 Is now the faire reward, that euery one  
 Doth make his course for; and that to attaine,  
 Or keepe once gotten, none refuseth paine,  
 Labour, nor danger; but all men expresse  
 In the pursute thereof such earnestnesse,  
 As if that onely did indeed appeare  
 The speciall end that they were plac't for heere.

Oh Gold, what mortall god is so diuine!  
 What beauty is there so ador'd as thine!  
 The fairest creature neuer so much mou'd,  
 As that it was of euery one belou'd.  
 The little Infant in his cradle lying,  
 On promise of a penny stayes his crying.  
 Those that in youth for nothing seem to care,  
 To keep thee still their friend, respectiue are.  
 Old dotards almost dropt into the graue,  
 That neither sense of sight nor hearing haue,  
 Are by their touching thee preseru'd aliue,  
 And will maintaine thou art restoratiue.  
 Fooles that know nothing, know the vse of thee,  
 And for thy sake will oft perswaded be.  
 The wise men of the world that disapproue  
 Young mens affections, and make scoffes at loue;  
 He, who out of his iudgement calls him Ass,  
 That dotes vpon the beauty of a face;  
 Can play the Idiot twice as much himselfe,  
 By doting on a heape of durty pelfe.

Nay further, to their conscience I appeale  
 That seeme nought else almost but faith and zeale,  
 Whether



## Lib. II. COVETOUSNES. Sayr. 8.

Whether with all their show of *sanctitie*,  
 They doe not oft commit *Idolatry*,  
 And this great *Mammon* secretly adore.  
 I feare they doe, and more his helpe implore.  
 Then their Creator's; for this cursed *Riches*  
 So much the Soule of euery man bewitches,  
 That very oft times they forgetfull be  
 Of what becomes profession and degree.

What Hee, on earth, so great or mighty is,  
 (Or who so proud) that will not bow to this?  
 Where's he though Noble that will now disdain  
 To be a suter for his private gaine?  
 See we not those that seem'd to looke more hie,  
 Turne all their worship to this *Deitie*?  
 It is apparant, Great-men that were wont  
 For honours onely in times past to hunt,  
 Both pawne and forfeit it for *Riches* sake:  
 And they whose glory 'twas to vndertake  
 Such things as might their Country benefit,  
 Seeke rather now how they may begger it.

What *Monopolies*, what new tricks can they  
 Finde to encrease their profit every day?  
 What *Rascall* poling lutes do they deuise,  
 To adde new Summes vnto their *Treasuries*?  
 Which had their nobler Predecessors sought,  
 Such meanes of gaine for euer had been thought  
 Dishonour, and a stain of *Infamie*,  
 Enough to taint their whole Posteritie,  
 And then beside their euer shamelesse craving,  
 They oft times also are as basely sauing:

And

And so much doth their *Avarice* abate  
Of that becomming and commended state (them  
Which their forefathers kept; they would not knowe  
If they were living, or for shame not owe them.

Those that so much on Ancient gentry stood,  
And will to this day glory in their blood,  
Doe not disdain (if there be wealth) to grace  
With their dear'st issue, some rank peasants race.  
Or take him selfe (if there be wealth to wed)  
An old *Mechanick* widow to his bed:

The childe for this, the parent will vndoe,  
And parents sell the child's contentment too.  
It is of power sufficient to prefer  
The vntaught sonne of a rude Scquenger,  
To some Lords daughter, & in twelve-months can  
Make a known peasant deem'd a Gentleman,  
Beare Armes confirm'd, and shew a pedigree  
Shall from before the *Norman* Conquest be,  
And in his pride some one for gentry braue,  
Vnto whose father his was sworne a slave.

Nay, so much sway the loue of gold doth beare,  
He that but sonne vnto the Hangman were,  
A noted villaine of as false a heart,  
As euer rode to *Tibur* in a Cart,  
And whom that place had long time groaned for,  
And all men as earth's scum did most abhor;  
Yet if this Rake-hell could but thrive so much  
By any villanie, as to berich,  
One yeare or two would not alone agen  
Get him more credit then three honest men;

But

Lib. 1. . COVETOUSNES. Sayr. 3.

But great ones would salure and (peak him faire,  
Labour how they might be inscrib'd his heire;  
And still obserue him so obsequiously,  
As if the world within his gift did ly.

Or which is more, he that once scorn'd to see  
Himselfe attended, by such groomes as he,  
Will yeeld this beast his onely child should wed,  
And force her peradventure to his bed,  
Where spight of Vertue, this damn'd Ruffin shall  
Vnworthily enjoy a blisse, which all  
The most deserving of the Land would wooc  
(And, when he hath her once, despise her too)  
But doubtlesse if he can but at his death,  
When he is forc't to leaue the world, bequeath  
A petty legacy vnto the poore,  
Somewhat to stay the rayling of his whore,  
And leaue rich heires behind; why then the Ass,  
On a faire pile of Marble, Teat, and Brasse,  
Shall haue a Table faire engrau'd, to shew  
A Catalogue of Verrues he nere knew.

Thus much can gold performe, and such you see  
The goodly fruits of this soule *Passion* be,  
That were there not a greater power that still  
Heaped his secret iudgements on this ill,  
It were enough to make all men despise  
The loue of Vertue, and wought else deuise  
Saueto be rich: which way they soone may find,  
That thereto onely do apply the mind.

But as herein men often doe amisse,  
So erre they in the contrary to this;

The

*Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.*

The Prodigall runnes out as farre astray,  
 From this absurdity another way.  
 And e'en as greedy men are set on fire  
 With an vnquenched and a foule desire  
 Of hourding *Riches* (*God in heauen amend them.*)  
 So doth he strive and hie as fast to spend them.  
 And as the first in elder folkes is stronger,  
 This raignes most violently in the younger:  
 Their humor's diuerse. Some vaine-glorious Asses,  
 Consume 't in gawdy cloathes, and Looking-glasses;  
 Others blowne vpe'n with the selfe-same bellows,  
 Secke to obtaine the loue of all good-fellowes;  
 These at the Ale-house haue their daily pots,  
 Though they be therē or no: And looke what shots  
 Are in their presence spent, though ne'er so many,  
 He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny.  
 These feast at Tauernes their supposed friends,  
 That pay with *Thanks*, *We ne'er shall make amends.*  
 Yea, and in more things they haue lauish bin,  
 But thole are pathal'ue no experience in;  
 Yet such no doubt ere many yeeres be past,  
 Will wish that they had held their purses fast,  
 When for their kindnesse and their former cheere,  
 They hardly shall procure a cup of Beere.  
 But there must needs be some men borne thereto,  
 Or how the *Diuell* shall our *sharkers* doe?

Yet can I not say rightly that these be  
 From *Auarice* and greedinesse quite free:  
 For though they doe consume it knauishly,  
 And spend it on vaine pleasures lauishly,

They

## Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

They gladly would their euill course maintaine,  
And therefore ouer-slip no meanes of gaine.

Some haue bin forc't to (through this indiscretion)  
Secret and open Robberies, Oppression;  
And diuerse tricks, which show the Spending vice  
May haue a reference to *Auvice*.

Others there are (but few) who hauing store,  
Neglect their wealth, and rather would be poore;  
And why? It stops the way to heauen they say:  
Sure beeing misemployed, so it may:

And therefore, rather then they should abuse it,  
'Twere good they had it that know how to vse it:  
For such are lightly weake in resolution,  
And men but of a simple constitution;  
Or else by some seducing Villaine taught,  
That their *goods* rather then their *good* haue sought.

Now I suppose the man that well obtaines  
His wealth, and in an honest calling gaines,  
More wisdom shewes in vsing it aright,  
Than such a *Cynicke* that condemnes it quite.  
Men will be in extreames; but sure the lesse  
Is to neglect wealth: for much greedinesse  
Makes not the body onely leane and foule,  
But also spreads infection to his soule,  
And clogs her so with things of no account,  
That she is over-poyz'd too-much to mount.  
But those men that to goe astray are loth,  
Must vse endeauiours to auoid them both.

OF



## OF AMBITION.

## SATYR. 9.

**H**ERE next to be arraign'd a Monster stands,  
 Worse then the Giant with the hundred hands.  
 Stay you that seeke or loue the peace of man,  
 And I'll describe his nature if I can:  
 This is the same which we doe call *Ambition*,  
 The principallest stirrer of sedition.  
 'Tis a proud humour, which doth ever search  
 The *stout-high-minded*, and attempts to pearch  
 In men of spirit. It doth farre surmount  
 The force of Loue, and makes but small account  
 Of Nature or Religion: 'tis not Law,  
 Nor Conscience, that can keepe this fiend in awe,  
 It is supposed that it hath no bound;  
 For neuer was there limit in it found:  
 And such are those in whom it overswayes,  
 No strength of reason their aspiring staves;  
 Till like the fire, whose fuell quite is spent,  
 They flash and die for want of nourishment.  
 There's no estate contents them; peace and strife  
 Are both alike to them: yea, death, and life,

Wise,

Lib. 12.

## AMBITION.

Satyr. 2.

Wives, children, friends; no, none but such as may  
 Be vnto their *Ambitions* plots a stay  
 Shall be respected; and so they may reape  
 What they desire, they will not stick to heape  
 Murther on murders: yea, and think't no sinne;  
 Be it of strangers, or their neereſt kinne:  
 They haue ſuch ſliny breſts they can out-beard  
 Danger it ſelfe, and be no whit afeard.

Yet maugre all their daring, iuſt *Confuſion*  
 Of ſuch proud ſpirits proues the ſad *Concluſion*  
 And he that firſt was ruin'd by this euill,  
 Was he that firſt was guilty of't, the *Diuell*:  
 Who did aſpire ſo high, that higher *Powers*  
 Wrought his iuſt fall; and now he ſeeketh our  
 Ea'n he firſt ſhed this ill into our breſts,  
 Thereby to hinder and diſturb our reſts.

This moſt *unreaſonable, ſtrong deſire*,  
 And too *exceſſiue longing to aſpire*  
 To honour and promotion (which indeed  
 Doth from a ſottiſh ignorance proceed)  
 Is both a wild and a diſordred *Paſſion*,  
 And a great enemy to Contentation:  
 For whatſoeuer ſtare man hath attain'd,  
 'Tis e'en as if that he had nothing gain'd;  
 Sith he thereby hath ſtill a farther ſcope,  
 And neuer reaches to the end of's hope.  
 That which he doth poſſeſſe he nought reſpecteth,  
 But altogether things vnknowne affecteth,  
 And counts them beſt; which whatſoe'er they ſeem'd,  
 Being once gotten too, are not eſteem'd.



Now, what's the reason that they doe abhor  
 The things possesse that they haue labour'd for?  
 What may the cause be that they doe contemne  
 (Or cannot vnderstand) hauing gained them?  
 Sure hence it is; They doe not truly know  
 What the things are that they doe long for so.  
 And they obtaine them oft, ere they haue might  
 Or knowledge how to gouerne them aright.

Had many of our reaching Yeomanry,  
 That haue grown wealthy through good husbandry,  
 And some of our proud Gentry, that haue sought  
 Titles, and vnderferued Honours bought,  
 But knowne before-hand what disgracefull shame  
 And beggery would follow on the same,  
 Through ignorance of what they did aspire,  
 Those *Dignities* had yet been to desire:  
 And so indeed they might haue walkt the street,  
 And not haue fear'd the *Counters* nor the *Fleet*;  
 Or might with *Good-men* haue contented bin,  
 Where now there's scarce a good man of the kin.

Ambitious men will euer enuious be,  
 Regarding neither loue nor amitie;  
 And though, that they may make a goodly show,  
 With reason it can neuer stand I know.  
 They should be faithfull, or with Iustice deale,  
 Either for Prince, or Friend, or Common-weale.  
 For why? this humour makes them to attend,  
 Yea all their labours, and best counsels spend  
 In their own plots: And, so they haue no losse,  
 They care not whose proceedings they doe crosse.

Vertuous endeavours this doth also let;  
 Yea, makes men many a good thing to forget.  
 And though I'me loath to speake it, I protest  
 I think it raignes not in the *Clergie* least;  
 For you at first great humblenesse shall see,  
 While their estates and fortunes meaner be.  
 They are industrious, and take paines to teach,  
 And twice a weeke shall be the least they'l preach;  
 Or in their povertry they will not slick,  
 For *Catechising*, *visiting the sick*,  
 With such like durtious works of *Pietie*,  
 As doe belong to their Societie:  
 But if they once but reach a *Vicarage*,  
 Or be inducted to some *Parsonage*,  
 Men must content themselves, and thinke it well  
 If once a Month they heare the Sermon bell;  
 But it to any higher place they reach,  
 Once in a twelue month is enough to preach.

Alas! we must consider, that *Denotion*  
 Is but a busie thing that lets *Promotion*;  
 And if that they should give their mindes to't all,  
 Who should haue greater places when they fall?  
 No, no, 'twere fitter they their ease did take,  
 And see what friends and Patrons they can make  
 For the next *Hierarchie*; or learne how  
 To humour, and to please the *Great-ones* now;  
 And if they can in that aduventure speed,  
 They'l be more painfull. Yes; 'tis like indeed,  
 If in their climbing they so high can wax,  
 To gaine the title of a *Pontifex*,

'Tis very like (perhaps) that we shall heare  
 They vse the Pulpit once in twice a yeare:  
 Nay, and 'tis well if it be done so oft.  
 For this *Ambition* beares men so aloft,  
 They from performance of their duties slide.  
 But of all others, this same *Clergy-pride*,  
 I hold not onely to be odious  
 To God, and men; but most pernicious  
 To Prince, to Church, and to the Common-good.  
 Witnes the beast of *Rome*, and his foule brood  
 Of climbing *Cardinals*; who, from base *states*,  
 Are gotten to be Kings, and Princes mates:  
 Yea, their *Superiors* too; and all by this,  
 And painted show of *Humble holinesse*.  
 Euen this is it of which the Diuell makes  
 That cruell Engine, where withall he shakes  
*Religions* soundnesse: and rends in it chinks,  
 Which he dawbes vp againe, with what he thinks  
 Shall ruine all in time. And ist not hence  
 He had his meanes to marre the innocence  
 Of *Romes* first Bishops? Godlinesse grew strong,  
 And flourisht while it was suppress't with wrong.  
 But when the worthy Emperors embrac't  
 The *Sacred Truth*, and with their fauours grac't  
 Their good proceedings, they soone gan to leaue  
 Their humble nature off, and closely weaue  
 Vnder *Religions* shewes (not a bare *Muster*:  
 It firs not the Successors of Saint *Peter*)  
 A triple *Diadem*, and such a state,  
 As neuer any earthly Potentate.

Enioy'd

Enioy'd a greater (all with humble preaching)  
 A long degree I tak'e, beyond the reaching  
 Of temporall Ambition. Heav'n I pray,  
 Ere the first Beast his time be done away,  
 There rise not up another Monster here  
 'Mongst our ambitious Church-men: I should feare  
 A second Antichrist, but that I hope  
 They either shal be kept within their scope,  
 Or the last Iudgement, whose nigh time's unknowne,  
 Shall cut him off ere he be wholly grown.

Thus much some reason makes me bold to speake:  
 And there is no mans sight I thinke so weake,  
 But sees the same. Which though (I know full well)  
 'Twould better others fit than me to tell,  
 Sith all neglect it, I have thus begun  
 To Satyrize, and o'er their follies runne.

Yet by my former words let none suppose,  
 That I th'opinion doe maintaine of those  
 That doe our Bishops callings disallow,  
 Let them that can; for sure I knowe not how.  
 Nor would I have the world to vnderstand  
 That I tax all the Clergy in the Land,  
 Or the whole Hierarchie: Thinke not so;  
 For why? this present Age doth yeeld I know  
 Men that are truly worthy: and so many,  
 That I belieue few times (since Christ) had any  
 More knowing, or more painfull then some few.

And whatsoe'er men thinke, yet here to shew,  
 Though I Satyrically carp at those  
 That follow Vice, and are true Vertues foes,

I haue not such a spightfull cankerd spirit,  
 As to conceale or smother *Worth* and *Merit*;  
 For I'le in *Canterburie* praise bebold  
 This on my owne experience to vphold,  
 The Sea was neuer gouerned as yet,  
 By any one more Reuerend or more fit,  
 For ouer and aboue his Country cares,  
 Wherein he neither *time* nor *counsell* spates;  
 Besides *Church* *businesse*, whereto he applies  
 His minde to further it, what in him lies;  
 Besides all this his publique care at large,  
 Few Ministers haue in their private charge  
 Tooke greater paine. That now the truth I tell,  
*London* and *Lambeth* both can witnesse well.  
 And thou vnhappy were O *London* then,  
 When thou didst lose this rare *One* amongst men;  
 Yet thou wert blest againe, thy fate did bring  
 In place of such a *Father*, such a *King*;  
 So vigilant a Watch-man in his place,  
 That were it not my purpose heere to trace  
 The worlds mad humors, I from these had matter  
 To make a *Panegyrick* of a *Satyr*.  
 Yet is my *Muse* so constant in her frowne,  
 She shall not looth a King for halfe his Crowne:  
 Nor would she thus much here haue sung their praise,  
 Had she not thought them to be what she sayes.  
 But peraduenture some will now condemne  
 This my particular commending them;  
 As if my setting of their Vertues forth,  
 Would be detraction from anothers worth.

Which

Lib. 1.

Which cannot be. For as this addes no more  
Vnto that reall worth these had before:  
So neither can I lesse, blot, nor smother  
The good that is apparant in another.  
Nor doe I wish it should: for might I here  
Stand to make bead-rolls of who worthy were,  
I could adde diuerse that may claime this day  
As much to be extold by me as they.

Heere I could name some other of their place  
That cannot basely fawne to win them grace;  
Nor pick a *Thank* by seeking to condemne  
Those that are not in place to answer them.  
I know there's some who seeke the Churches good,  
And neuer at their Princes elbow stood  
With their lowd whisperings to stop his eare,  
Lest he should what did more concerne him heare.  
I know there's such, and they will praised be,  
Though neuer known, nor mentioned by me.

But let this passe; whilst I so busie am  
About the *Clergie*, some are much too blame:  
The Court is factious growne through the desire  
That every one hath gotten to aspire:  
None doe esteeme their owne, but by compare:  
All would be some-what more then others are;  
Yet he that's great'st, 'mong those that greatest seeme,  
Is onely great in other mens esteeme.  
And therefore sure he's vaine who for such winde  
Can feed a restless humor in his minde,  
That's so vnprofitable, as at best  
It makes him onely in appearance blest.

But

Lib. I.

## AMBITION

Satyr. 9.

But when I weigh it, then I wonder much  
 Mans loue vnto this *Passion* should be such,  
 As without vnderstanding to let lie:  
 A reall good for an vncertaintie.

I haue seene those that haue had riches store,  
 Great offices, and fauours, no men more;  
 Honour and credit; yea, and wisdom too;  
 But loe what an ambitious head will doe;  
 Climing too high, they got so lowe a fall,  
 They forfeited their honours, liues and all.  
 Me thinks ere they in such an act should stir,  
 'Twere not amisse to thinke on *Aesops* Cur,  
 Who catching but to get a *shadow* more,  
 Did lose the *substance* that he had before.

I might awhile vpon examples stand  
 Of former times, but that within this Land,  
 The present *Age* which I will onely view,  
 Can yeeld enow to proue my sayings true:  
 And here, of many in this Kingdome showne,  
 I at this present will remember one:  
 And that shall be the late Ambitious plot,  
 The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not,  
 I meane the *Powder-Treason*, and *Inuention*,  
 Brought (had not God assisted) past preuention:  
 And yet, ere they could clime to their desire,  
 Eu'n when they were to mount but one step higher  
 (Let God be honour'd for't) downe tumbled all,  
 And gaue these Monsters a deserued fall.

Which blest deliuerance, if no happier song  
 Tune in our too-forgetfull eares, ere long



(If Heaven assist my purpose, and the Times  
 Be but auspicious to my homely *Rimes*)  
 I mean to sing thereof, that after-dayes,  
 Seeing Gods loue to vs, may tell his praise,  
 And in such colours paint that hellish plot,  
 It shall not for some Ages be forgot,  
 But vnto men vnborne a *Treasure* show  
 More vile then euer any Age did know,  
 And let them see that Ruine and Perdition  
 Are the last Periods to conclude Ambition:  
 But to that purpose I may labour spend,  
 And peradventure all to little end:

Men will not thinke thereon, but still we see  
 So lofty minded in their actions be,  
 And with such thirst of titles haue they sought them,  
 As at deare rates they many times haue bought them.

Some haue Ambitious heads, but cannot rise,  
 Because the want of meanes and friends denies  
 What they aspire vnto: whereat they vex,  
 And their vnquiet soules oft times perplex  
 Beyond all reason; Oh strange humor'd men,  
 Leave off this folly and growe wise agen,  
 Be with your states content: for who doth know  
 If his desire be for his good or no?  
 Yes sure, one thinks; If I could but attaine  
 Such offices; or so much wealth to gaine  
 As this or that man hath, my wish were ended;  
 And such or such a fault should be amended.  
 With that thou hast not yet, how dost thou know  
 Whether thou canst be well content or no?

Lib. 1.

AMBITION.

Satyr. 9.

I tell thee this, though thou maist think it strange,  
 With the estate the minde doth also change:  
 And when in onething thou hast thy desier,  
 Thou wilt not stay there, but mount som-what higher,  
 And higher still, vntill thou doost attaine  
 Vnto the top, or tumble downe againe.  
 ¶ Be wary then, you that ambitious are,  
 And to restrain this madnes haue a care:  
 Else at the last 'twill certainly deceiue you.  
 But you must haue your *Wills*, to which I leaue you.

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OF



## OF FEARE.

## SATYR. 10.

**S**EE you this *Pasſion* heere that followes next,  
 That ſhakes and lookes as with a feuer vext?  
 This is the pale and trembling cattife *Feare*,  
 Whoſe daſtard humors I will make appeare.  
 Note him and know him; This is he that mars  
 All our delights on earth: 'tis he that bars  
 Man the right uſe of pleaſure, and 'tis hee  
 That was at firſt ordain'd our plague to be.  
 Come not too near him, you that looke for reſt,  
 Leſt he inſinuate into your breaſt;  
 For entred once, it doth the body num,  
 Makes it diſtemp' red, or deform'd become,  
 And ſometime with illuſions grim and foule,  
 Doth ſtartle and affright the very ſoule:  
 The cauſe of it (if I may truſt my ſkill)  
 Is but a falſe opinion of ſome ill,  
 That's preſent or to come. It inly ſtings,  
 And for companions euer with it brings  
 Both *Paine* and *Shame*: And diuerſe haue I ſeen  
 That with this *Pasſion* much abus'd haue been.

Some

Some men there are, whose feare so foolish prooves,  
It many vnto game and laughter mooves.  
One came in lately almost out of breath,  
As if he hardly had escaped death.

What was his feare? Alas, I tell you He  
Tooke a white poast some walking spright to be;  
Which strong surmise doth such impression take,  
That though he since hath seen 'twas but a stake,  
If on occasion he be there benighted,  
Hee's yet with presence of the place affrighted.

Another once I knew halfe staring mad,  
And he had seene the Diuell, that he had,  
In an old house, sit cowering on a block,  
When all at last proou'd but a Turkey-cock.

Thus men oft feare when cause of feare is none,  
Making themselves a iest for every one;  
Yea, feare hath made a number so affraid,  
That they haue oft their dearest friends betraid:  
For which cause onely I doe nere intend  
To chuse a Coward to become my friend.

And if that Women wil aduised be,  
To make in this a Counsellor of me,  
Let them admit no Coward in their loue,  
Least their conclusion doe as hopelesse proue,  
As that poore Lasses vnto whom befell  
This sad aduerture which I meane to tell.

Not farre from hence there dwelt not long agoe,  
As blithe a Girl as any one I know,  
A Gentlewoman of so good a ranke,  
Her fauour seem'd as haue well deserved thanks.

And

And cause in face and dowry few did match her,  
 Many a Gallant tride his wit to catch her,  
 While being kept but narrowly at home,  
 She car'd not so she might be gone, with whom.  
 And see, Dame Fortune (that will sildome part  
 Her favours vnto men of more desert)  
 Brings to the house a fellow that in show  
 Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not so:  
 Yet having opportunitie hee tries,  
 Gets her goodwill, and with his purchase flies:  
 But ere 'twas long, the Parents mist their daughter,  
 Rais'd all the towne, and following hardly after,  
 Were by meere chance vnto an old house led,  
 Where this young couple were now gone to bed,  
 You that haue euer in such taking bin,  
 Iudge what a case these naked folkes were in.  
 But what was done? The gallant left his prey,  
 And like a fearefull Coward slunk away.

Out on such Affes; How could he for shame  
 So leaue a woman to beare all the blame?  
 And for the grieve she suffers with her friends,  
 How can the villaine make the whore amends?  
 I know not: but for playing such a part,  
 'Tis certaine he hath turnd the wenchs heart:  
 And she for climbing to a Cowards bed,  
 Hath lost her Credit with her Mayden-head.

Heer's one effect of feare. And yet, from hence  
 Springs also Cruelty, Impatience,  
 Breach of our promises, with much Ennying,  
 That burtsfull and abhorred vice of Lying.

Mur.

*Murthers and Treasons*: nay there's nought so base,  
 So full of villanie, shame or disgrace,  
 The fearefull would not act with all his hart,  
 To free himselfe from feare of death, or smart:  
 Yea some would be contented very well,  
 So they might scape Death, to goe quick to hell.  
 Such then their nature is, that I have seen;  
*Feare* cause those euills that had else not been:  
 To some it sicknes brings, and some beside  
 E'en with the very feare of death haue dide:  
 And, many of them haue so carefull bin  
 To rid themselves from feares that they were in;  
 That, as the ship which doth *Charybdis* shun,  
 They ranne on *Scylla*, and were quite vndone.  
 The reason is, they so amazed be  
 With apprehending dangers which they see  
 Pursuing of them, as they thinke not on  
 The other mischiefes they may runne vpon.  
 And euer more it is the Cowards error,  
 To think the present danger full of terror.

The feare of euill more tormenteth some,  
 Than doth the thing they fear'd, when once 'tis come.  
 Men dread what is, what will be, and (alas!)  
 Many a thing that nere shall come to passe:  
 For if they onely fear'd apparant things  
 That likely-hood of some affrighting brings,  
 Astroopes of enemies, or theeuers, or treason,  
 Pirates, or stormes at Sea; there were some reason,  
 Or colour for it then: but they will quake  
 At fictions: at meet nothings: their harts ake

At their owne fancies, Superstitions,  
At tales of *Fairies*, or of *Visions*:  
Yea, I haue seene one melancholy sad  
Vpon some foolish dreame that he hath had.

Oh what meanes man, that hauing mischiefes store,  
Must in his owne conceit needs make them more?  
Thinks he those will not grim enough appeare,  
Vnlesse he apprehend them first by feare?  
Sure tis a plague the Diuell did inuent,  
To worke in man a lasting discontent,  
And taught it *Adam*; whereupon he said,  
*I saw my nakednes and was afraid.*

It is our weaknesse: yet I cannot see  
A reason why we should so fearfull be.

May we not ioy and be as merry still  
With hope of good, as sad with feare of ill?  
Sure I thinke yes; and will on hope so feed,  
No ill shall feare me till 'tis come indeed:  
For that which seemeth likeliest to beride me,  
God in his mercy yet may put beside me.  
And though much prooffe hath bred within my brest  
That resolution, yet of all the rest  
This last confirm'd it most: for th'other day,  
*When the hard frost had stop't the Scullers way,*  
*And left faire Thames with Ice so strongly archt,*  
*That on the melting pavement people marcht,*  
*Amongst the rest one bolder then was sit,*  
*All heedlesse of his way fell out of it,*  
*Vpon a peece of Ice, which with a cracke,*  
*Rent from the maine, and stop't his going backe*

*This*



This ycie fragment from the rest did swim;  
 And to the Bridge a prisoner carried him,  
 Where the spectators signes of pittie gave,  
 And had a will, but not a power to save.  
 Which in his Passion then conceiving well  
 Downe on his knees in that poore Arke he fell,  
 And lifting up his hands did him implore  
 That sau'd old Ionas without Saile or Oare,  
 And see Gods mercie when he drew so neare,  
 No hope of safeguard seemed to appeare,  
 When he had there in three times whirled bin,  
 And that the Arch was like to sucke him in,  
 Then quite beyond all hope, & in a trice,  
 There thrust-between a greater peece of Ice,  
 Which comming down as if it scorn'd to stay,  
 Beat-by the lesser peece to give it way.  
 And a while staid it: but he had been faine,  
 When that was gone to take his turne againe,  
 But that, next God, the people stood his friend,  
 And sau'd him by a rope, that's some mans end:  
 Whereby I gather, we may sometime now,  
 Escape a mischief though we saw not how.  
 And in my minde this argument is cleare,  
 That we haue as much cause to hope as feare.

More trembling humors I might heere vnfold,  
 Which some will be vnwilling should be told,  
 And therefore passe them; But I doe protest  
 This hurtfull Monster I so much detest,  
 That I am much vnwilling to omit  
 Any occasion of disgracing it:

Lib. I.

Yet doe I not allow their resolution,  
 Who meere of a hellish constitution,  
 Haue hearts obdurate, and so hard in euill,  
 They neither seeme affraid of God, nor Diuell.  
 Such I haue noted too; but truly they  
 Are in as bad though in another way.  
 They prate, and sweare, as if they could affright;  
 Or make Hobgoblin run away by night;  
 When questionlesse as bold as they appeare,  
 They are perplexed with an inward feare:  
 Yea I haue known a trifle or a blast  
 Hath made such *Champions* oftentimes agast.

There is an honest *Feare* that hinders sin,  
 Which is, shall be, and hath allowed bin.  
 And there's a *Feare* that keeps a Kingdome's state  
 From Ruine, if it be not tanet too late;  
 It is not *Seruite feare*, that slauish crime;  
 But, rather 'tis a prouidence betime,  
 That makes men very heedfull to fore-thinke  
 Danger to come; and not as we do, winke  
 At our owne nakednesse; as without care  
 Who spyde it, so our selues we doe not bare.

This *Feare* it is that makes men to prouide  
 Against a storme, they may the better bide  
 The fury of it: this 'tis keeps off wrong,  
 And makes a Cirtie or a Kingdome strong;  
 And I much doubt, the wanting of these feares  
 Will make vs smart for't yet ere many years.  
 For since we are become a pretty number,  
 Although we can but one another cumber,

Or seruet to make a *Huubub*, we suppose  
 There are no Nations dare to be our foes.  
 We thinke a wondrous policie we shew,  
 If once in foure yeares we doe take a view  
 Or count the number of our able men,  
 Flattrring our selues therewith; as if that then  
 (Hauing so great and huge a multitude,  
 Though we were ne'er so inexpert and rude)  
 There were no cause of feare; but a Realmes might  
 Consists not in the number that must fight:  
 More in their skill; and of good Souldiers ten  
 Will foyle an hundred vnexperienc't men,  
 Such as are we. For 'tis a shame to speake  
 How wonderfull vnfitly, and how weake  
 This ignorance makes most of vs, except  
 Whom braue *South-hampsons* gouernment hath kept  
 In warlike order; I doe meane indeed  
 Our *Hampshire Islanders*; of whom for need,  
 A hundred boyes that ne'er had haire on chin,  
 Shall from five hundred of vp-landish win  
*Both field and towne*. Whereby it may appeare,  
 Good gouernment, with profitable feare,  
 Within a few short yeeres so well will thrue,  
 One shall become to haue the ods of five.  
 These therefore that are wise enough to tell,  
 When they doe any thing amisse or well,  
 Still in this *Passion* doe obserue a meane;  
 And not to *Feare*, or to *Presumption* leane.



## OF DESPAIRE.

## SATYR. II.

**N**O more of *Feare*, for loe his impious braſe  
 Lookes now to be admitted; this is that  
 We call *Deſpaire*: with gaſtly looke he ſtands,  
 And *payſons*, *ropes*, or *pain-yards* fill his hands,  
 Still ready to doe hurt: one ſtep, no more,  
 Reaches from hence vnto Damnation dore.  
 This is that *Paſſion* giueth man inſtruction  
 To wreſt the *Scripture* to his own deſtruction:  
 And makes him think, while he on earth doth dwell  
 He fees the tortures and the plagues of Hell.

It makes men rave like Furies, *ſcreech* and *houle*,  
 With *exclamations* horrible and foule,  
 More Monster-like than men: Onely Damnation  
 Is in their mouthes; no mercy, no ſaluation  
 Can they haue hope of, but poſſeſſe a feare,  
 Whence monſtrous ſhapes and viſions doe appeare  
 To their imaginations: and the paine  
 That they in ſoule and conſcience do ſuſtaine,  
 All earthly tortures doth ſo much exceed,  
 As if they had within them, Hell indeed.

This is that last worst instrument of Feare,  
 Which our graund foe (O Hells great Ingene!)  
 Raifeth againſt the fortrefſe of the hart:  
 But many times God fruſtrates quite his Art.  
 For when he doth aſſaile the ſame, with truſt  
 He from their fortrefſe *Faith* and *Hope* ſhall thruſt,  
 It makes them vnto *Chriſt* their Captaine flie,  
 Leauē to be too ſecure; and fortifie.  
 Alſo, God makes this *Paſſion* now and then  
 His ſcourge to laſh the proud preſumptuous man;  
 And tames the Reprobate, who by this rod  
 Is made ſometimes to feele there is a God,  
 Which he ne'er feard before. But this I'ue ſeene,  
 Thoſe humble that haue once the proudeſt been:  
 Thoſe I haue known, whoſe harts haue bin ſo hard,  
 They with no feare of Iudgement could be ſcar'd;  
 Yet after this hath ſeiz'd them, it hath made  
 Theſe daring ſpirits frighted with their ſhade;  
 With ſeeming Apparitions; nay, with nought  
 But what hath Been onely in their thought:  
 And then to thoſe that knew them once, no change,  
 Beeing conſider'd well, can be ſo ſtrange;  
 Thoſe friends & pleaſures that once ſeem'd moſt dear,  
 To them moſt odious in theſe fits appear;  
 And the beſt comfort they doe find's in them  
 Whoſe wayes and perſons they did moſt condemne.  
 Oh what repentant liues ſome vow to liue,  
 If God would but once more vouch'ſafe to giue  
 Them health & hope againe I then they would ſpend  
 Their liues and goods, vnto no other end

Lib. I.

DESPAIRE.

Satyr. II.

Saue wholly for his glory : yet there's now  
 Some living that haue quite forgot that Vow :  
 God giuethem grace to looke into their error,  
 Or they will one day feele a double terror.  
 But many in this agony, haue nought  
 More then the way to their owne ruine sought ;  
 And still his busie enemy the Diuell,  
 Author and chiefe procurer of this euill  
 (Vnlesse that God in mercy him preuents)  
 Is ready to provide him *instruments*.  
 But I cu'n quake to thinke what humors be  
 Attending on this hellish malady ;  
 Which I will rather labour to eschew,  
 Than to be ouer-curious heere to shew.

Now, some doe think this *Pasſion* being taken,  
 Can very hardly be againe forsaken :  
 For farre aboue all mischiefs raging, *This*  
 The cursed Traytor to our safety is ;  
 And will not grant so much as to apply  
 Ought that may bring vs ease or remedy.

But there's meanes for vs to preuent this sin ;  
 And though it be insinuated in,  
 God, that doth euer pittie our distresse,  
 Will not forsake vs in our heauineſſe :  
 Nor can wee say that he hath left vs voyd  
 Of helpe, for ought where-with we are annoyd  
 Through Sathans guile : he pittieſh our caſe,  
 And daſſy makes vs offers of his grace,  
 If wee'l lay hold on't. Which, to make moſt cleare,  
 Did in that Father of all *Loue* appeare,

Lib. I.

DESPAIRE.

Satyr. II.

Giuing his *sole Sonne* for a Sacrifice  
 To pay the debt of our *iniquities*;  
 In whom (if vnbeleeuing make not blinde)  
 For euery griefe of body and of minde,  
 There is a *Salue*: And euery *Christian* knowes  
 (Or should at least) a *sacred Spring*, whence flowes  
 A precious liquor; whose rare vertue can  
 Cure euery griefe of minde that tortures *Man*,  
 But we must be aduis'd how to apply  
 This med'cine rightly to our malady:  
 For some that haue presumed on their skill,  
 Out of things good, haue drawne effects meere ill;  
 And so the *sacred Truth* is now and then  
 Sowrested by the false conceits of men,  
 As thence they gather meanes to sooth their *Passion*,  
 And make more obstinate their *Desperation*:  
 Which from your soules pray Hea'n to keep as farre  
 As is Earths center from the highest starre.

But there's a two-fold *Desperation* raignes;  
 One sort is this, Which a distrust constraimes  
 In things that onely doe concerne *Saluation*,  
 The horriblest and fearefull'st *Desperation*:  
 But th' other is alone of earthly things,  
 And nothing so much disadvantage brings;  
 And yet enough in little time to grow  
*Vertues* maine let, or vtter ouer-throw.  
 For where it entrance gets, it makes men loth  
 To vndertake great matters, cause through sloth  
 They doe despair to reach them. Yea, it breeds  
 A carelesnes in Man, and thence proceeds

Not



## Lib. I. DESPAIRE. Satyr. II.

Not a few *Treasurs*; for, one breach of Law  
 Brings many times offenders in such awe,  
 That in despaire of pardon for their ill,  
 They not alone hold out their error still;  
 But beeing guilty of one crime before,  
 To scape the lash for that, adde twenty more:  
 And cause at first they thought themselues vndone,  
 At last, to desperate *Rebellion* runne.

Besides, there's some despayring of their cause,  
 Who beeing brought to triall by the Lawes  
 For their offence, are obstinately mute:  
 And vnto these (forsooth) some doe impute  
 A manly resolution; 'cause thereby  
 They carefull seeme of their posteritie.  
 But sure there is no wise man will commend  
 Him that so desperately seeks his end,  
 Orthorow wilfulnesse vndoes him selfe  
 (Body and soule perhaps) to saue his pelfe  
 To some *Survivors*; whereas if he bide  
 On hope, and stand contented to be tride  
 According to the Lawes, he may be clear'd  
 And quitted of the danger he so fear'd,  
 As some haue been. Besides, when we indure  
 Any small paine, if we despaire of cure,  
 Ease or amends, 'twill make it seeme to be  
 Almost vn sufferable; but if wee  
 Haue any Hope, the Rest we looke to win  
 Will mitigate the torture we are in.  
 His Winter-toyle what Plough-man could sustaine  
 If he despaired of his Haruest-gaine?

And

Lib. 1.

DESPAIRE.

Satyr. 11.

And the strong'st Army needs must faint and flie,  
If it distrust before of victory.

But to conclude, be't euer vnderstood,  
*Despaire*'s a thing that doth so little good,  
As to this day I cannot yet obserue  
That purpose whereto man might make it serue,  
Vlesse to help a troope of Cowards fight:  
For, could a man lead them past hope of flight,  
Where they should see there were no remedy,  
But they must die or get the victory;  
*Despaire* in that case might giue them the day,  
Who would haue lost it to haue runne away.

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OF



## OF HOPE.

## SATYR. 12.

**T**Hrice welcome *Hope*, the Diuell keep home the  
*Despaire* & *Fear* are sitting for no other. (to there  
 This is the *Pasſion* that of all the rest  
 We haue most reason to esteeme of best:  
 For if it be with good aduice applyde,  
 A salue it is God did himselfe prouide  
 To ease not onely euery outward grieſe:  
 But when the soule wants comfort or relieſe  
 It will redresse her paine; although it were  
 The shaking of that hideous Monster, *Fear*.

This is a *Balme* so precious, had we power  
 To take it to our selues at such an howre  
 When black *Despaire* doth pinch vs, this indeed  
 Would so expell it, as we should not need  
 The drugges of *Rome*: but what (alas!) can we  
 Rightly apply, and not instructed be?  
 Valesse some power assist vs, it is true  
 Our Nature so vnapt is to pursue  
 The way it should, that we doe follow still  
 The crooked & patha, and lose our selues in ill.

This

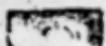
This blessing *Hope*, so grossly we abuse it,  
 As to our hurt more than our good we use it:  
 This that of all the *Passions* was the best,  
 Is now as much corrupted as the rest;  
 Even that on which our chiefest good depends,  
 And to our highest of contentment tends.  
 For we must note well that this *Passion's* double,  
 One *Hope* is certaine; th' other full of trouble,  
 And most uncertaine. Now the first attends  
 Things meere immortall, and alone depends  
 On th' expectation of the certain't things,  
 And that perfection of true ioy, which brings  
 No trouble with it. This through *Faith* we gaine,  
 And 'tis sufficient to make any paine  
 Seeme short and easie; 'tis the life of Man,  
 And such a comfort, as no mortall can  
 Live if he want it: and yet sometime this,  
 Each way as idle as the other is:  
 For oftentimes we see the same is found  
 To be erected on no other ground  
 But ignorance, or meere securitie.

And some there are, that in this case rely  
 On their owne merits; and vpon that stand  
 Would faine have the diuineſt *Hope* to stand;  
 Which no contentment doubteſſe can assure,  
 Nor without wau'ring to the end endure.  
 And if it doe, to little end will be  
 All that vaine trust and confidence which we  
 Can haue elſwhere; ſeeing the other kinde  
 Of *Hope*, which I amongſt vs men doe finde,

Is of vncertaine earthly things, and such  
 As neither last long, nor content vs much.  
 Then the best likelihoods that may be showne,  
 And the strong'st humane reasons that are knowne,  
 Are nothing worth to ground a hope vpon,  
 But in the turning of a hand all's gone.  
 Were all the men on earth procured to  
 Some easie thing that's in one power to doe;  
 And all were well resolu'd to see it done;  
 Yea, were't but one dayes worke, and that begun,  
 We may well hope that they will bring to passe  
 So small a thing as that; but yet (alas I)  
 None can assure so much, because none know  
 A warrant from aboue it shall be so:  
 And therefore, though I wish that euery man  
 Should take vpon him the best hope he can,  
 In all his outward actions; yet should he  
 Take care on honest grounds it builded be;  
 And there-with be so well prepared still,  
 That if his doubtfull *Hope* do fall outill,  
 He ne'er repine, but take't as if the same  
 Had been expected long before it came;  
 And sith that *fickle trust* did nought auaille him,  
 Depend on the *true hope* shall neuer faile him.  
 For what is plac't on humane wit or strength  
 Is vaine, and most vncertaine; 'cause at length,  
 How-ere it may seeme sure, it may deceiue him,  
 And when he hath most need of comfort leaue him.

This *Hope* is now become the Patronesse,  
 And chiefe maintainer of mans wickednesse:

There's



There's not a villany man doth intend,  
 Vnlesse that he haue this to be his friend.  
*Hope* egges him on, and with a thousand wiles  
 His much abused confidence beguiles.  
*Hope* tells the theefe, if he wil rob, he may  
 Haue twenty meanes to hide himselfe away.  
*Hope* doth entise the prodigall to spend,  
 And will not let him think vpon his end;  
 But comforts him, one vnkown fortune shall  
 Hap at the last to make amends for all,  
 And neuer ceaseth thus to beare him faire,  
 Till she vndoer, and leaues him to despaire.  
 Shee soothes the Gamester in his trifles vaine,  
 And drawes the Pirat on with hope of game.  
 Shee makes the Courtier into treasons run,  
 Our Great-mens Followers seruetill they're vndone.  
 And for the present hauing nought to giue,  
 Vpon reuersions all her seruants liue.  
 Now euery man vnto this *hope* is led,  
 By sundry other *Passions* in him bred;  
 As Loue, Ambition, Auarice, or such:  
 And true it is, in these our *hope* is much.

But oftentimes we into errors run  
 So blindly on, that we are quite vndone,  
 Because indeed we hopefully expect  
 Many such things as we can nere effect:  
 And giue to our desires a larger scope,  
 Than will admit of any likely *hope*.  
 So we our selues abuse, and are disgrac't  
 Oft-times by that, which were't with *Reason* plac't

Vpon

Lib. I.

Vpon an honest, and a certaine ground,  
Would (if some be so vainely frustrate found.

But Loose hopes, and such as are so bold,  
On every pouldry trifle to lay hold,  
Neither last long, nor for the time indeed

Can they one iot of true contentment breed.

Ambitious men, what ere they doe intend,  
Haue still new hopes to bring their plots to end.

But they are also built on such weake props,

That ere they be possessed of their hopes,

All ouerthrowne we in a moment spy,

And they with their inuentions ruin'd lie.

Into which mischiefe he yet neuer fell,

That knew but how to vse this *Passion* well.

OF





## OF COMPASSION.

## SATYR. 13.

**B**Ut as the former *Passion* was abus'd,  
 So this that followes is but hardly vs'd.  
 Yet it is known a kinde and tender *Passion*,  
 In it owne nature worthy commendation:  
 And if Discretion guide it, well may be  
 Of neere alliance vnto *Charitie*:  
 If not, it with the rest from Vertue swerues,  
 And so with them alike reproofe deserues:  
 Which some will wonder at, such as suppose  
 A man through *pitty* cannot erre: But those,  
 If they haue any iudgement of their owne,  
 All say *Compassion* may amisse be showne.

But if you put no confidence in me,  
 Come to our Courts of *Iustice*, and there see  
 How shee's abus'd: there marke and you shal finde,  
 It makes the Iuror many times so blinde,  
 He cannot without stumbling see to tread,  
 In the right way his Euidence him led:  
 There you may spy the reuerend Iudge compeld  
 Oft through a weakly tendernesse to yeeld

Vnto

Lib. 1. COMPASSION. Satyr. 13.

Vnto this melting *Passion*: Sometime by  
 A *personall* respectane by the eye:  
 Sometime because th' offender (it may be)  
 Already hath sustain'd much misery:  
 And this thinke they is *Charitis* aright,  
 Through ignorance indeed forgetting quite,  
 Whil'it they an ill deserued life prolong,  
 Therein they doe not onely *Iustice* wrong,  
 But by their indiscreet and fond Compassion,  
 Vnwisely hazard e'ne their own discretion.

Some through this pittie, when they much implore,  
 Though they vnjustly fauour him that's poore,  
 Deeme they doe not amisse, and why? they trust,  
 (Because) their meaning's good, their dooing's iust.

Some there are also, who would faine be deem'd  
 Wise men, that haue through weaknes mis-esteem'd  
 Those Orders which for wandring rogues are made,  
 As though that begging were a lawfull trade;  
 They pittie those that iustly punish'd be:  
 And often erring in their Charitie,  
 They boldly haue accus'd the Lawes therefore,  
 As if their rigour inured the poore.

But he I feare whose iudgement is so slender,  
 Or hath a yeelding heart so fondly tender  
 To stoope vnto this *Passion*; neither spares  
 The lawes of God nor man; but oft times dares  
 Peruert them both; supposing his intent  
 Shall free him from deserued punishment,  
 And though that God himselfe saies *Kill*, reply  
 With *No alas! tis pittie he should die*:

And

*Lib. 1. COMPASSION. Satyr. 13.*

And for their weaknes merit equall check  
With him that spar'd the King of *Amaleck*,  
For verily as vertuous as it shoves,  
*A foolish pittie* quickly ouerthrowes  
In warre an Army, and in peace a State;  
And this I'll stand to, 'tis as bad as *Hate*:  
For *That* and *Bribes*, to such a power is growne,  
*Iustice* and *Conscience* are quite ouerthrowne.

Certaine it is and cannot be withstood,  
That *Pittie* sometimes hurts the common good.  
Yea God himselfe it many wayes offends,  
And therefore that man, who indeed intends  
To beare himselfe vprightly, ought to see  
How farre this *Passion* may admitted be.  
For *fewne* how 'twill, all pittie is vnfit,  
Vnlesse Gods lawes and Mans doe warrant it.

But I haue seene a tender-hearted Aile,  
Worth laughing at indeed, and doth surpasse  
For foolish pittie: but he, he alone  
Is hurtfull to himselfe or else to none:  
To such as he, read but some Tragedy,  
Or any peece of Ancient History,  
And if the matter which you doe relate,  
Be sorrowfull or something *Passionate*,  
Though it were done a thousand yeeres agoe;  
And in a Country they did neuer know,  
Yet will they weep (*kind-hearts*) as if those men  
Were of their friends, and the mischance but then  
Before their eyes in action: nay, vnfold  
Some new made tale, that neuer yet was told,

So it be dolefull and doe represent  
 A strange and lamentable accident:  
 Although not onely (as I said before)  
 It be a matter meerely fain'd, but more,  
 Although they know it so, they cannot keepe  
 Their melting eyes from teares, but they must weep,  
 Which is a weakenes whence more mischief growes,  
 Then any at first thinking would suppose.

I might touch Parents also in the Citty,  
 That marre their children by their cockring pittie.

Aviler *Passion* calls me now away:  
 And yet before I leave, thus much Ile say,  
 Want of rebuke elsewhere, and rods in schooles,  
 Have almost fill'd the Land with *knaves* and *fooles*.

Then you that thinke we need no *pitty* shun,  
 Forake the error whereinto you run  
 With those *Divines* that admonitions spare,  
 Or in reprooving over-easie are;  
 With many more of different degree:  
 But vnto these Ile not ore-bitter be.

And you that are, or you that would at least,  
 Be counted men, and beare within your breast  
 That Vertue which besitting manhood is,  
 Shun such base humors as fond *Pitty* is.  
 For why should you be there-with overborne?  
 When 'tis a *Passion* that now vvomen scorne.

L

OF



## OF CRVELTY.

## SATYR. 14.

**B**Ut here's another beares vs further wide,  
 If we embrace it on the other side.  
 And therefore whilst we seek how to beware  
 Of foolish *Pitty*; we must haue a care,  
 Least this doe ouer-run vs: 'tis a thing  
 Whosevery name doth seem enough to bring  
 All men in their opinion to confesse,  
 'Tis an *inhumane belifish wickednesse*;  
 A monstrous *Passion*, so vnfit to rest,  
 Or harbour in a reasonable brest,  
 That beasts, in whom it rather should remaine,  
 Doe for the greatest part the same refraine.

And yet as odious as it doth appeare,  
 Vnlesse men looke to their affections neere  
 'Twill steale vpon them, and they shall begin  
 Not onely to be quickly snar'd therein:  
 But (though at first they doe abhor it much)  
 The nature of this *Passion* still is such,  
 It will become delightfull, and it makes  
 So deepe impression in the heart, and takes

So sure a root, 'twill hardly be displac't  
Whilſt that the body by the ſoule is grac't.

Thus, many doe ſuppoſe it may with eaſe  
Be left, or taken, as each man ſhall pleaſe:  
But ſuch are wide, and they that ouer-bold  
(Or truſting to their proper ſtrength) vphold  
We need not this ſame *Paffion* diſcommend:  
For nature of herſelfe doth reprehend  
This fault (they ſay.) And moſt deteſt it ſo,  
*Reaſon* can ne'er haue ſuch an ouerthrow  
They thinke, as that we ſhould our ſelues deſile  
With any *Paffion* that it knowes ſo vile.

Indeed it is a monſtrous villany,  
And moſt I thinke can raile at *Cruelty*:  
Yet let none be ſecure; for this is true,  
Thoſe odious vices we doe moſt eſchew,  
Grow pleaſing by degrees. When *Haſael*  
Was told what he ſhould doe to *Iſrael*,  
Full little thought he then his gentle heart  
Should euer giue conſent to act a part  
Of ſuch a *Tragick* Scene; and yet we finde  
He became aſter of another minde.  
For mans intents and beſt affections be  
Exceeding ſubieſt to vncertaintie;  
Thoſe we thinke moſt to doe: vnleſſe each hower  
We haue remembrances, ſuch ſtate is our,  
We ſhould forget our ſelues. *Philip* the Sire  
Of that bold *Grecian King* that did aſpire  
To be the worlds third Monarch, knew full well  
Himſelfe to be a Man, yet could not tell

Whereto he might through humane frailty fall,  
 And therefore still appointed one to call  
 Thus at his window (ere the day began)

PHILIP, *Remember that thou art a man,*

And sure as hatefull as this *Passion* is,  
 To haue some *Cautel* is not much amisse:  
 For though no such thing in our selues we spy,  
 In secret oftentimes 'twill lurking ly,  
 And when it breakes forth into any act,  
 With colour of some vertue hide the fact,  
 As Iustice, or the like: and then it will  
 So harden by degrees the heart in ill,  
 As that he will not thinke he doth amisse,  
 When he but ordinary *Cruell* is.

He deemes himselfe no such that withou shame  
 Doth rob another of his honest name  
 By raising false reports; nor that hard Lord,  
 Who to his Tenant grudges to afford  
 What *Law* and *Conscience* giues: or he that takes  
 The common profit to himselfe, and makes  
 His owne good of it, when he knowes thereby  
 Many a poore man's brought to beggery:  
 Those thinke with cruelty they doe not deale,  
 What wrongs so-ere they doe the Common-weale,  
 This vice so hardens them. The damn'd *Vsurers*,  
 And cut-throat *Brokers*, *Mammons* *Treasurers*  
 (Who by the small vse they of riches make,  
 Doe for another seeme their care to take)  
 Though not content with *Statute vsury*,  
 A thousand other polling tricks they try;

Increa-



Lib. 1. CRUELTYE. Sayr. 14.

Increasing their lewd gaines by bribes and gifts,  
 And many viler, or more lawlesse shifts:  
 Though they do make no conscience what they doe,  
 So they may act it, and scape Iustice too,  
 Pinching poore Debtors, till their greedy hands  
 Haue got possession both of goods and lands,  
 Would not be cruell thought, although that this  
 Be as true Crueltie as any is.

And, what are Lawyers? that can brooke to see  
 Christians like Beasts that still at variance be,  
 And when it lieth in their power to part them,  
 Doe for their own gaine vnto discord hart them,  
 Or nourish still the strife by adding fuell,  
 To discords flame. Trust me I thinke them cruell  
 What-ere they deeme themselves: and not alone  
 The mercilesse offender, but each one,  
 Who when he doth perceiue that there is need,  
 Is slack to doe a charitable deed.  
 What may be thought of them, whose chiefe st care  
 Is pampering the flesh with curious fare,  
 Largely prouiding for the bodies good,  
 Whilst the poore soule is hunger-staru'd for food?  
 Are not they cruell? Is it like that such,  
 Who can neglect their dearest soules so much,  
 Are mercifull to others? You will say  
 Murder is crueltie. Then what are they  
 That by false doctrine, fraught with errors soule,  
 Doe murder, or doe worse then kill the soule?  
 Them to be guilty, none can well deny.

But you will say 'tis not that Cruelty

You vnderstood: As if you did suppose,  
None through this *Passion* did offend but those  
That seeke for bloud. Indeed that is the worst,  
And of all cruelty the most accurst;  
Which for no other purpos'd end is vs'd,  
But a meere longing to see things abus'd;  
Then 'tis at highest, when men wish to see,  
Or act some deed that's full of Cruelty;  
Onely for that 'tis so, or 'cause their will  
Findes diuellish contentments in their ill.

Such was his humour who (out of desire  
To see how *Troy* burnt when it was on fire)  
Caus'd *Rome* in many a place at once to flame;  
And longing to behold from whence he came,  
Ript vp his mothers wombe. So in the height  
Was also his, that tooke so much delight  
In seeing men extreemely tortured,  
That he out of his bounty promised  
A large reward to him that could inuent  
The cruell'st and vnusuall'st punishment;  
Which *Phalaris* demanding, was therefore  
The first that made his *Brazen Bull* to roare.

Such is theirs also, whose vnmanly natures  
Can be the needlesse death of any creatures;  
Or torture or behold them pleasingly,  
While they abused and tormented die.  
Trust me; bee't but a dogge, Nature denies,  
And God forbids that we should tyrannize:  
Much more on Man: yet there is many a one  
That to this hellish *Passion* is so prone,

With

Lib. 1.

With boastes he glories in his mischiefs too,  
 And vncompeld would make no more ado  
 To murther till a Country were vnmand,  
 Than doth a Schoole-boy with a walkingwand  
 To lop down Thistles. But all such men be  
 Extreameely cruell in the high'st degree.

And though the first rehearsed be not so,  
 Yet thereto they may very quickly grow:  
 Vnlesse they haue oft warning to beware,  
 Sith they already halfe-way entred are.  
 Especially the greedy hungry Elfe,  
 That would for profit gladly damne himselfe:  
 For *Auarice* doth harden so the heart,  
 In any mischiefe he may beare a part:  
 No cruelty the *Conscious* refraines,  
 Murther, nor Treason, so he may haue gaines.

More I could say against this *Passion* yet:  
 But would men of themselves well ponder it,  
 A little Meditation of their owne,  
 Might profit more then all that I haue showne;  
 And therefore I will heere conclude with this,  
*As bee is blessed that meeke-hearted is:*  
*So on the Cruell lightly doth attend*  
*A beaue curse, and a most fearefull end.*

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OF



## OF IOY.

## SATYR. 15.

**O**F all the *Passions* handled hitherto,  
 With this that followes I had least to do:  
 By some small trials tho, that I have had,  
 I finde 'tis better farre then beeing sad;  
 And that no greater good on earth might be,  
 If it would last, and were from cumbrance free,  
 But that can neuer be, our state is such;  
 And *Destiny* moreouer seemes to grutch  
 Ought should be perfect in mortality,  
 Lest we should leaue to seeke Eternitie.  
 Neuer could any yet that *Ioy* obtaine  
 On which there follow'd neither shame nor paine:  
 For he (no question) that's allowed most,  
 Doth deerely pay for what is quickly lost.

But sure the reason why mans *Ioy* so soone  
 Is chang'd to sorrow, is, because there's none,  
 Or very few, that doe their gladnes found  
 Vpon a solid, firme, substantiall ground;  
 But on such subiects, as no maruaile tho  
 It doth receiue so quick an overthrow,

And

Lib. I.

And brings so sharp a farewell. For, one ioyes  
In Dogs, Apes, Monkeis, or some such like toyes;  
And when they faile (as how can they last long?)  
Their mirth is finisht, they must change their song.

Some in their *Honour* all their *ioy* doe place;  
And then, if but a frowne or some disgrace  
Adde the least motion vnto *Fortunes* wheele,  
Sorrow takes place, and little *ioy* they feele.

Take but away his substance, you destroy  
The miserable Rich-mans onely *ioy*.  
And soone by sicknes that delight's defac't,  
Which man in beauty, or in strength hath plac't:  
Yea, the best *ioy* in transitory things,  
They beeing lost, at last a sorrow brings.  
All men should therefore make a carefull choice  
Of that, wherein their meaning's to reioyce,  
And not affect things so extreamely vaine,  
They must repent them for their *ioy* againe.  
Yet many doe so settle their delight  
On things vnworthy, that they are e'en quite  
Bereft of vnderstanding, when they see  
They must of them againe deprived be.

One foole hath lost his Hawke to day, and he  
Can neither eate nor drinke, nor merry be:  
There was his onely *ioy*; and now tis gone,  
Without all doubt the Gentleman's vndone.

Young *Mistris Vanity* is also sad,  
Because the Parrat's dead she lately had,  
Alas: and blame her not if that she houle,  
That Parrat was (I warrant) halfe her soule.

But weigh this you that haue your better parts  
 Of an immortall frame, awake your harts,  
 And from delighting drosse and clay remove  
 Your *ioyes*, to place them on the things about:  
 So shall you still haue reason to reioyce,  
 And not with sorrow thus repent your choice.  
 This that you so much dote on is a toy,  
 So farre from meriting the name of *Ioy*,  
 That either tis not thoroughly obtained,  
 Or if it be in such a measure gained  
 As you would wish it, then you are no lesse  
 Endanger'd by an Ouer-joyfulness.  
 For had you seene Men that were calm'd at Sea,  
 And forc't the leysure of the winde to stay,  
 Halfe staru'd for food, brought to some happy shore,  
 Where is of victualling with all things store,  
 And there through hunger greedily begin  
 To glut their stomacks that haue fasting bin,  
 With the long-wisht-for cates; Lo while they eate,  
 They growe extreamly faint with wholesome meate:  
 And thorough weakenes, by disuse of food,  
 That which was for their comfort and their good,  
 Turnes to their bane. Right so it fares in this:  
 For he that long time in some sorrow is,  
 And tost vpon the boystrous Seas of care,  
 If for his comfort he be landed there  
 Where *ioy* abounds; his hart (where none hath bin  
 Full many a day before) receiues it in  
 So out of measure, that it euen makes  
 The Soule ynquiet; and thereby he takes

Lib. 1.

A surfet: whose strong violence is such,  
The body faints, or is indanger'd much.

Some of mine owne acquaintance I haue seene  
That with this *Passion* haue o'er-charged been,  
And at relating of some newes that's good,  
Haue almost senselesse and amazed stood;  
Yea, been so rauish't with the *Ioy* they tooke,  
That they haue for a times their liues forsooke.

But neither can nor will I ere commend  
Such *ioy* as this; for when we apprehend  
That we delight in, with too deepe content,  
God laves that on vs for a punishment;  
To show what danger and vncertainty  
Is in the best of Earths felicity:  
And that no *Ioy* can sweet or lasting proue,  
Which from his speciall fauour doth not moue.

Some-what still followes euery other *Ioy*,  
That doth with bitternesse the sweet destroy:  
And sure, this may some reason of it be,  
Men in their mirth are carelesse to fore-see  
What ill may follow, and (beyond all measure)  
Giue way vnto their false conceiued pleasure;  
Which hurtfull liberty they must restraine,  
If they will any true contentment gaine.  
And I am of this minde, If euery man  
Would curbe rebellious thoughts but what he can,  
Armes of resistance he might better weeld,  
And not so basely to this *Passion* yeeld.  
Neither befits it Man, that ought to be  
At all times fenc't with magnanimitie,

To



Lib. 1.

' 144  
I O T.

Satyr. 15.

To suffer any mischief to annoy  
His minde, through either too much *Care* or *Joy*;  
But so the one should of the other borrow,  
He might be sad with Mirth, and glad with Sorrow;  
That's my aduice. And heere my pen shall stay;  
The reason is, I haue no more to say:  
But when with *Joy* I am acquainted better,  
I'll tell you more, or else remaine your debter.

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OF



## OF SORROW.

## SATYR. 16.

**O**F this sad *Passion* I may knowledge take,  
 And well say some-what for acquaintance sake;  
 Tis a disease that doth possesse so many,  
 It neither doth forbear nor fauour any:  
 Come when it will; an ill report it gaines,  
 And every one of his hard vsage, plaines.  
 Then tis beside so troublesome a guest,  
 None that doe harbour it haue any rest:  
 And which is worse, though he his host diseases,  
 'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleases.

And yet, me thinks, if man would vse his might,  
 He may assuage if not out-weare it quite:  
 It is at least his dutie; For should he  
 That must on earth *Iehouah's* Viceroy be,  
 Should he to whom the Soueraigne Lord hath giuen  
 A countenance that should behold the heauen,  
 With *Sorrowes* visage hide his manly grace,  
 And groveling turne to earth his blubber'd face?  
 Is't not a shame to see the man who saith  
 That he a Christian is, and seemes t'haue faith,  
 Should

Should for misfortune without remedy,  
 Be passionate in such extremitie,  
 That childish teares not onely staine his face,  
 (Which may be borne withall in many a case)  
 But also raues, growes furious, and extends  
 His griefe past Reasons limits? who commends  
 A man for that? Say, is it any lesse  
 Than to deny by deed what words professe?  
 For who would think which sees how he bewailes  
 The losse of breath that in a moment failes,  
 That he belieues, but rather thinks 'tis vaine,  
 To hope or trust, the flesh shall rise againe?  
 Or that there were, as holy Scripture saith,  
 Any reward for them that die in faith.  
 It's a plaine token of a misbeliefe,  
 When *Christians* so orewhelme themselves with griefe;  
 And therefore, though I doe not discommend  
 The moderate bewailing of a friend;  
 I wish the Extreame hereof men might despise,  
 Lest their profession they doe Scandalize.  
 Beside, though as I seem'd to say before,  
 Vnles't be common, 'tis no common sore,  
 Because it hurts but those that entertaine it,  
 Yet were it good if all men could refraine it:  
 For it not onely makes mans visage be  
 Wried, Deform'd, and Wrinkled as we see;  
 Himselfe exiling from the common eye,  
 To vex and grieue alone, he knowes not why:  
 But also brings diseases, with his death,  
 By the vntimely stopping of his breath.

It makes his friends to loath his company,  
 And greatly hinders his commoditie:  
 For who for dealings in affaires is fit,  
 Vnlesse with good will he attendeth it?  
 And howsoere it seeme, yet surely this,  
 As farre from vertue as bad pleasure is:  
 For as through th'one we to much euill run,  
 So many good things th' other leaues vndone.

I wonder that this *Passion* should touch  
 The hearts of men, to make them grieue so much  
 As many doe, for present miseries:  
 Haue they no feeling of felicities  
 That are to come? If that they be in paine,  
 Let hope giue ease; It will not alwaies raine:  
 Calmes doe the roughest stormes that are attend,  
 And th' longest night that is will haue an end.

But 'tis still bad thou sayst: take't patiently,  
 An Age is nothing to Eternitie,  
 Thy time's not here; Enuy not though that some  
 Seeme to thee happy; their bad day's to come:  
 And if thou knew'st the griefe they must sustaine,  
 Thou would'st not thinke so hardly of thy paine.

I must confesse, 'twas once a fault of mine,  
 At euery misaduenture to repine;  
 I sought Preferment, and it fled me still,  
 Whereat I grieu'd, and thought my fortune ill;  
 I vext to see some in prosperitie,  
 Deride and scoffe at my aduersity;  
 But since, advis'd, and weighing in my minde  
 The course of things, I soone began to finde

The vaineſſe of them. Thoſe I ſaw of late  
In bliſſe (as I thought) ſcorning my eſtate,  
I ſee now ebbing, and the once full tide  
That ouer-flow'd the loſtry banks of pride,  
Hath left them like the ſand-ſhoare, bare and dry,  
And almoſt in as poore a caſe as I.

Befides, I view'd my dayes now gone and paſt,  
And how my fortunes from the firſt to th' laſt  
Were linkt together; I obſeru'd, I ſay,  
Each Chance and Deed of mine, from day to day,  
That memory could keepe; yet found I none,  
Not one thing in my life that was alone,  
But ſtill it either did depend on ſome  
That was already paſſed or to come;  
Yea, the moſt childiſh, idle, trifling thing,  
That ſeemed no neceſſity to bring,  
In that hath the beginnings oft been hid,  
Of ſome the waightieſt things that ere I did:  
But chiefly to abate th' exceſſiue ioying  
In worldly things, and to prevent th' annoying  
Of any ſorrow; this I noted thence,  
(And euer ſince haue made it a defence  
For both theſe paſſions) I haue truly ſeene,  
That thoſe things where-with I haue ioyed been,  
Highly delighted, and the deareſt lou'd,  
Eu'n thoſe ſame very things haue often prou'd  
My chiefeſt Care. And I haue found againe,  
That which I deem'd my greateſt loſſe, or paine,  
And wherewithall I haue been moſt annoyd,  
And ſhould haue deem'd a bleſſing to auoyd;

That

That which my heart hath ak't for, and wherein  
 I thought me most vnhappy, that hath bin  
 The ground of my best ioyes. For which cause, I  
 Advise all men that are in misery  
 To stand vnmou'd, for why, they doe not know  
 Whether it be to them for good or no:  
 They ought not for to murmur or to pine  
 At any thing, shall please the Power Divine  
 To lay vpon them; for my minde is this,  
*Each sorrow is an entrance into blis:*  
*And that the greatest pleasure we attaine;*  
*Is but a signe of some ensuing paine.*  
 But to be plainer, this our life's a toy,  
 That hath nought in it worth our *griefe* or ioy.

But there are some base-minded dunghill Elues,  
 That sorrow not for any but themselves;  
 Or if they doe, 'tis onely for the losse  
 Of some old crest-faln lade: but that's a cross  
 Past bearing; be it but a rotten sheepe,  
 Or two stale egges, they will such yelling keepe  
 As if thereby had perished a Brood  
 In which consisted halfe the Kingdoms good.

But I intreat them, sith it must befall,  
 They would be patient; Who can doe withall?  
 And also let them of much griefe beware;  
 For there's small ods between the same and care:  
 And they have heard (I need not tell them that)  
 'Tis an old saying, *Care will kill a Cat.*  
 Then let them take heart, chiefly sith they see  
 None liue but sometime they must loosers be.

Which is an ease: for I haue heard them toll,  
*With mates they care not if they goe to hell.*

But in good earnest now, let vs not run  
 Willingly heereinto as we haue done;  
 Rather auoyde it as a hurtfull foe,  
 That can effect nought but our ouerthrowe;  
 And for the same receiue into our breast  
 An *honest mirth*, which is a better guest.  
 And whatso'ere our former griefe hath bin,  
 Let vs ne're sorrow more, but for our *Sin*:  
 Thus with this *Passion*, end the rest will I,  
 Because it ends not till our end is nigh.

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## CONCESSION.

*The Conclusion.*

(\* \*)

**T**HUS haue I labour'd some Effects to shew,  
That doe from mens abused *Passions* flow:  
Which, from example of old ages past,  
And wise mens Sayings, I might more haue grac't;  
But that I am resolu'd to tie my *Rimes*  
As much as may be to the present *times*.

Also, I might amongst these here haue told,  
The Bodie's *Passions*; as *Hunger*, *Cold*,  
*Heat*, *Thirst*, and such like: but their force is scene,  
And most men haue sufficient carefull been  
For to preuent them; they last not so long,  
Nor are by much so violent and strong,  
Or dangerous as these. But if men knew,  
Or with the eye of *Reason* would o're-view  
These foule-bred maladies, as sure they ought,  
They would with greater diligence haue sought  
The cure of them, than of such slight diseases;  
The which their bodies and no more displeases:  
But now the reason men disturbed are  
For the most part with such preposterous Care,  
Is this; Through their corrupted iudgement they  
Doe onely on things scene depend and stay;  
Which beeing most apparant to the sense,  
So muffles vp the weake Intelligence,

## CONCLVSION.

And blinde her, that she hath no power to see  
 The better things that more subsisting be:  
 When if they could conceiue but halfe so well  
 The Soules estate, they'd labour to expell  
 All those corruptions, that may cause her woe,  
 All those fell *Passions* that molest her so.

But some men haue in this opinion stood,

*That euery Passion's naturall and good;*

Indeed Philosophers the same doe call,

*A motion of the soule that's naturall.*

And, in some sort, we may not be afraid  
 Stiffely to hold as much as they haue said.

But thus we must distinguish on it then,

And make a two-fold *Passion* in men:

Of which, one sort vnto the best aspires,

And that alone, things meerly good, desires;

Therein reioycing: moderate, and weake

In operation: And the truth to speake,

We haue it rather by Gods Inspiration,

Than bred within vs at our Generation.

The other, as th' effects thereof doe show,

Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow;

For, it is head-strong, rash, insatiate,

Wondrous disordred, and immoderate:

Of which kinde these are, whereof I haue spoken,

And they are oft the cause mens sleepes are broken:

That 'tis which makes them raue, or grieue, or ioy

So out of measure for a trifling toy;

Yea, that 'tis onely makes them oft so teafie;

Their friends seem troublesome, their beds synecae.

And

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**CONCLUSION.**

And lastly, these are the occasions still  
Of all misfortunes, and of every ill:  
Th' effects they doe produce, we also see,  
Contrary to their expectations be;  
For he that hopes, or looks for to attaine  
Great ioy and pleasure, haps on griefe and paine.

But by what meanes may men these Passions kill?  
Sure, not by the procuring of their will,  
As some imagine. For first it may be  
A thing that's not in possibilitie  
For to bereache vnto. But say it were,  
Will the Ambitious-minded man forbear  
To be Ambitious, if he once fulfill  
His longing thoughts? No, he will rather still  
Increase that Passion which first he had,  
Or fall into some other that's as bad:  
For altring the Condition or Estate,  
The soules vexation doth no more abate,  
Than changing roomes or beds doth ease his paines,  
That hath a Feuer; sith the Cause remains  
Still in himselfe. But how and which way then  
May these Diseases be recur'd in men?  
Why, by Philosophy, Counsell, and Reason:  
These beeing well apply'd in their due season,  
May doe much good. Else seeke the cause whence rise  
These hurtfull and pernicious maladies.  
Let them consider that, and so they may  
Cut off th' effect, by taking it away.  
But if they cannot the occasions finde,  
Let tell them it is a Balencesse of the minde;

## CONCLUSION.

Or else a false Opinion that's in some,  
Of good or euill present or to come.

Respecting good things thus: They doe desire  
And are too vehemently set on fire  
With coueting what seemes so; or annoying  
Themselues with an excessive Quest: toying  
In the obtaining. In regard of ill,  
They are oppressed with some sorrow still:  
So that wee see, if men would goe about  
To change their minds, and drive their senses out  
Through Magnanimity (And note well this,  
That Passion but some false Opinion is,  
Fram'd by the Will, & draw'n by the direction  
Of Iudgement that's corrupted by affection)  
Me thinks they might by Reason help confound  
The former error, that ha's such a great ground  
In their weake hearts, and leane for to effeeme  
That which doth neither good nor euill seeme  
(And in their soules such perturbation wrought)  
As things not good, nor ill, and that which ought  
(Being worthy) neither to molest,  
Nor breed no Passions in their carefull breast.

By these, and other such like means, sure  
The wise Philosophers would haue dayes  
Kept our those Furies, and strong passions  
If that we *Christians* could not doe the same  
Hauing besides those helps, which reason ha's  
A certaine promise of a better order  
If wee'l but aske it: Let's demand it then  
To rid these euils from our soules again.

## CONCLUSION.

If that we seele them yet not stirring in vs,  
 Let vs prevent them ere by force they win vs:  
 For 'tis more easie (eu'ry one doth know)  
 For to keepe out, than to expell a foe.

If any thinke I from my purpose swerue,  
 Cause my intent was chiefly to *Obferue*,  
 And not to *Teach*: let them not blame metho,  
 For who can see his friends lie sick, and know  
 Which way to cure them? But you'l say, my skill  
 Cannot instruct you: yet may my good will  
 Be worth accepting, and the other neither  
 A thing to be reiecte'd altogether.

For, I haue seene when in a known disease,  
 Doctors with all their Art could giue no ease  
 To their weake Patient, a Country Dame  
 Hath with a home-made medicine cur'd the same:  
 And why not I, in this? Yes, Ile abide it;  
 Beeing well vs'd, it helps, for I haue tri'd it.

Thus much for that, but still there doe remaine  
 Some Obseruations yet for to explaine:  
 I haue not done, for I am further taskt,  
 And there 's more Humors yet to be vnmaskt.  
 Wherein because I will not step astray,  
 Nor swarue from *Truth* a iot beside the way,  
 Ile say no more (lest men should seem belide)  
 Than what my owne experience hath espide:  
 And then, if any frowne (as sure they dare not)  
 So I speake *Truth*, let them frowne still, I care not.

But if my *Muse* you should so lawlie finde,  
 Sometime to leaue her note, and speake her minde

## CONCLUSION.

As oft she doth, when shee but haps to see  
 How *vaine*, or *weak*, or *sicke*, most men bee,  
 Yet blame me not, 'tis out of the good will  
 I beare to you, and hatred vnto ill.  
 Which when I see, my purpos'd course I breake,  
 Because, indeed, I am compeld to speake,  
 Yet thinke not though I some where bitter bee,  
 I count my selfe from all those vices free,  
 Rather imagine it is to me well knowne,  
 That heere with others faults I tell mine owne.

*The end of the first Booke.*

THE  
SECOND  
BOOKE.

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OF  
THE VANITIE,  
Inconstancie, VVeakenes,  
*and Presumption*  
of Men.

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THE  
SECOND  
BOOK.

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OF  
THE VANITIES,  
Inconstancy, Weakness,  
and Prejudice  
of Men.

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## PRECATIO.

**T**hen that Created all things in a weeke,  
Great God: whose fauour I doe onely seeke,  
Ene thou by whose sweet Inspiration  
I undertooke this Observation,  
Ob grant I pray, fith thou hast daign'd to shew  
Thy seruant that which thousands doe not know,  
That this my noting of mans hum'rous Passion,  
May worke within me such an Alteration,  
I may be for my past offences sorry,  
And lead a life to thy eternall glory.

Let not Ambition, nor a foule Desire,  
Nor Hate, nor Envy set my heart on fire,  
Reuenge, nor Choler, no nor Iealousie,  
And keepe me from Despaire and Cruelty,  
Fond hope expell, and I beseech thee blesse  
My soule from feare, and too much heauinesse.  
But giue me speciall grace to shun the vice  
That is so common & beastly Auarice:  
Tea grant me power I not onely knowe,  
But flie those evils that from Passion flowe.

Moreouer, now inspire my soule with Art,  
And grant me thy assistance to impart

## PRECATIO.

The rest of many ill Customs yet remaining,  
 And their vain humors; that by my explaining,  
 They may perceive how odious I can make them,  
 Blush at the reading, and at last forsake them.  
 So let my Muse in this, and things to come,  
 Sing to thy glory, Lord, or else be dumb.

THE



# THE SECOND Booke.

*Of the Vanitie, Inconstancie, Weakenesse, and  
Presumption of Men.*

## OF VANITIE.

### SATYR. I.

**M**Y *Muse*, that now hath done the best she can  
To blaze corrupted *Passion* bred in Man,  
Goes further heere, and meanes for to vndoe  
Another knot of ills he's prone vnto:  
From which, as out of the maine roote there growes  
All whatsoeuer euill, *Mankind* knowes;  
With thousands of bad Humors: of which some  
(Such as to minde by obseruation come,  
As also, such as are the proper crimes  
Of these vngodly, and disorder'd times)  
She meanes to treat off: the chiefe heads be these,  
(Consider of them Reader if thou please)

First,

First, *vanton* and *light-headed Vanities*,  
 Next that *Chameleon-like Inconstancie*;  
 Then, *miserable Weaknes*, lastly this,  
*Damned Presumption*, that ore-daring is.

But ere I doe begin this worke, that I  
 May speak to purpose with sinceritie,  
 Lord I beseech thee helpe me to expaine,  
 And teach me to contemne the thing that is vaine.  
 I haue begun in thee this my endeavour,  
 And Constancie I craue for to perseuer:  
 Also my knowledge I confesse is weak,  
 Yet through thy strength and Truth I hope to breake  
 These mires of sin, from which man-kind (kept vnder)  
 Must be let lose, like beds of Eeles by thunder.

Then, that I may mans pride the better see,  
 From all Presumption Lord deliuer mee.  
 Likewise disperse the foggie mists of sin,  
 That to my purpose hath a hinderance bin:  
 And th'euill by thy wisdom I perceiue,  
 Lord let thy mercy giue me grace to leaue:  
 That beeing free my selfe, I may not coldly  
 Tax others faults, but reprehend them boldly.

So hauing for this good assistance prayd,  
 My *Muse* goes forward, trusting to thine ayde  
 To guide me in the wildernesse of sin,  
*Great Vanities Suruey*: for beeing in,  
 I see now 'tis an intricate *Mixander*,  
 In which (I feare) I shall confus'dly wander:  
 It is a *Labyrinth* so full of wayes,  
 And seemes so endlesse if my pen once strays,

As doth the Fisherman amazed stand,  
 That knoweth not which way to row to land,  
 When all alone in some close misty day,  
 Farre from the *Hauen* he hath lost his way,  
 Knowing he may as well strike vp the *Maine*,  
 As turne vnto the wilbed Shore againe:  
 So I doe feare lest this may carry me  
 Into an *Ocean* where no Sea-marks be,  
 Because what way soere my course I bend,  
 There *Vanitie* I see without all end:  
 Which hath not vnder her Sublection gaine  
 Such things alone as are on earth containd,  
 Or vnderneath the Orbs of Aire and Fire,  
 But reaches farther, and encroaches higher:  
 According to his meaning, who said plaine,  
 That all things vnderneath the Sun were vaine.

But now I thinke it may a question be,  
 Whether the *Sun*, the *Moon*, and *Starres* be free:  
 For sometimes false predictions they impart,  
 Or are belyed by abused Art.  
 But of *Man* onely heere my *Muse* must tell's,  
 Who is by much more vaine then all things else:  
 For *Vanitie* his reason ouer-swayes,  
 Not onely on some certaine Months and Dayes,  
 But is at all times in him resident,  
 As if it were his proper accident.  
 Neither doth age, in which he groweth on,  
 Any thing lessen the proportion  
 Of *Vanitie* he had. But in the steed  
 Of some reiected follies, there succeed

Others

Others as bad: for we perceiue when boyes  
 Begin to Man (asham'd of childish toyes)  
 These then leaue off their former idle chat,  
 And foolish games; but what's the cause of that?  
 For beeing ill? No, rather they contemne  
 Those bad things, as not bad enough for them.

And as one poore, plaies first for poynts & pins;  
 Once growing rich, leaues that, and then begins  
 To venture crownes, dislikes not gaming though  
 He shun his first game, as not fit enough  
 For his estate: So young men doe forsake  
 The rope-ripe tricks, that their first age did take  
 Chiefe pleasure in; not cause they wicked deem them,  
 But beeing men, they thinke'twill not beseem them.  
 Then Hounds & Hawkes, & Whores are their delight,  
 Quarrels and Brawles, doe fit their humors right,  
 Disordred meetings, Drunken Reuellings,  
 Consuming Dice, and lauish Banquettings,  
 Proud costly Robes; This is the young mans vaine  
 The which his Elder doth dislike againe;  
 Not since ill neither: but because his yeeres  
 Him vnto other *Vanities* endear;e;  
 As Selfe-conceit, much care for worldly pelfe,  
 Heaping vp what he nere enioyes himselfe;  
 Prone to Contentions, much desiring still,  
 Bee it his weale or woe, to haue his will.  
 Extreemly louing lyes, and giuen to prate,  
 Yet making shew as if he both did hate:  
 Yea, old men boast of what they did in youth,  
 Which none disproouing, we must take for truth:

And



And thousands more, or else they are beside,  
Each age is pester'd with, And yet beside,  
Vanties proper vnto each degree,  
Millions of thousands I suppose there be.

Princes haue these, *They very basely can*  
*Suffer themselves that haue the rule of Man,*  
*To be oreborne by Villaines: so in need*  
*Of Kings they stand, when they are slaues indeed,*  
*By blond and wrong a heavenly Crowne they'l danger*  
*T' assure their State heere (often to a Stranger.)*  
*They quickly yeeld vnto the Batteries*  
*Of sic insinuating flatteries,*  
*Most bountifull to fooles, too full of feare,*  
*And farre too credulous of what they heare,*  
*So giuen to pleasure, as if in that thing*  
*Consisted all the office of a King.*

But if heerein my harmelesse halting Rimes,  
Were onely ty'd vnto this Place and Times,  
And should of none but of my Soueraigne tell,  
Spight of her heart she could not speake but well.  
For, I suppose (the Truth I must confesse)  
That *Vanity* no Prince ere harbord lesse  
Then I *AMES* hath done; vnlesse corrupted Stories  
Rob former Ages of deserued Glories.

If any say, to sooth I now deuise,  
His heart, I know, will tell his tongue he lies:  
And did not I thinke true what here I Sing,  
Iustice I would not wrong to please a King.

Great men are vaine too, *In much seeking Fames,*  
*With Nimrod and his mates; they raise their Names*

By building Babels; yea and they suppose,  
 Honour consists in Titles and in shows.  
 They Thrall-like in Parasites delight,  
 That doe in presence claw, in absence bite.  
 They vse their pleasures not as pleasures now,  
 Or Recreations as 'twere fit: but how?  
 'Tis all their care, their chiefe and onely ioy;  
 In satisfying which, they doe employ  
 Both wealth and wit, and all. If they would take  
 Something in hand for recreations sake,  
 They are with pleasures so o're-cloy'd wee see,  
 It must be that which their affayres should be.  
 A wondrous Vanity! And all their Care  
 Is for rich raiment and the curiousst fare;  
 Pampring their flesh, when all is but in vaine,  
 For Dust it was, and shall to Dust againe.  
 Then sith their evils we seeme not to see,  
 In vaine they think that they well thought of be.  
 Tush, men their lewdnesse cease for to repeat,  
 Why? cause th'are faultlesse? No, because th'are great:  
 But for their vices, though now none dare show them;  
 Vnlesse they mend, another Age shal know them:  
 And therefore if they count their Honours deare,  
 Let them be Good as well as Great men heere.  
 Let them leaue Vanity, and not suppose  
 The world will euer blinded be with shows:  
 For that great mighty Peere that died so lately,  
 Ere-while was mighty, powerfull, and stately:  
 He was most croucht vnto, and oft implor'd;  
 Yea, almost like a Demi-god ador'd;

He

He onely (as my selfe haue heard some prate)  
 Was the vpholder of the *Britaine* State.  
 And all the wit this kingdome did containe,  
 Some thought was harbor'd in his little braine:  
 And had he liu'd (if all be true men say)  
 He might haue well been *Patch* *Paria*,  
 But now (alas) hee's gone, and all his Fame  
 You see notable to preserve his Name  
 From foule *Reproach*; but each one breakes his mind:  
 Which shewes, that though they winkt they were not  
 In sight of all his *Greatnes*, 'tis well known (blind.  
 That store of Rimes and Libels now are sown  
 In his disgrace. But I heare diuerse say,  
 That they are slanders, (Then the more knaues they  
 That were the Authors) but if so it be  
 Hewere from those vile imputations free,  
 If that his Vertue's paid with such a curse,  
 What shall they looke for that are tenn times worse?

Well Nobles, I'fe the Court ere long suruay:  
 And if I finde among you such as stray  
 Through Vanity or Pride; vnlesse it be  
 In some small faults through infirmitie,  
 If there be no man that dare tax you for't,  
 My *Muse* shall doe it e'ne to make me sport:  
 For though she keep but a plaine hobbling forme,  
 She shall haue wit enough to make you storme.  
 I will not spare you thus, till Death doe set yee,  
 But rub you whilst you are alieue to fret yee.  
 Yet doe not thinke I meane to blaze your shame  
 In scattered Libels that shall want a name:

No; I hate that: I'll tell the ills you doe,  
 And put my name for witnes therevnto.  
 Then 'tis but fetching me *ad Magistratum*,  
 And laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum*:  
 Which though you proue not, rather yet then faile,  
 You were best hang or clap me into laile  
 To stay my tongue; so much you may doe to me,  
 And that's the worst I know that you can doe me,

But whither runnes my ouer-sawcy Pen?  
 There's *Vanity*, besides in Noblemen.  
 The Gentleman, for some repure but Vaine,  
 Beyond his power ostentimes doth straine.  
 Our Yeomen too, that neuer Armes haue borne  
 To Gentelize it make themselves a scorne:  
 But their Gaine's enuy, with a greater charge;  
 Yet of these fooles the Catalogue is large.

Then ere that lesſon be halfe taken forth,  
 They muſt adde Knight-hood, or 'tis nothing worth.  
 Mony may get it, therefore many ſue it,  
 Although with ſhame and beggery they rue it.  
 And credit they expect in vaine thereby,  
 For it turnes rather to their infamy;  
 Becauſe it is beſtowed without deſerts:  
 And yet in troth our Knights haue done their parts:  
 For moſt haue well deſeru'd it, but as how?  
*Bravely in field, en'e in a field at Plow.*

But why looke we in meere Humanitie,  
 For that which ſauours not of *Vanitie*,  
 Sith Diuine matters cannot quite be free,  
 But with the ſame muſt oft corrupted be?

*Divines* strive not so much for to impart  
 The truest Doctrines, as to shew their Art: (sound,  
 They grace their speech more with vaine words for  
 Than with graue sayings, needfull and profound;  
 But tis a vaine thing, wondrous full of shame,  
 And in my iudgement highly merits blame,  
 To paint o're that, whose beantie's neuer fuller  
 Than when it shines forth in it proper Colour.

Again, they strive what Ceremonies fit  
 And best beseme the Church, meane while omit  
 More weighty matters. Who that's wise would stand  
 Like many wrangling spirits in this Land,  
 Vpon such idle Questions, as they know  
 'Tis no great matter on which side they goe?  
 And such as best in my conceit besits  
 None but vnquiet and Seditious wits.

Heere's my Opinion: Be they not the chiefe  
 Grounds of Religion, or the same Beliefe  
 Salvation comes by, that men goe about  
 By their inuentions for to bring in doubt?  
 So't be not That they touch (as sure they dare not)  
 Let all the rest goe which way 'twill; I care not.

Haue not our *Lawyers* many vaine delays,  
 Vnnecessary *Writs*, and idle staves,  
 For to prolong mens sures, when they might foyle  
 The party faulty e'ne with halfe that quoyle?  
 They'l for their Fee relate some pretty Tale,  
 Like the wise story of old *Iack* 's *sb* vale,  
 Which (if they once haue thorowly begun)  
 Vnder them quite that tarry til't be done.

Jack Doe, Dick Ree, with whom y'ad ne're to do,  
They'l bring to help your Cause, & God knowes who:  
And for your benefit they can afford  
Many a foolish, senselesse idle word.

Which they I know will not account as vaine,  
Sith That'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.

Besides, as I suppose, their Lawes are pend  
In their old *Pedlers French*, vnto this end  
The Vulgar should no farther knowledge reach,  
Than what shall please their Masterships to teach:  
Or else, they haue the selfe-same policie  
As the Professors of damn'd Papistray,  
Who *Sacred Writ* in forraine tongues conceal'd,  
Lest that their knauish tricks should be reueal'd.  
What, can they not in our owne language finde  
Words of sufficient force t' expresse their minde?  
That cannot be denied: but tis a trouble,  
So easily to counterfeit and double

In a known tongue; when th' other but a few  
Can vnderstand, but that obstreperous Crew.

These make the Lawes almost to none effect,  
Their Courtes are so wondrous indirect;  
To them they fauour, they Delays can grant,  
Though *Iustice* her due expedition want.  
Sometimes vpon one matter we may see,  
That sundry Iudgements shal pronounced be:  
Now, there's a *Adotion* granted, next day cross't,  
So fee and labour's to no purpose lost:  
And still the Client shall be so deluded, (cluded,  
That when he hopes all's done, there's nought con-

Nay,

Nay, though we heare the utmost sentence past,  
Which by all course of Law should be the last,  
Why then, I say (though all seemewholly ended)  
Yet may the Execution be suspended:  
And for some trifle, to the poore mans terror,  
Be cald in question by a *Writ of Error*.  
So that the Right oft yeelds vnto the stronger,  
When poore mens purses can hold out no longer.

Oh miserable state! What should we say?  
May not the Country think themselves a prey  
These *Rauens* liue on? May we not suppose  
By their *Delays*, and some such tricks as those,  
They practice onely for to cheat and gull;  
And on their ruines fill Their gorges full?  
Yes questionleſſe; for they, Themſelues doe raise  
Vnto this height, on other mens decayes;  
Not their owne Vertues. Oh, thought't be too late,  
Yet let me with that we had kept the state  
And simple *Innocence* wee once retain'd;  
For then we had not of this ill complain'd,  
Nor yet those moouers of sedition known  
(Now to a many-headed monster grown.)  
But sith that time is past, we may complaine,  
Yet must ne're look to see those dayes againe.

We haue good *Lanes*, but they (too) seem in vaine:  
Sith they according to each Lawyers braine  
May be now wrested to and fro, to make  
The matter good that he doth vndertake.  
I'll say it plainly, and yet not belie them;  
There's few but *Rich men* can haue iustice by them.

And



And pray you iudge now, Is not that Law vaine;  
Which when it is enacted (to restraine  
Some Priuiledge or Custome that hath stood  
As a great hindrance to the publique good)  
Should of it Vertue be so slightly gull'd,  
As by a *Licence* to be disannull'd?

Moreouer, there be some too much to blame,  
Or *Pennall Lawes* are onely made in vaine;  
Made in *terrorum tantum*, to affright,  
And not for execution of the right.  
And I may liken them vnto those *logs*  
That *Iupiter* threw downe to rule the *Frogs*:  
At first they come forth with such thundring terror,  
That we doe tremble to commit an error:  
But in a day or two they are so still,  
For ought I see, we may doe what we will,  
Vnlesse that we be *poore*, or some despiight vs,  
Then peraduenture they'l goe neere to fright vs  
A twelue month after, if so long they last,  
Twenty to one then all the furie's past.

Did you but note it, you would much admire  
To see how strictly *Iustices* enquire  
On dayes of sitting, what Abuses raigne;  
How those they threat that slackly doe complaine;  
How they will raile, and fume, and chafe & storme,  
As if all euils they would quite reforme  
Within a moment: But things *violent*  
Cannot you know be long time *permanent*:  
Nor is their *zeale*: for surely (God amend it)  
One wise twelue houres will both begin and end it.

But

Lib. 22.

But why are they so earnest then? Oh know,  
 That the small Springs within the dales below,  
 Glide gently on; vntill a Land-flood fills  
 Their empty chanel from the higher hills.  
 But then they'll swell vntill they can discharge  
 Their Burthens in some Plaine to runne at large:  
 So these *lowe Magistrates* would gladly sleepe,  
 And their owne easie crooked Chanels keepe,  
 But when that any streame of *Iustice* showers,  
 And comes downe to them from the Higher Powers,  
 Then peradventure they'll grow big a day,  
 And *Iustice* shall haue course the nicest way:  
 Yet in a little space shee must be faine  
 To runne within their winding banks againe.

Some falsely haue affirmed *Iustice* blinde,  
 Yet I am sure shee knoweth where to finde  
 (If that she be disposed for to looke)  
 Who giues her day-works, by her Counting-booke.  
 Nay, shee knowes Capon, Turkey, Goose, & Swan,  
 And thee, I warraunt, from another than  
 What ere thou be. But whilst she sees so plaine,  
 It is no wonder we haue Lawes in vaine.

Also, when *Officers* doe vndertake (make I  
 Their charge at first, Lord what a quoyle they  
 A *Drunkard* cannot with his capritig feet  
 Cut out Indentures as he walks the street,  
 But he's straight stockt for't, or for his offence,  
 By fining to the poore he must dispence.

Then those perhaps that slackly doe frequent  
 Gods diuine seruice, somewhat shall be ment;

And

And many other goodly deedes they'l do,  
 But these growe quickly weary of them to.  
 † Again, sometimes comes out a *Proclamation*,  
 Which threatens on the paine of Confiscation,  
 That no *Recusant* doe presume to stay  
 Within ten miles oth' Court from such a day,  
 Yet sure 'tis notwithstanding meant that some  
 Should daily to the *Presence Chamber* come,  
 And shrowd within a furlong on't or two,  
 Some *Great ones* may: and so I hope they doe,  
 And by their owne *Authority* no doubt  
 May keepe the rest from danger there-about.  
 Pish, they at such a matter will but scoffe,  
 'Cause they knowe surely how to put it off.  
 Yet I'll not say it is in vaine; for why,  
 The *Printer*'s somewhat set on worke thereby:  
 And tis moreover for our satisfaction,  
 Who else might thinke the *State* were out of action.  
 † But oh you noble *English-Senators*,  
 Our Kingdoms Guard, and Princes Counsellors,  
 How can you see your labours so misvs'd?  
 Or brooke to haue your Soueraigne so abus'd?  
 Doe you suppose that it deserves no blame,  
 To make a *Scar-crow* of the *Regall Name*?  
 And to erect it on some common stall,  
 For to be gaz'd on, to no end at all?  
 Respect it more; and vse it not for course  
 Or fashions sake, but shew it hath some force.  
 Pluck out those *Vipers* that for feare of harme  
 Their chilled spirits in your bowels warme.

Lib. 2.

Perceiue ye not their stings? No danger feare yee? T  
 Oh 'tis apparant, let them not shroud neere yee: O  
 For if they doe, 'tis doubtlesse, the Conclusion, M  
 If God preuent not, will be your Confusion. T  
 Yet all (for ought I see) should still remaine, T  
 Were there not some, who (out of zeale to Gaine) T  
 More than Religion, or their Countries weale) T  
 Their scurvie base conditions to reueale, T  
 In begging, and in rifling of some few, T  
 But they their owne corruptions rather shew, T  
 Then redresse any. More I heere could yter, T  
 But I me thinks already heare some mutter, T  
 As if I should be sure of *Romes great Curse*, T  
 But then I'me sure I shall be ne're the worse, T  
 Yea, let them goe to *Rome*, curse, ban, & spare not, T  
 Ile sit at home and laugh; because I care not, T

But why doe I of Lawes alone complaine,  
 Sith all Man deales in, is in some sort vaine?  
 Religion is with Ceremonies stult,  
 And with vaine glory and presumption pult:  
 Now our Almshouses, and gifts of Charitie,  
 Are done for shew, and with Hypocrisie.

Yea, all's made vaine: for if you would but view  
 Our *Universities*; indeed 'tis true,  
 There you may yet see, how that heereetofore,  
 In better dayes, haue been erected store  
 Of *Palaces*; (whose curious build are still  
 A faire remembrance of the work-mens skill)  
 Which, lest that knowledge in the land should fade,  
 Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,

That

That there the *Muses* (shelter'd from the rages  
Of former, present, and succeeding ages)  
Might safely live, and not beholding be  
To *Pyren* for his hospitality.

'Tis also true, there wants not to sustaine  
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertaine  
Such as desire knowledge, there's enough;  
The worthy *Founders* have provided so;  
But of these profits now why make they stay?  
Best sell't, or let some Courtier beg't away.  
For publique Gifts are turn'd to private vses,  
Faile Colledges are full of foule Abuses,  
And their Revenues I account as vaine,  
Because they lazie *Dunces* doe maintaine,  
Whom to themselves doe claime the profits, by  
Nothing but wilde selfe Sensibilitie.  
Such as haue *Beard* (with reuerence be it spoken)  
Of profound learning haue nor mark nor token.  
Good *Founders* dreaming not of these Abuses,  
Gave them at first to charitable vses:  
But we finde now all alter'd, and the ducs  
The which by right vpon death ensues,  
Like Offices in Court, are bought and sold:  
And places may be had, but how? for Gold.  
There, as elsewhere, they now are grown so bad,  
Without *Quid dabit*, nothing can be had.

'Tis strange to see what *Avarice* can doe:  
But are the *Muses* taken with it too?  
Oh no: for they esteeme such gaine a losse;  
And their high spirits scorne such earthly drosse.

How

How then? There are some *Cormorants* crept in,  
 Who in their youth pretended to haue bin  
 Addicted vnto *knowledge*, when alas,  
 Tis well scene since, that all their purpose was?  
 To snort in ease, augmenting still their store,  
 Till they growe wealthy, and their houses poore.  
 Foule *Draanes*, whose voices must be hir'd with mony,  
 Staruing the *Bees*, while they deuoure the hony.

But oh you Birds of *Athens*, cleare your Halls,  
 And driue those lazic Hornets from your stalls.  
 Through them it is men think you couetous,  
 They make your groues & walks grow scandalous.  
 But how will you discerne them? Marry thus,  
 Sith they haue made themselves notorious,  
 I'll point them out: And though their heads they  
 As *Venus* did *Aeneas* in a cloud, (throwd,  
 I'll so vnmaske them, if their eares they show,  
 You shall be able to say, There they go.

First note them; There are some by Bribes & Fees  
 Can soone passe thorough two or three Degrees:  
 And if they sue for ought, are not deni'd it,  
 When better *Students* must be put beside it.

Then there be others, who their nests to feather,  
 Can keep an office nineteene yeares together,  
 Enforcing many vnto penury,  
 To haue therewith to feed their *luxury*.

Note you not some at fiftie winters study,  
 That haue their wits so thin, & braines so muddy,  
 They must procure of other men to doe  
 The Exercises they were call'd vnto?

And

And sit there not of Dunces pretty store  
 From Sun to Sun at every Tradesmans dore?  
 Huge fat Curmudgeons? Tell me, I think no,  
 Doe *Commons* of three halfe-pence feed them so?  
 Or can such Puffes so Humberkin-like set,  
 Into a Pulpit once in seauen yeere get?  
 Sure if they doe, their memorie's so weake, (speake.  
 When they come there, they know not what to  
 Nor are they halfe so fit if't came to prooffe,  
 To serue for Pastors as to hang at Roofe.  
 \* It is no maruaile then that blockish rout  
 Retaine their places, and keepe better out;  
 For no good Patron that doth Conscience make,  
 Will vnto them the charge of soules betake:  
 Because if such the flocke of *Christ* should keepe,  
 No question they would make but Carion sheepe.  
 Then they must stay, yet in their stay they'l be  
 A plague vnto the *Vniuersitie*.  
 For, ouer and aboue the mischiefes nam'd,  
 The vice for which the younger sort is blam'd,  
 They are most guilty of; for forc't to tarry,  
 Through want, and by their Lawes forbid to marry;  
 Thence springs it that the Townesmen are reputed  
 Thus by a common voice to be *Corrupted*:  
 For I haue known that such haue daily been  
 Where younger scholars neuer durst be seene.  
 And all (vnlesse that they haue eyes like Moles)  
 May see those Foxes vse the Badgers holes.  
 Nor hath their lewdnes in that action staid,  
 But on the place a fouler blemish laid:

Which



Which heere indeed I doe forbear to name,  
 Lest it be to the place I loue, a shame;  
 And for because I feare some spightfull mates  
 May tax them with it that such dealing hates,  
 Brought in by them; for who is so impure,  
 But he that liueth like an Epicure?

Oh *Muses*, seeke in time to roote these weeds,  
 That marre your Gardens, and corrupt your seeds;  
 And you that are appointed Visitors,  
 Who ought for to be strict Inquisitors,  
 To search the foule abuses of these Times,  
 And see them punish: Oh! let these my Rimes  
 Moue you for to reforme this villanie;  
 Or let the hate of damned Periurie  
 Stirre vp your zeale these euils to restraine;  
 If not for loue of good, for feare of paine;  
 Which else (though you set light, as at your heele)  
 As sure as God is iust, your soules shall feelee.

Doe you not see now all the wondrous Cost  
 Of worthy *Benefactors* vainly lost?  
 The Lands, Reuenues, Customs, Charters, Rents  
 Which they haue left for diuerse good intents,  
 Vainly employed? See the *Student* poore  
 For whom it was ordain'd, stand at the doore  
 And may not enter; whilst the golden *Ass*,  
 Is quietly admitted for to passe,  
 And shroud himselfe within those sacred gates,  
 Which were 't not for commoditie, he hates.

You sacred *Geny* that did once attend;  
 Those well-deuoted *Patrons* to their end;

Although

Although your bodies be entomb'd in clay,  
 Since you suruiue (because you liue for aye)  
 Looke downe on your abused Gifts, and see  
 What ods twixt th'yle and your good meanings bee.  
 Come and behold how the laborious sits  
 Sharing some hungry Commons, scarce two bits;  
 And that but when a double *ganday* haps,  
 Full glad alas at other times with scraps;  
 While that the *laxie Dunc* on dainties feedes.  
 Oh come (I say) if you respect your deedes,  
 And fright them with some ghastly visions thence,  
 They may haue more remorse for their offence.

If I could take on me some monstrous forme,  
 I'de either make them their bad liues reforme,  
 Or beare them quick to hell. But I am vaine,  
 Thus for to inuocate, or to complaine,  
 Because I doubt this fault will nere be mended  
 Vntill all euill with the world be ended.

*Learning* is vaine too, or so made at least;  
 Consider it, I speake it not in iest:  
 Doe we not see that those who haue consum'd  
 Halfe a mans age in Schooles, and haue assum'd  
 Degrees of Art, and hourly over-looke  
 Many a leafe, many a wise mans booke,  
 Still studying to know; *fellows* that can,  
 As they themselues think, put down any man  
 That dares of *Pradicables* to dispute,  
 Yea, such as canto, if need be, refute  
*Knowne Truths*; and that in *Metaphysicall*,  
 Much more, I thinke, in matters *Naturall*

Seeme

Seeme greatly read. Doe we not see, I say,  
 That these from study beeing tane away  
 For some employments in the Publique-weale,  
 A man would be ashamed to reveale  
 Their simple carriage? Sooner they'l speak Treason;  
 Than any thing that shall be Law or Reason.  
 Aske their opinion but of this or that,  
 They'l tell a Tale, they scarcely know of what:  
 And at the last, you must be well apaid,  
 With *This the Poet*, or *This Tully said*.

So other mens opinions shall be showne;  
 But very sildome any of their owne.

What is't to heape vp a great multitude  
 Of words and sayings, like a *Chaos* rude,  
 Or to be able for to bring in *Plato*,  
 Great *Aristotle*, with the wise man *Cato*:  
 And diuerse more, yet like a blockish *Else*,  
 Be able to say nought at all himselſe?  
 As if it were all well, and he had payd it,  
 If he can once say, *Such a man hath said it*.

Then by their actions, who gather can  
 They haue more knowledge than another man;  
 Sith they doe worse absurdities commit  
 Than those that seeme their *Iniors* in wit?  
 As if they thought it were enough to know,  
 And not with knowledge vnto practice goe.  
 Those may be learned, and of learning prate;  
 But for affaires of Country, or of State,  
 In my conceit they are as farre vnfit  
 As Fooles & Mad-men, that haue lost their wit:

Lib. 2.

And yet the *Prince* that's gorgioust in array,  
 Must lie as naked as his *Groome* in clay.  
 And though that men to build so curious be,  
 How worthy of contempt it is we see,  
 In that th' *arch-King* of Heaven, earth, and all,  
 Was very well contented with a *Stall*.  
 What minde are they in who suppose to raise  
 By such a *vanity* an endlesse praise?  
 When as they daily see by obseruation,  
*Time* vtterly decaies the strong'st *Foundation*.

Where are those wondrous high *Pyramides*,  
 That were admired at in former dayes?  
 And of those huge *Colossi* what remains?  
 (Which to erect now were an endlesse paines)  
 Nothing almost; no scarce his Name that spent  
 The paine and cost of such a *Monument*:  
 If that be so, how much more *vanity*  
 Is it to hope for fames eternity, (mending  
 By such slight trifles vvhose ground-worke needs  
 Before the rooffe be brought vnto an ending?)

Againe, some think how ere their liues they spend,  
 Yet if they can attaine to in the end  
 A glorious *Funerall*, and be interd  
 With idle pompe and show, or be preferd  
 In a bald *Sermon*, for some one good deed  
 They did the *Common-wealth* for their own need,  
 Or by their own, or friends procurement haue  
 On their vnworthy scarce-deserued *grane*  
 A goodly *Epitaph*; they think all's well.  
 Alas poore silly men! what can they tell

How

Lib. 2.

How long 'twill stand, before 't be razed downe?  
 But say it bide awhile, what faire renowne  
 Can in a peece of carued *Marble* be?  
 What can a gilded *Tombe* then profit thee?  
 Preserue thy fame? I know it cannot passe  
 The wondrous *Heape* that once erected was,  
 And yet e'ne at this day doth now remaine  
 Not farre from *Sarnum* on the *Westerne* *Plaines*  
 Yet who can say directly, (or what story  
 Doth absolutely mention) for whose glory  
 That was first founded? or by whom? or why?  
 And if a Deed of such great wonder die,  
 Doo'st thou suppose by a few carued stones,  
 Scarcely enow to couer all thy bones,  
 To be *immortal*? If thou long to liue  
 After thy death, why then let *Vertue* giue  
 And adde that liuing glory to thy name;  
 Let her sound forth the trumpet of thy fame,  
 And it shall last, for shee knowes how to place it:  
 Not *Time* nor *Envy* shall haue power to race it.  
 I say endeavour to be vertuous heere,  
 So shall thy sacred *memory* be decreed  
 To those that liue, and whilst thy Body lies  
 Entomb'd on earth, thy Soule shall mount the skies.

But if in pleasure thou hast liued long,  
 And tooke delight in seeking bloud and wrong:  
 When that the *euill day* shall come to end thee,  
 The curse of the oppressed shall attend thee,  
 Thy Soule shall pay for't, and the selfe same *Grave*  
 Thou for thy *Honour* didst suppose to haue

Shall

What's *Honour*? but e'ne *smoke* and idle *fame*?  
 A thing consisting onely in a *name*?  
 Which if you take away, then you take all.  
 For *Alexanders* glory was not small:  
 Yet were he namelesse, what would then remaine,  
 For to inherit *Honour* for his paine,  
 Sith that his best part from the earth is fled,  
 And th'other, though remaining here, now dead?

Then if that *Honour* doe advantage bring  
 To Soule nor Body, but doth wholly cling  
 Vnto the name: who Care or Paines would take,  
 If he be wise, such *Trophies* for to make  
 Vnto the same, which may enioyed be  
 By many thousand other men, whilst he  
 Rots; and which three mens *vertues* Ile maintaine,  
 Grace not so much, as one mans *vice* shall staine?  
 Were't onely for a *name* that men did well,  
 And stroue in *vertues* others to excell,  
 What good had *Simon* the Apostle gain'd  
 More than the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd?  
 And how should we giue each of them his fame,  
 Who living, being two, had but one name?  
 Were outward Honour all that Vertue got,  
 He were a wise-man that esteem'd it not.  
 But shee's the Bodies comfort till it die,  
 And Soules Companion to eternitie.  
*Vulgar Repute*, what is thereby acquired?  
 Why is't so glorious, and so much desired?  
 But I doe chiefly maruell what they ment,  
 That haue preferd it before their Content.

Lib. 2.

I hold it *vaine* and wondrous friuolous,  
 Extreemly foolish, or ridiculous,  
 That any man should stand in greater feare  
 What they doe vnto other men appeare  
 Than their own Consciences; or strive (poore Elues)  
 To seeme to other, *Gods*, when to themselves  
 Th' are worse then *Diuels*; Why, I say, should they  
 With vaine repute be so much borne away?  
 And why boast men of Strength that lasts no longer?  
 And seeing the brute creatures are far stronger.  
 A woman may blinde *Samson* with her charmes,  
 And little *David* slay a man at Armes;  
 For God doth make, as holy Scriptures speake,  
*Strong things to be confounded by the weeke.*

Then some are *vaine* in Pleasures, like to him  
 Who for because he in delights would swim,  
 In these his dayes, to please his five brute senses,  
 Made twenty hundred crownes one nights expences;  
 I onely cease for to declare his name,  
 Lest he should hap to vaunt vpon the same.

But why in *Beauty* should men glorie so?  
 As well we may perceiue there's many do;  
 Sith 'tis no better than a fading flower,  
 That flourishes, and withers in an howre;  
 It could not saue the good King *Dauids* sonne,  
 From beeing iustly by his foes vndone:  
 Nay, there's scarce any that enioy the same  
 Can keep vnto themselves an honest Name.

We see moreover men *vaine-glorious* grow,  
 In *building* and *apparrell*; all's for show;



And notwithstanding all their studious paine,  
I count their Learning & their Knowledge vaine.

But thinke not I hold *Knowledge* vaine to be;  
Or that all in the *Vniuersitie*  
Mistpend their Times: vnfitting men to deale  
About employments of the Common-weale,  
No; for I euer this account did make,  
That there are those know best to vndertake  
Great Offices; and surely such as haue  
Both knowledge and desert: yet shall they saue  
But their owne credits. Th' other, who are known  
To haue no gifts of nature of their own,  
For all their knowledge gotten in the Schooles,  
Are worse by much ods then vnlearned Fooles.

Now, thou that wouldst know rightly these mens  
Goe but awhile and talk with *Coryate*, (state,  
And thou wilt soone be able to maintaine,  
And say with me, that *Learning's some-where vaine*.  
Then if there were ordain'd no other place,  
Where *now-despised-Virtue* should haue grace,  
She were *vaine* too, and those that lou'd her best,  
Were to be counted *vaine* aboue the rest.  
For they be sure of all these worldly Crosses,  
That whosoere gaine, theirs must be the losses,  
*Iustice* is wanting so: for if that men  
Commit an ill, the Law gives smart; but when  
They doe performe a vertuous deed 'tis hard,  
There's no Law heere that gives them a Reward.

Nay, if a man by wrong suspicion be  
Brought into any wofull misery,

If he be rackt and tortur'd so that Death  
 May pleasure him by stopping of his breath:  
 And if at last by proofes it doth appeare,  
 That he of the suspected crime is cleare,  
 Onely he may his life by that meanes saue,  
 But shall no other satisfaction haue.  
 Yea, and he must be glad and well content  
 He hath his life for being *Innocent*:  
 Whereof he would full glad haue ridden bin,  
 To scape the torments they had plung'd him in;  
 Tis meere *Iniustice*. And I say againe,  
 For to be *vertuous* in this Age 'twere vaine:  
 But that it one day shall rewarded be  
 By Heauens *Chaste Justice*, with Eternitie.

I will not heere take paines for to reuale  
 The vaine Trades crept into our Common-weale:  
 Onely I say, and so I thinke will any,  
 Would there were lesse, for such there be too many.

But I must needfly shew them Sympathy,  
 Who make their treasures and felicity  
 Of things meere friuolous, As *Honour*, *Strength*,  
*Pleasure*, and *Wealth*, and *Beauty*, which at length,  
 Yea, in short time, must fade. *Titles* wrong plac'd  
 Without desert, are not alone disgrac'd,  
 And lose that reputation of their owne,  
 But shame them too, on whom they are bestowne.

What's *Noblenesse* of *Birth* but meerly vaine,  
 Vlesse that in the *linage* there remaine  
 Some noble *quality*? which in them breed,  
 They haue deriu'd from *Predecessors* dead?

Shall be thy *hame*; for those that travell by it  
 Shall often curse it, yea, deride, defie it;  
 And to each other say, *There doth he lye,*  
*That acted such, or such a villany.*

Then why should gay clothes be delighted in,  
 Sith they are but a badge of our first sin?  
 And yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions  
 We borrow now adayes from other Nations.

Some, but a few, in Irish trouzes goe,  
 And they must make it with a codpeece too:  
 Some (as the fashion they best like) haue chose  
 The *sprnce diminutive neat French-mans hose.*

Another lik't it once, but now hee'l chop  
 Or chang't as we say, for the *Switzers sloop*;  
 And cause sometimes the fashions we disdaine  
 Of *Italy, France, Netherland, and Spaine,*  
 Wee fetch them farther yet: for by your leaues,  
 We haue *Morisco* gownes, *Barbarian* sleeves,  
*Polonian* shooes, with diuerse far-fetcht trifles,  
 Such as the wandring *English Gallant* rifles  
 Strange Countries for; Besides, our Taylors know  
 How best to set apparell out for show.  
 It either shall be gathered, sticht, or lac't,  
 Else plaited, printed, iagd, or cut and rac't,  
 Or any way according to your will,  
 For we haue now adayes learn'd much *vaine* skill.

But note you when these geu-gawes, once be made,  
 And that this cunning Master of his Trade  
 Must bring it home; Then there lies all the iest,  
 To see when the poore slaue hath done his best

To

To mend what faults he can (for by his trade,  
 He can set right what Nature crooked made)  
 When he hath fitted to his power, and trickt,  
 Whom he would please; when he hath brusht & pickt  
 E'ne till he sweat againe: Yet (though he spies  
 Scarce any fault) *Ten rogne the Gallant cries,*  
*A plague confound thee; looke heere how this sits,*  
*Zounds 'tis a mile too wide, where were thy wits?*  
*See, this is halfe too long, that halfe too short,*  
*'Sblood I could finde in heart to knocke thee for't.*  
 Then for the faults behinde he lookes in Glasse,  
 Straight raues againe, and calls his Taylor Ass,  
 Villaine, and all the Court-like names he can,  
*Why I'le be indg'd (saies he) heere by my man*  
*If my left shoulder seeme yet in his sight,*  
*For all this bumbast halfe so big's the right,*  
 How is he seru'd? This day he should haue went  
 With such a Lord or Lady into Kent;  
 To Hampton-Court to morrow comes the Queene,  
 And there should he with certaine friends haue beene;  
 Now he shall faile. Villaine, goe straight & mend it:  
 And see with all the speed you can, you send it:  
 Or by my sword the *Gallant* swears, he will  
 Make thee to waittwicetwelue-months with thy *Bill*  
 If ere he pay thee. Then the other takes it,  
 Carries it home againe, turnes, rubs, and shakes it,  
 Lets it lie still an houre or so, and then  
 As if't were alterd, beares it backe againe;  
 Then 'tis so fit, our *Gallant* cannot tell  
 That ere he had Apparell made so well.

Ere-

Yet those we leaue, as if we did abhor them,  
 And send to seeke in other Kingdoms for them.  
 So while we onely make our vse of them,  
 Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.  
 (Oh *Vanity*) our Country yeelds enough,  
 What need we *Grecian* or *Arabian* stuffe?  
 Why send we for them to those Countries thus?  
 'Twas planted there for them, and not for vs.  
 What though it helpe them of diseases there?  
 The Climate, yea, and our complexions are  
 So different, for ought that I can gather,  
 Heere 't may not help our griefes, but poyson's rather.

My selfe haue heard some Trauellers to say,  
 That which will salue their wounds within a day  
 That of the farthest *Easterne Countries* be,  
 Will not recure an *Englishman* in three.  
 Then sure, if we should vse that med'cine heere,  
 It would not helpe nor cure vs in a yeere.  
 Trust me, I think, this ouer-much respecting  
 Of *Forraine Compounds*, and the still neglecting  
 Of our owne *Simples*, is the cause that we  
 So little better for our Physick be.

Some in their writings praise *Tobacco* much:  
 Perhaps the vertue of it may be such  
 As they haue said, where first the Simple grew;  
 But if it be replanted heere anew,  
 From it owne soile where Natures hand did place it,  
 I dare not with those properties to grace it  
 Which there it had: nor can the vertue bide  
 When 'tis transported to our Region, dri'd.

Yet

Yet almost 'tis a wonder to behold,  
 How generally now both young and old  
 Suck on that *Forraine weede*: for so they vse it,  
 Or rather (to speake right) so they abuse it,  
 Into oft taking, that a man would think  
 It were more needfull than their meat or drink.  
 But what's their reason? Doe not aske them why,  
 For neither can they tell you that, nor I:  
 Vnlesse 't be thus: So they haue seene some doe  
 Forsooth, and therefore they must vse it too.

Nay, wonder not: The Sun lights not a Nation  
 That more addicteeth Apish imitation  
 Than doe we English. Should a Stranger come  
 And weare his doublet fastned to his Bum,  
 Pluck gloves on's feet, & put his hands in's shoes,  
 And weare his Rings and Jewels on his toes,  
 And come so tired to our English Court,  
 Attended in some strange preposi'tious sort;  
 Most of our Courtiers would make much adoo,  
 But they would get into that fashion too.  
 For when they did but happen for to see,  
 Those that with Rhume a little troubled be,  
 Weare on their faces a round Maltick patch,  
 Their fondnesse I perceiu'd, sometime to catch  
 That for a fashion. Nay, we cannot name  
 That thing so full of Barbarisme and shame  
 That they'l not imitate. Witnesse this *smoake*,  
 Which though at first it was enough to *choake*  
 Or stifle vp the sense; though 'twere vnpleasing  
 In taste and sauiour, oftentimes diseasing

Lib. 2.

But in this age, if onely *Wheat* doe rise  
 To any extraordinarie prize:  
 Or if that we haue *Cheeſe* or *Butter* ſcant,  
 Though almoſt nothing elſe that is, we want;  
 Lord how we murmur, grumble, fret, and pine,  
 As if we would vpbraid the powers Diuine?  
 Yea, we prouoke God, as ſometimes the *Iewes*  
 Did *Moses*; and with vs it is no newes.

But you that are ſo like to ſterue in plenties,  
 Becauſe you are a little hard your dainties,  
 Leaue off your *Luxury*, let me entreat;  
 Or there will come a *Famine* ſhall be great;  
 When Soule nor Body neither, ſhall haue food,  
 Or any thing to comfort them that's good.

We talke of ſcarcitic: yet heere there came  
 No want this twentieth ages worth the name  
 Of *Famine*; but our gentle God hath bin,  
 Exceeding mercifull vnto our ſin.  
 Wheat at ten ſhillings, makes no dearth of bread,  
 Like theirs, where once (we read) an Aſſes head  
 Coſt foure ſcore ſiluer peeces: where Doves dung  
 Was highly priz'd; and Mothers ate their young;  
 There *Famine* raign'd. Pray in the like we fall not:  
 If we can faſt with *Ninmie*, we ſhall not.  
 But truly much I feare the ſame, vnleſſe  
 We doe leaue off our gluttonous exceſſe:  
 For though we quaffe and ſwill much time away,  
 Yet three ſet-meales will ſcarce ſuffice a day  
 To ſatiſſie our luſt; whereas but one  
 Suffis'd our Predeceſſors: ſometime none.

It



It were a worke too tedious to quote  
 The sundry *Vanities* that we may note  
 Sprung from this *Greedinesse*; as our *Long sitting*:  
 A custome rather in my minde befitting  
 Pagans and Epicures, than honest men.  
 But 'tis a vse now common growne, and then  
 This Foolery we haue: We nothing deeme  
 Worthy of our desier, or esteeme,  
 Saue that which we haue either dearly bought,  
 Or far-away from foraine Kingdoms brought.  
 Yea notwithstanding, heere in this our Land,  
 Those things be better, and more neere at hand:  
 Yet we out of an idle humour are  
 Much more affected to all Forraine ware  
 Than to our owne; although the same be best:  
 So that this vainenesse doth not onely rest  
 In meats, and in apparrell; but 'tis shown  
 In many things: we leaſt affect our own.

Our home-made Cloth, now *quoddam est inanim*,  
 We are for *Serges*, and *Perpetuanum*;  
 With other stufſe, as *Crow-graine*, *Chamblets*, *Rash*,  
 And ſuch like new deuised Forraine trash.  
 Yea, though our natiue Country-men excell  
 In any Trade, we like them not ſo well  
 As we doe Strangers: and (in very deed)  
 I thinke for vaine inuentions they exceed.

And then moreouer, when we doe not want  
 Any good whoſſom Hearb, or Fruit, or Plant,  
 That may be neceſſary, ſit or good,  
 Either to ſerue for Phyſick, or for food,

Yet

Lib. 2.

Ere-while, sayes he, faith I was angri'd sore,  
 Why could'st thou not haue done it thus afore:  
 With many gentle speeches in amends,  
 And so these two *vaine fooles* grow quickly friends.

What shall I say of our *superfluous fare*?  
 Our beastly, *vaine*, and too excessive care  
 To please the belly? We, that once did feed  
 On homely roots and hearbs, doe now exceed  
 The *Persian Kings* for dainties, In those coates  
 A man would thinke they liu'd with Hay & Oates:  
 The *Diet* they are growne vnto of late,  
 Excels the Feasts that men of high estate  
 Had in times past; for there's both flesh and fish,  
 With many a dainty new deuised dish.  
 For bread, they can compare with Lords or Knights,  
 For they haue raueld, manchet, browne and white,  
 Of finest Wheat: Their drinks are good and stale:  
 For Perry, Cider, Mead, Metheglin, Ale,  
 Or Beere, they haue great plenty of, but then  
 This cannot serue the richer sort of men:  
 They with all sorts of forraine *Wines* are sped;  
 Their Cellars are oft fraught with *White* and *Red*,  
 Be't *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*, if they craue it:  
 Nay, *Grecian*, or *Canarian*, they may haue it,  
*Cute pument*, *Vernage*, if they doe desire,  
 Or *Romney*, *Bastard*, *Capricke*, *Oley*, *Tire*,  
*Muscadell*, *Malmsey*, *Clarey*, what they will,  
 Both head and belly each may haue their fill.

Then if their stomacks doe disdain to eate  
*Beefe*, *Mutton*, *Lambe*, or such like Butchers meat:

If

Lib. 2.

If that they cannot feed of *Capon, Swan,*  
*Ducke, Goose,* or common Poultry; than  
 Their store-house will not very often faile,  
 To yeeld them *Partrich, Pheasant, Plover, Quail,*  
 Or any dainty fowle that may delight  
 Their gluttonous and beastly appetite.  
 So they are pamperd whilst the poore man starues:  
 Yet there's not all, for *Custards, Tarts, Conserues,*  
 Must follow too; And yet they are no let  
 For *Suckets, March-panes,* nor for *Marmalet,*  
*Fruite, Florentines, sweet sugar meates & spice,*  
 With many other idle fond deuice,  
 Such as I cannot name, nor care to know.  
 And then besides the taste 'tis made for show,  
 For they must haue it colour'd, gilded, printed,  
 With shapes of beasts & fowles, cut, pincht, indented,  
 So idly that in my conceit 'tis plaine,  
 That men are foolish and exceeding vaine:  
 And howsoe'er they of *Religion* boast,  
 Their belly is the God they honour most.

But see whereto this *Dainty time* hath brought vs.  
 The time hath been that if a *Famine* caught vs,  
 And left vs neither Sheep, nor Oxe, nor Corne,  
 Yet vnto such a diet were we borne,  
 Were we not in our Townes kept in by th' Foe,  
 The Woods & Fields had yeelded vs enough  
 To content Nature: And then in our needs,  
 Had we found either *leaves, or grasse, or weeds,*  
 Wee could haue liu'd, as now at this day can  
 Many a fellow-subiect *Irish man.*

But

The takers bodies ; yet like men halfe mad,  
 Not knowing neither what effect it had,  
 Onely because a *rude* and *savage Nation* (fashion,  
 Tookt for some vnknown need, they'l make 't a

Alas, what profit *England* at thy need  
 Hast thou attain'd to, by this *Indian vveed*?  
 What, hath it lengthen'd life, or maintain'd health,  
 Or hath it brought thee more increafe of wealth?  
 It dries superfluous moisture; Dooth 't? indeed  
 Tane with discretion it may stand in steed:  
 And surely, it deserues to be excus'd,  
 Beeing with honest moderation vs'd.  
 But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,  
 That first did tak't in way of *Complement*:  
 For now it is as common at each meeting,  
 As *how d' yee*, or, *God saue yee*, for a greeting.  
 Hee's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,  
*Burnt pipes*, *Tobacco*, and his *Tinder-box*.  
 And therefore there be some who scarce abide it,  
 Yet alwaies will for company prouide it:  
 With whom (though they alone the same eschew)  
 They'l take it till they spet, and cough, and spue.  
 Me thinks they may as well, sith this they'l do,  
 At all their meetings take *Purgations* too.

There's not a Tinker, Cobbler, Shepheard now,  
 Or Rascall Ragamuffin that knowes how  
 In a blinde Alehouse to carouse a pot,  
 Or swagger kindly if he haue it not.  
 You shall haue some among them will not stick  
 To sweare that they are for *Tobacco* sick:

When

Lib. 2.

When by their ragged outsidés you would gather  
 It were for want of bread and victuals rather,  
 And so I take 't. But now if you deny  
 Th' Affecting foraine drugs, a *vandy*,  
 Yet you, I hope will grant (because 'tis plaine)  
 The using of *Tobacco*; this is vaine:  
 I meane in those that daily sit and smoke  
 Alehouse and Tauerne, till the windowes roake:  
 And you must yeeld if euer; *Quod nunc sumus*,  
 Eine as the old verse sayes, *flor, sumus, sumus*.

Some vainly, much *Acquaintance* seek to get,  
 And often in a Strangers cause will sweat:  
 When none (vnlesse some one for raritie)  
 Will to their *Kinne* shew loue or charitie.

The loue of *Men* some strive for to attaine,  
 And they haue iust their labour for their paine.  
 For what's the fauour or the loue of *Men*?  
*At thing long getting, and soone lost agen.*  
 For him I knowe whose company hath seem'd  
 In my poore iudgement to be so esteem'd  
 By many, that in show he hath appear'd  
 To be more neerly to their soules in dear'd  
 Than their owne Brothers. And sure for the time,  
 (But that *Inconstancie* is a humane crime)  
 He hath been so: For when he hath departed,  
 As if his *absence* inwardly had smarted;  
 Out of their eyes full oft against their will,  
 I haue seene sorrow looke, and teares to trill.  
 And yet againe hath my Experience seem'd  
 The selfe-same Man that hath so made of beene,

Euen of those Men he hath been so respected,  
 After some absence, either much neglected,  
 Wholly forgotten; or they so estranged,  
 As if their Loue and good conceit were changed.  
 Which hauing found, I weighed well the end,  
 And thought them *vaine* that on the like depend.

Also, mee thinks it makes me pretty sport  
 To note the *vainenesse* of the Greater sort;  
 How full of *Conges, curtesies, and greetings,*  
*Embracements,* and kinde words they are at meetings,  
 Or else, what *Memorandums* past between,  
 Of great good turnes, that nere perhaps haue been,  
 What *Commendations* and *loyes* there be,  
 For one anothers good prosperitie;  
 When howsoeuer they their malice smother,  
 They care not what becomes of one another.  
*To see me well, he's glad at hart one cries,*  
 When 'tis well known, that in his heart he lies.  
*Another bids me welcome to my face,*  
 When he would leaue my presence for my place.  
 Yea, and to sweare it too he will not tremble,  
 Although he knowes, I know he doth dissemble:  
 Which in my iudgement is a *vanity*  
 Too full of shamelesse grosse absurdity;  
 And I much wonder men delight to spend  
*Time* that's so precious, to so little end,  
 As to consume't in idle Complement,  
 And not so much as to a good intent:  
*Crouching and kneeling,* when each peasant knowes,  
*Much curtesie, much craft,* the Proverb goes.

A quality befitting men I deeme't  
 Ay to be Courteous, and I much esteeme't  
 Yet sure, without good meaning tis vnto,  
 And extreame vaine when men are cloyd with it.

When some mans Table's furnished with store  
 Of Dainties, that a Prince can haue no more,  
 Hee'l bid you welcome, though that by your cheere  
 It doth not (as hee'l say him selfe) appeare:  
 And yet he sees and knowes well that his Bards,  
 Haue what the Water, Earth, and Ayre affords  
 With pray yee eate, I drinke't yes, may be merry,  
 And such like words, I oft haue been at weary  
 To thanke, to pledge, and say, I doe not spare,  
 As ere was *Semmer* of his trotting Mare.

But now I think of this, I'll without telling  
 Tell one absurdity I've seene at feasting  
 Amongst my Country-men, When one intende  
 For to be merry, he bids home his friends,  
 And for them all things needfull doth prepare,  
 That they may well perceiue they welcome are,  
 Yea, he would haue them frolick, and 'tis good,  
 A signe of loue, and honest neighbourhood.  
 But then withall, he oftentimes inuites,  
 Some lofty *Statesmen*, or proud neighboring *Knights*,  
 Who all their merriment doe ouer-throw,  
 Because they looke for reverence you know:  
 And he must be a slave vnto thar guest,  
 Contenting him, though he displease the rest.  
 Now that's his fault: Were I as he, my Bord  
 Should neuer entertaine that Knight or Lord



Lib. 2.

VANITY.

Satyr. 1.

In way of feasting, that shew'd not mee  
 To be as merry and as blith as he:  
 Or that through his disdain would think amiss  
 To beare some iests of mine, as I beare his:  
 For who but fooles would while their guest is bairing  
 Stand with bare heads, like a house-keepers waiting  
 (As if they were some stranger wanted chearing)  
 In their own houses? while they dominer  
 Say what they list. Be therefore rul'd by me,  
 Bid none but equals if you'll merry be:  
 At least let them be such as can abide  
 To lay *Superiority* aside.

Moreover (if they haue the prouidence  
 To bid their Friends, & keep their Mar-feasts thence)  
 They are too linish, and doe much deuise,  
 How they the appetite may best suffice,  
 But 'tis a signe their vnderstanding's weake,  
 And they haue small good matter for to speake;  
 It shewes a shallow Pate and muddy Braine,  
 When men haue no discourse to entertaine  
 Their Friends withall, but *whiffes of smoke, or drinke,*  
 Or *curious fare*; as if that they did thinke  
 They could not shew their honest loue, vnlesse  
 They did abound in Gluttonous excesse.

But there be many Greedy-guts indeed,  
 That will finde fault vnlesse their Cates exceed;  
 Such *Socrates* shewes how to answer best;  
 Who hauing for his friends prepar'd a feast,  
 And hearing one to discommend his store,  
 Told him directly, Friend, there needs no more:

For

*Lib. 2.*  
For be they vertuous, heere's enough for such,  
If otherwise (quoth he) there is too much.

A fitter answer we can neuer finde  
For such nice Gluttons, differing in minde  
From certaine deare and learned Friends of mine,  
Whom, when I late requested for to dine  
Or sup with me one night, would not agree,  
Vntill I drest what they appointed mee.  
I will, said I, and not a hinde-side:  
Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to prouide  
One dish, no more. We loue not him that crames:  
And let our second course be *Eggs and* (laughing)  
Well, that they had, with more good mirth and  
Then those that had their dainties and their quaffing.

Who can declare what *vanus* Man shewes  
In hearing and reporting *idle news*?  
The foolish tales, and lyes that he doth faine,  
Are more than any number can containe,  
And now I thinke on that same *kinge's will*,  
A mischief first inuented by the *Diuell*,  
I cannot chuse but greatly wonder why  
Men should delight so in that *Folly*.  
It is not onely vicious and base,  
But also doth their credite quite deface.  
And *Truth* out of their mouths is mis-esteem'd,  
Because, oft lying, they are lyars deem'd.  
I meane not any fallshood to maintaine,  
No though they be Officious, or for Gaine,  
Yet worse doe like them, who their wits doe bend  
To inuent tales vpon no other end.

But for to finde the company some talke,  
And cause they loue to heare their own ruggs walke,

Some I haue known (Iudge of their *vanity*)  
They haue told tale to their own infamy,  
And yet vntrue; 'tis like they haue small care  
Of others credits, when they will not spare  
To wrong themselves. Another crew beside,  
Among these Liers I haue also spide,  
Who, as it may appeare, doe like so well  
Strange newes, and matters past belife to tell,  
That notwithstanding they doe surely know,  
It makes not onely modest eares to glow,  
But that 'tis known they lie, yet still they dare  
Garnish *Truth*; their own, & all mens knowledge swear:  
Yea, when they may as well, and speak as right,  
Swear that each man is blind, and all Crowes white.  
Oh too presumptuous and lewd offence,  
Sprung from a brazen, hellish impudence!

Then there's a number too, that doe suppose,  
All that beyond their *little reason* grows  
Is surely false; And vainely doe uphold,  
That all reports which *Travellers* unfold  
Of Forraine Lands, are lies, because they see  
No such strange things in their own Parish be;  
If that I may not rearme such fellows *vaine*,  
Ile say th'are *dull*, and of a *shallow braine*:  
And him I count no wise man, that imparts  
To men of such base misconceiuing hearts  
Any rare matter, for their brutish wit  
Will very quickly wrong both him and it.

For thus the saying goes, and I hold so,  
*Ignorance onely is true wisdoms foe.*

Then thou art *vaine* that wilt vouchsafe to spend  
 Thy breath, with witleffe fooles for to contend

In weighty matters; when it is well known  
 They'l like of no opinions but their owne:

Euer disabling what thou doost recite,  
 Yea notwithstanding it be nere so right.

And be their own case false, and all amisse,  
 They'l prooue it true: How? Thus: *Because it is.*

So if there be no moe *wise men* in place,  
 Thou bear'st the shame, & they'l haue all the grace.

And yet the mischief hath not there an end,  
 For tell me, you that euer did contend

With such; is not their wayward disposition  
 A meere confusion, and a strong vexation?

I know 'tis so, for I my selfe haue tri'd it,  
 And since that time could neuer yet abide it:

But let those follow *vainity* together  
 With *perblind ignorance*; and Ile send thither,

To keepe them company, those that take pleasure  
 In tedious discourse; they be at leasure:

And those that loue to hear their own tongues walke,  
 Or still seeke out occasion for to talke,

Shall not stray from them. Yet I haue beheld  
 More *vanities* which must not be conceal'd:

As foolish *wishes*: many a silly Ass  
 Couets those things that cannot come to passe.

Another, that in wishing is as heedlesse,  
 Desires some trifling bables which are needlesse.

Nay

Job. 1.

VANITY.

Sayer. 1.

Nay, I have heard, without regard of shame,  
Such beastly wishes as I blush to name.  
What damne' d infernall Curses can each brother  
In euery angry fit with one another?

When such as these their testing words they'l make ye,  
*A Pox, a Peſtence, and a Murraine* take ye,  
Which if the Lord should in his iustice lend them,  
Their own *vaine wishes* would ere long time end them.

Some free borne men I haue obserued too  
Who are thought wise, yet very *vainly* doe:  
These, as if they lacke troubles of their name,  
For other men are slaves and drudges growne:  
I tax not such as honestly haue stood  
In the maintaining a poore neighbours good,  
But rather those who are so out of measure  
Giuen to be for other men at leisure,  
That they can finde almost no time to be  
Employd about their own commoditie.

Others there are, more knauiſh and as *slaves*,  
Who seeming careful of anothers gain,  
Intrude their seruies into their actions, when  
'Tis not for any good they will the men,  
But for this cause, and sure for nothing more,  
In each mans Boar they looke to haue their share.  
'Tis good they looke to their affaires, but yet,  
I hold it for a *vaine thing* and *vaine*  
They should be vexed with such extreme care  
In following them, as I perceive they are:  
For vnto me it seemes, the *greatest part*,  
Take busines not in hand new, but in part.

What

Lib. 2.

VANITIES

Say. 1.

What meane our wealthy *Myrrors* to hoord  
 More vp for others than they can afford  
 Vnto themselues? whereas they doe not know  
 Whether it shall be for a friend or foe,  
 Sure such men think should be, deservedly  
 Recorded for their foolish *parity*.  
 Now as too well these of the World doe deeme,  
 So others make thereof too small esteeme,  
 As of a thing whose selfe were of no weight,  
 But both are led away with vaine conceit.

Then some man saies, that when this life ends  
 He dying, may be busied with his Friends,  
 As if he fear'd his Epitaph not forgotten  
 To do him ill chiefe though their bones were rotten.

Others extremely are distemp'ed,  
 To think what men will doe when they are dead;  
 And vainly sit (more woe) God one day send)  
 Lamenting what they know not how to mend.

For worldly esteeme these men are wondrous sad:  
 Whom if I call not woe, I must teame mad;  
 If that their noses bleed some certaine drops,  
 And then againe vpon the sudden stop;  
 Or if the babbling fowle we call a *jay*,  
 A *Squirrel*, or a *lark*, but crosse the way;  
 Or if the salt fall toward them wracke,  
 Or any such like superfluous bable,  
 Their mirth is spoyle, because they hold it true  
 That some mishance must thereupon ensue.  
 But I doe know no little numbers be  
 Seduced with this foolish vanity.

And

And questionlesse, although I discommend it,  
 There want not some that stoutly will defend it;  
 But all their prooffe is onely thial I know,  
 By daily triall they doe finde it so.  
 Indeed 'tis true, God often by permission,  
 To see if they will trust to Superstition  
 More than to him, doth willingly supply  
 What they so lookt for by their *Augury*.  
 Then some for to be deemed men of state,  
 Of nothing but the *Court* affaires doe prate.  
 If they but come amongst vs Country-men,  
 Lord what *Magnificence* they will be then!  
 Yea though they blow but the Kings *Orgambelloses*,  
 We must suppose them Earles & Barons fellows,  
 Or else we wrong them. 'Twas my chance to light  
 In a friends house, where one of these that night  
 Tooke vp his lodging; At the first I deem'd him  
 A man of some great place, and so esteem'd him;  
 And he took me for some soft *Country gull*,  
 Thinking my wit (as tis indeed) but dull;  
 But I perceiu'd his pride, I must confesse,  
 And seem'd as if I had a great deale lesse.  
 I made him more fine *Ranges* by a score,  
 Then ere he had at *Court* in 's life before.  
 The *trousers* and the *bonnet* too I gave him;  
 But from the charge of either I dare saue him.  
 Yet my high tearma so pleas'd the *Country* *traine*,  
 That vp he rip the newes of France and Spaine,  
 Of Germany, of Denmark, and of Sweed,  
 And he had French store, thereof I tooke heed.



Then next he tells me all their life at Court,  
 Relates *S. Georges* shows, and *Christmas* sport,  
 With such like talke, which I in shew desir'd,  
 And (as I nere had scene't before) admir'd  
 Which he perceiuing, falls for to deuise  
 More *strange reports*, and tells me sundry lies,  
 Which still I wondred at, and in his talke  
 I noted though his tongue did euer walke,  
 He neuer spake of others than the bells  
 For Earles, and Lords, and Ladies were the least  
 I heard him mentioning, when sure the fools  
 Is but some seruant to the Groome o'th stoole:  
 But howsoeuer, for this once he passes,  
 To shew the nature of his fellow Asse.

I am afraid 'twill be a little end,  
 If I should words and precious leisure spend  
 To tell our *Gallants*, what *newe* frivoles  
 Discourses they haue, and how ridiculous  
 They are at Meetings; I haue been for laughter,  
 Often beholding to them a weeke after  
 And trust me, I neede giue a *Curse* so soone  
 To see an Ape, a Monkey, or Baboon  
 Play his fort't tricks, as I would giue a *Teller*,  
 To come and view them and their *Apish* gesture,  
 When they are either frolike in their *Caps*,  
 Or courting of their light boord *Curtizans*;  
 They thinke themselves fine men, I know they do,  
 What will they giue me, and I thinke so to?  
 And yet I shall not sure, doe what I can,  
 They haue so little in them that is man.

Lib. 2.

FAMOTIE

Sayr. 1.

For my few years I have noted many fruits  
 Produced in fine filke and fatten soles  
 Worth obseruation & I could recite  
 Their braue behauiour in their Mistresse sight  
 But sure they'l nere endure & they cannot do't  
 Yet if I list now I could force them to't  
 But I spare them; they are beclittling to me  
 And may (perhaps) as greates fauour doe me.

But faith I may not; nor I cannot hold  
 Nor keepe in all their vniuersall sold  
 At least one humorous trick I must not misse  
 Which lately I obseru'd; and that was this  
 Two Lads of late disposed to be merry,  
 Met at a towne not farre from hence  
 Where, though their burthall care would for them stay,  
 They'd frolicke out a night, and then away  
 So there they stopt and stopt, where I lay  
 To tell their newes to a charge of a full day  
 Bur (as I heard) the Parson was there  
 Before their newes; and as soon as hee was done  
 And then they went to bed, where I lay  
 They'd more deuotion than of any pray  
 Next morne, when waking, I suddenly vnder  
 And lightly got up, and I saw  
 It wake't his Fellow; who hee then was  
 Leapt vp amaine, and I heard him say  
 And whether there was a harme or no, I say  
 The Chamber pot ore his head was set  
 Then hauing pray'd a while, hee then say  
 Yea, of his businesse with a full voice  
 And

Lib. 2. 2.

VANITY E.

SAY A.

And thereupon, like a confidant man, he  
 Swears he will hence with all the speed he can,  
 Come prether v's (quoth he) and let's be gone,  
 Why goe (quoth the other) I will come anon.  
 Zounds barke, I think the stroke strikes right, why then  
 Oh soone enough to breake my fast by ten.  
 Then Chamberlaine one calls aloud, doo'st thou  
 Come bring me up a double Jugg of Beere.  
 So either hauing drunke a good carouse,  
 Downe comes the Gallant to discharge the house,  
 But taking leaue, what a' yee think they might  
 Their Hostesse (pretty woman must be kist)  
 Then vp shee's cald, and in her sight  
 Downe claps he on a stool before the fire,  
 Where hauing bld her welcome from her fire,  
 Come say (quoth he) what time is't you like best?  
 Truly (quoth she) I use to drinke no wine,  
 Yet yet best morning drinke in March I doe.  
 With that the Drawer's call'd to fill a quare,  
 (Oh! tis a wholesome liquor next the heart.)  
 And hauing drunke it, whilst their heads were steady,  
 They bad the Hostler make their Horses ready.  
 Way (quoth the Hostler) what needs all this bust?  
 In faith you shall not giue us dinner's past.  
 I haue a dish prepared for the wauer,  
 A rich Potato Pie, and Asarum-bone,  
 Tea, and a bit, which Gallants I protest,  
 I will not part with vnto every guest.  
 With that the Porter layd aside their cloaks,  
 The glasses walke, and the Tobacco smokes,

TIT

Lib. 2.

VANITIE.

Satyr. 1.

Till dinner comes, with which when they are fraught,  
To get on horse-back by and by tis naught.

*As having sup't 'tis good to walke a mile,*

*So after dinner men must sit awhile.*

But what? will they sit idle? 'twere a shame.

Reach them the Tables, they must play a game:

Yet set them by againe, for now I thinke

They know not when to leave: they'l rather drink

A health or two, to some especiall Friend,

And then ifaith they meane to make an end,

Then one calls *Drawer*: he cries, *What d'ye lack?*

*Rogue, bring vs up a gallon more of Sacke:*

When that's turn'd vp, *Zounds* one will drink no more,

But bids the Hostler bring his horse to dore:

The fellow might performe it without stay,

For why? they had been bridl'd vp all day.

Then like good husbands without any words,

On went their cloakes, but first of all their swords;

But stepping out of dore their Hostesse meets them,

And with a ful-fill'd boule demurely greets them;

This was Her *Pier*, but they'l giue her the tother,

Which drew the third down, & the third another;

Vntill these *Gallants* felt their heads so addle,

Their bodies scarce could sit vpright ith' saddle.

Then for to settle their vnsteady braine,

They fell to their *Tobacco* once againe:

At which they suckt so long, they thought no more

Of the poore Iades, which they left ry'd at dore:

Till that the Sun declin'd vnto the West. (best,

Then starting vp, th' one swore he thought 'twere

That

Lib. 2.

VANITIE.

Satyr. 1.

That they went thence, and to his fellow said,  
*Come, We shall be be-nighted I'me affraid.*  
*What if we be (quoth tother) by this light,*  
*I knew the time when I haue rid all night:*  
*By twelue a clocke He be at home I vow,*  
*Yet Hostesse, by this kisse, He sup with you.*  
 And so they did, but after supper, th' one  
 Hastens the other, that they may be gone.  
*Nay be aduised (quoth his copelmate) barme,*  
*Let's stay all night, for it growes post-lance darke.*  
*I marry (quoth the Host) perswaded be,*  
*There's many Asfurthers now I promise yee.*  
*He bid my seruants to shut up the gate,*  
*No guest shall goe out of my house so late.*  
*No surely (quoth their Hostesse) by S. Anne,*  
*You may be mischieft, stay and make a man.*  
 Well, they'l be rul'd for once, but swear they'l goe.  
 The following morning ere the Cock doe crow:  
 In troth at farthest, ere the day giues light,  
 Then, hauing kist their Hostesse ouer-night,  
 To bed againe these roystering yongsters went,  
 Forgetting where to they before were bent.  
 But when the *Adarne* her turne againe did take,  
 And that it grew high time for them to wake,  
 Then vp they bustled, and began to lay  
 The fault from one to th' other of their stay.  
*For this (the first said) we may thank your sloth,*  
 (But I thinke therein they were guilty both)  
*Nay (quoth the other) might you haue your will,*  
*You'd drinke Tobacco, and be quaffing still.*

Who

Lib. 2.

FANITIE.

Satyr. 1.

Who I (quoth he) I weigh as not two chips;  
 I could not get you from mine Hasteffe lips.  
 You doe me wrong (said th' other) for I sweare,  
 I sildom toucht them: but you shall bring there.

To beare the burthen he grew discontent,  
 And swore he would not drink before he went:  
 But call'd, On horse; O'ster, quickly, and our wands;  
 And sirra Tapster, water for our bands,  
 Yet (quoth the other) you'l be rul'd I thinke:  
 Prethee let me intraat thee far to drinke  
 Before thou wash; Our fathers that were wise,  
 Were wont to say, 'Tis wholesome for the eyes.

Well, he will drinke, yet but a draught at most,  
 That must be spiced with a nut-browne tosst.  
 But then 'twere good they had a bit beside,  
 For they consider'd they had far to ride.  
 So he that would not drink, alate, for haste,  
 Is now content to stay and breake his fast:  
 Whiche're 'twere ended, vp their Host was got;  
 And then the Drunkard needs must haue his pot,  
 And so he had: but I commend my Cozen,  
 The Cuckolds one Can, cost the fooles a dozen.  
 But then, perceiuing they began to stay,  
 Quoth Guts, My bulliet; hark ye, what d'ye say?  
 Can you this morning on a rasher feede?  
 Oh yes, say they, that's kingly meat indeed:  
 They ask't it, and they had it; but this cheere  
 Quickly drew down a dozen more of Beere:  
 Which beeing drunk, they had got out of towne,  
 But that their Hostesse was now new come downe;

ed 11

With

Lib. 2.

With whom they spent ere they could get away,  
 In kissing and in quaffing halfe that day;  
 And fometimes, as I heard, they took the paine  
 To get on horse-backe, and come off againe:  
 But at the last, iust as the clock strooke two,  
 They were the last time hors't with much adoe.

But then (as 'tis the *Drunkards* vse) they sat  
 Tippling some hower and a halfe at gate:  
 So that the night drew on apace, and then,  
 Thither came riding other Gentlemen,  
 And meant to lodge there. They had friendship shown,  
 Th' other were stale Guests, & their mony flown:  
 Their honest Host, for all their large expence,  
 And former kindnesse, quickly got him thence.  
 Yea, their sweet Hostesse that so worthy deem'd them,  
 Slunk out of sight, as if she nought esteem'd them.  
 And as most will, except a very few,  
 She left her old *Gallie* enter league with new;  
 Who at their parting thought for to haue kill her,  
 But were so drunken that they neuer mist her:  
 For there they quaff so long they did not know  
 Which way, nor whither, nor yet when to goe;  
 That some suppose, yea and they think so still,  
 Their horses brought them thence against their will:  
 For, if so be their beasts had wanted wit  
 To come themselves, the Fooles had been there yet.

If you 'twas made by, read with discontent,  
 You are to blame; none knows by whom 'twas ment:  
 There is no cause you should dislike my *Rime*,  
 That learns you wit against another time.

Q

When



When others are thus vaine, could you forbear it?  
 And note the follies in't, and not forswear it?  
 As kind's your Hostesse seemes, yet this is plaine,  
 Shee'l flout, and vse the next as well for gaine.

Now, what doe you vnto these Gallants say,  
 Were they not pretty witty ones I pray?  
 It may be they will frowne at this, to see't,  
 And I am very sorry for't: but yet,  
 One *humour* more which I haue nored vaine,  
 For to be told of, they must not disdain.  
 It may annoy them if they doe not mend it,  
 Yea notwithstanding they so much defend it:  
 'Tis this: They too much of their valour vaunt,  
 And so extreemly for vaine-glory haunt,  
 That for to get themselves a valiant name,  
 Or peraduenture halfe an houres fame,  
 They'l hazard life and limb, yea soule and all,  
 Rather than in their brauery they'l let fall  
 That *vaine Repute*. Oh lilly senselesse men!  
 What will the breath of Fame auaille you, when  
 You lie in dust, and molded vp in clay?  
 Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day  
 In some poore Village where your bodies lie,  
 To all the earth besides, your fame shall die.  
 And it may be, whereas you looke for glory,  
 You shall but serue for to make vp the story (you)  
 Of haire-brain'd fooles; & so (how ere some deeme  
 Men that haue vnderstanding will esteeme you.

But yet there is a crew that much annoys  
 The Cōmon-weale, some call them *Rearing-boys*;

London doth harbour many at this time,  
 And now I think their Order's in the Prime  
 And flourishing estate. Diverse are proud  
 To be one of that Brotherhood allow'd;  
 And reason too: For why they are indeed  
 No common fellows, but they all exceed.  
 They doe: but oh! Now wherein is it think ye?  
 In villany: for these be they will drinke ye  
 From morn till night, from night till morn again,  
 Emptying themselves like Conduits, and remain  
 Ready for more still. Earth drinks not the showres  
 Faster then their infernall throat deuours  
 Wine and strong liquors. These be they will swear  
 As if they would the veile of heaven teare,  
 And compell God to heare their blasphemy:  
 These are the Patrons of all villany;  
 Woeres Champions: decent and trechery,  
 With the most lothsome vice of lechery  
 Is all their practice. Thunder when it roares,  
 Ioyn'd with the raging waues that beat the shoares,  
 Together with the winds most rude intrusion,  
 Make not a noise more full of mad confusion  
 Than do these Hell-hounds, where they vse to houle.  
 Or make their most vnciuill Rendronze:  
 For a more Godlesse crew there cannot well  
 Be pickt out of the boundlesse pit of Hell.  
 Yet these base slaves (whose lewdnesse I confesse  
 I cannot finde words able to expresse)  
 Are Great-mens darlings; (As some vnderstand)  
 The absolute Gallants in this Land,

And onely men of spirit of our time:  
 But this opinion 's but a vulgar crime:  
 For they which vnderstanding haue, see plaine,  
 That these and all their fauourites are vaine,  
 And sure 'twere good if such were forc't to giue  
 A strict account by whom, and how they liue.

Thus haue I brought to light as well 's I can,  
 Some of the *Vanities* I haue scene in Man.  
 But I doe feare in taking so much paine,  
 I haue but shown my selfe to be most vaine;  
 Because I haue spent time, and reprehended  
 That which will nere the sooner be amended:  
 But yet there's hope it may; and therefore I  
 Say thus much more, that this foule *Vanity*  
 Consisteth not alone in *words* and *works*,  
 It hath tane roote within, and also lurks  
 About the heart: and if it there be sought,  
 I know it also may be found in *thought*.  
 And that is it makes one man sit and plot,  
 What is by traffick with *Virginia* got:  
 What it may cost to furnish him a fleet  
 That shall with all the Spanish Navy meet,  
 Or how he may by Art or practice finde  
 A neerer passage to the *Easterne Inde*,  
 When as perhaps (poore foole) besides his coat,  
 He is not worth a *Portsmouth* passage boat:  
 Nor neuer meanes to travell so much Sea,  
 As from *Highb-ferry* to *South-hampton-key*.

Another Woodcock is as fondly vaine,  
 And to no purpose doth molest his braine,

Lib. 2.

To studie if he were a Nobleman,  
 What kinde of carriage would besit him than :  
 How, and in what set words he would complaine  
 Of the abuses that he now sees raigne :  
 Where he would make his place of Residence,  
 How he would keep his house with Prouidence ;  
 And yet what plenty daily at his doore  
 Should be distributed vnto the poore.  
 What certaine Sheep and Oxen should be slaine,  
 And what prouision weekly to maintaine  
 His Lordly port : How many Seruingmen  
 He meant to keepe ; and peraduenture then  
 What pleasure he will haue, as hawkes & hounds,  
 What game he will preferue about his grounds.  
 Or else he falls to cast what profits cleare,  
 His gifts and bribes will come to in a ycare :  
 How hee'l put off his hat, cause people than  
 Shall say, he is a curteous Noble-man.

Then vpon this againe he falls to plot,  
 How when that he the peoples loue hath got,  
 If that the King and all his kindred die,  
 And if none may be found for to supply  
 That Regall office, the respect they beare him,  
 Vnto that Princely dignity may reare him.  
 Then doe his thoughts on that estate so feed,  
 That he forgets quite what he is indeed.

And if a man could hit so iust a time  
 To come vpon him when his thought's in Prime,  
 And giue him vnawares a sudden knock,  
 Conceit his vnderstanding so would lock,

Lib. 2.

VANITIE.

Satyr. 1.

That I suppose, because it stands with reason,  
 He would goe neere hand for to call out, Treason:  
 For oftentimes mens hearts are so annoyd  
 With those vaine thoughts whereon they are employd,  
 That for a time they so forgetfull grow,  
 As what they ate, or where, they doe not know.

But now, sith you may see there doth remaine  
 Nothing in Man but in some sort is vaine;  
 And sith I must be driven to confesse,  
 His *vanities* are great, and numberlesse,  
 I'll goe no farther in this large *Survey*,  
 For feare Discourse should carry me away:  
 And peraduenture so I may become  
 Lesse pleasing, and more tedious to some.  
 Which to auoid, though I no End espy,  
 Yet heere I end to treat of *Vanity*.

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OF



## OF INCONSTANCIE.

## SATYR. 2.

**Y**ET there's another property in Men  
That meanes to set my *Muse* to worke again;  
*Inconstancie*: and that no other is  
(Vnlesse I vnderstand the same amiss)  
But an vnsettled humour of the minde,  
Which so vnable is, it cannot finde  
By any studie, that Opinion  
Of which it dares to be resolved on:  
Tis meere *Irresolution*, and *Estranging*  
From what is purpos'd, by a fickle changing.

But sith this vice I meane for to detect,  
*Women* I know will earnestly expect  
To be sore rail'd on: But I'll gently vse them;  
Because I see their consciences accuse them.  
And notwithstanding they deserue much blame,  
Yet I'll not tax them by their proper Name,  
So they will thinke I also meane them, when  
I vse no more, but this bare name of *Men*:  
And though their fautes I seem not to vpbraide,  
Cause nothing is directly of them said,

Yet

Lib. 2. *INCONSTANCY.* Satyr. 2.

Yet they I hope will nere the more disdain  
To be thought fickle, proud, & weake, & vaine.

But now for Man, whereas I did complaine  
He both in Deed, & Word, & Thought, was vaine:  
So I in this (I see) the like may doe,  
Sith he in all these is *inconstant* too.

And first it is a wonder for to see  
His actions how mutable they be;  
He labours now, and 's altogether set  
Vpon the World, how he much wealth may get;  
Vpon a sudden then he thinks to mend it:  
Hee 's in an humor then he meanes to spend it:

Sometime he is consenting with the Diuell,  
And ready to doe any act that 's euill.  
The which (perhaps) repenting, some diuine  
Or heavenly matter doth his thoughts refine.  
So that he is resolu'd to spend that day,  
In reading what Gods holy Prophets say;  
Which in his minde it may be worketh so,  
He leaues it, and will to a Sermon goe;  
Where by the way a Bill he doth espy,  
Which shewest there 's acted some new Comedy;  
Thenthither he is full and wholly bent,  
There 's nothing that shall hinder his intent.

But ere he to the Theater can come,  
He heares perhaps the sounding of a Drum:  
Thereat he leaues both Stage-play and Deuotion,  
And will forsooth goe see some idle motion.  
Ere he gets in, his rowling wandring eyes  
Behold some Fencer prest to play his prize,

Faith



## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr 2.

Faith then there is no remedy hee'l see't;  
 But ere he can get halfe way o're the street  
 Some very neere acquaintance doth salute him,  
 Who for a miser would perhaps repate him  
 Vnlesse he kindly offer to bestow  
 The Wine, or Beare at least, before he goe.  
 Well then he will; but while they doe deuise  
 What Wine to haue, perhaps they heare the cries  
 And howling which the eager Mastiffes make,  
 When they behold a Bull or Beare at stake.  
 Oh, on a sudden then they will be gone,  
 They'l see that first, and come and drinke anon.

But iust as he out of the Tauerne peepes,  
 Some gallant *Lasse* along before him sweepes:  
 Whose youthfull brow adorn'd with beauty trim  
 And louely making, doth so rauish him,  
 As if that he were bound for to attend,  
 He leaues Play, Fencer, Wine, Bull, Dogs, & Friend.  
 By which wee see his minde doth alwaies varry,  
 And sildome constant on one Subiect tarrie,  
 But still that thing with most desire is sought,  
 Which happens for to be the last in thought.

One while he likes best of the Country-sport,  
 Anon prefers the pleasure of the Court.  
 Another while his mind is all in Spaine,  
 Then beyond *Nilus*, and straight heere againe.  
 Now he thinks highly of a *Single life*,  
 And hateth *Marriage*, as full of strife:  
 And yet e'ne in the turning of a hand,  
 He's glad to make a *Joynture* of his Land,

And

## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY Satyr. 2.

And woo with much intreaty to obtaine  
A Wife, which he did but of late disdain;

One while he zealously professeth *Christy*,  
But shortly he becomes an *Atheist*.

In *Turkey* he will *Mabomet* adore,  
Among the cursed Pagans can implore

A *Carned stone*; In *Rome* he hath profess'd  
The worship of the *Antichristian Beast*;

And yet in *England* heere with vs he grants  
No sound Religion but the *Protestants*.

And not alone according to the place,  
Can these Chameleons alter thus their case;

But for a shift themselves they doe apply,  
To answer both the Time and Company.

Gallants shall finde them formall, young men wilde,  
Plaine men shall think them simple, old men milde.

And for the time, with *Edward* they will be  
(He warrant) *Protestants* as well as he.

And when his Sister *Mary* comes to raigne,  
They can be *Papists* easily againe.

Nay, I do feare me, though we haue had teaching,  
And almost threescore yeres the Gospel preaching

(*Vnconstant* mankind is so prone to ill,  
And to be changing hath so good a will)

Too many both of old men and of youth  
Might soone be drawne for to forsake the Truth.

Let vs but note, and 'twill be strange to see  
What contradictions in our actions be.

Somerime the same we doe with *Trophets* raise,  
That we did but awhile before dispraise:

Nor

## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.

Nor can we alway in one Passion keep,  
But often for one thing reioyce and weep.

Is't not a signe of humane ficklenesse,  
And a true note of our vnstedfastnesse,  
When not alone some one, or two, or few,  
But a great number, a selected Crew,  
Pickt out of all estates, and they the wisest,  
The vnderstandingst, yea, and the precisest  
Of a whole Empire, and when these (I say)  
Haue argu'd *pro & con*, from day to day,  
From week to week, to haue (perhaps) enacted  
One Law or Statute, yet when all's compacted,  
And euery thing seems clearly done and ended,  
Then to haue something in't to be amended?  
Yea and when this is done, and the Records  
Fram'd in the plain'st and most effectuall words,  
T' expresse their meaning, and they think it plaine:  
Yet at next reading tis dislik'ed againe.  
This yeere they make a Law, repeal't the next,  
Then re-inact it, and then change the text;  
Either by taking from, or adding to,  
And so they haue an endlesse worke to do.

But some may tell me that thus stands the case,  
They must haue both respect to *Time* and *Place*,  
And that no Law deuiz'd by humane wit,  
Can be for euery place and season fit:  
All which I yeed for truth indeed; but then,  
We must confesse't a misery in men,  
That they (Chameleon-like) must haue a mind  
With euery obiect vnto change enclin'd.

## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.

I might speake of the ficklenesse I see  
 In mens Externall fortunes for to bee:  
 For this day he hath friends, to morrow none:  
 Now he hath wealth, and in an houre tis gone;  
 Some in their youth there be, haue all things store,  
 And yet doe often liue till they are poore,  
 Againe, there's some in youth at beggers states,  
 Become in age to be great Potentates.  
 Some are of Kings made slaues, & Kings againe,  
 Whilst other with the contrary complaine.  
 For poore *Eumenes*, of a Potters sonne,  
 By fickle Fortunes helpe a kingdome wonne;  
 But for him such a dyet did prouide,  
 That shortly after he of hunger dy'd.

I many such examples might inferre,  
 But that would waste more time and make me erre  
 From my intent, who purpose to relate  
 The ficklenesse of man, not his estate.  
 Moreouer, hee's a Creature knowes not how  
 To doe an act which he shall long allow,  
 Or think of well himselfe; hee cannot tell,  
 What he would haue, nor what he would not, well.  
 For peradventure he is now content  
 To doe what he will in an houre repent:  
 He does, and vndoes what he did before,  
 Is discontented, and with no man more  
 Than with himselfe; In word hee's fickle too,  
 For he will promise what hee'l neuer doo.  
 If that he tell me he will be in *Pauls*,  
 He goes looke for him in the *Temple-Halls*:

## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.

For soonest to that place resort doth he,  
Whereas he saies or sweares he will not be.

Oh I had there been in words a constant trust,  
I needed nott haue done as now I must,  
I should haue had no cause to haue bewail'd  
That which I once thought would haue neuer fail'd:  
But sith tis thus, at nothing more I grieue,  
Than that *unconstant* words made me belieue.  
Were promises worth trust, what needed than,  
Such written contracts between Man and Man?  
And wherefore should they make so much adoo,  
To haue both *hands and seales to witnesse too?*  
Vlesse it be for proofes to make it plaine,  
Their words are both inconstant, false, and vaine.

To morrow he will earnestly gaine-say  
What stoutly is affirm'd by him to day:  
Yea truly he's so wavering and vniust,  
That scarce a word of his deserueth trust.  
But as a creature of all good forlorne,  
Swears what's deni'd, & straight denies what's sworne.  
That I suppose, in troth and doe not mock,  
Hee's fit for nothing but a Weather-cock.

Then that same thought that's likeliest to remaine,  
Another that's vnlike puts out againe.  
For Appetite, not Reason, guides him still,  
Which makes him so *inconstant* in his will,  
Had he a sute at first made bur of Leather,  
And cloathes enow to keep away the weather,  
'Twere all his wish; well, well, so let vs grant,  
And ten to one he something else will want;

But

*Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.*

But sweares that he for more would neuer care,  
 Than to be able to haue cloth to weare;  
 Which if he get, then would he very faine  
 Reach to haue Silkes, for cloth he saith is plaine;  
 And so his wishes seldome would haue stay,  
 Vnill that he hath wisht for all he may.

But though from this infirmitie there's no man  
 That I can well except, it is so common;  
 Yet surely I most properly may call 't,  
 Or tearme 't to be the common peoples fault:  
 Thinke not I wrong them, for if it may not be  
 A fault so to digresse, you soone should see  
 Their nature and condition, for I hate it:  
 And now I think vpon 't I will relate it.  
 Tax me who list (I care not) heere Ile breake  
 My course awhile; I may not chuse but speak;  
 Something, I say, my *Muse* of them must tell,  
 She cannot beare it any farther well.  
 And yet expect not all, for Ile but shew  
 Of many-hundred-thousand-faults, a few.

And to be brieve: *The vulgar are so rude,*  
*A strange-inconstant-have-braind multitude:*  
*Borne to and fro with euery idle Passion,*  
*Or by Opinion led beside all fashion,*  
*They still desire newes, and to a Song*  
*Or a bald Tale they'l listen all day long.*  
*Soone weary of a good thing; and they try*  
*To all reports how they may adde a lie;*  
*Like that of Scoggins Crowes: and with them still*  
*Custome hath borne most sway, and euer will:*

*And*

## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Sayr. 2.

And good or bad, what their fore-fathers did,  
They'll put in practice too (else God forbid.)

They are scilious, and much given to range  
In their opinions, and desiring change,  
For if their Country be turmoyl'd with warre;  
They thinke that peace is more commodious farre.  
If they be quiet they would very faine  
Begin to set the warres abroad againe;  
I well remember when an Irish presse,  
Had made a Parish but a man the lesse,  
Lord what a hurly burly there was then!  
These warres (say they) hath cost vs many a man,  
The Country is impoverisht by't, and we  
Robb'd of our Husbands and our Children be;  
With many lamentations: But now peace  
Hath made Bellonaes anger for to cease.  
Their euer-discontented natures grutch,  
And thinke this happy peace we have too much,  
Yea, and their wisdoms beare vs now in hand,  
That it is warres that doth enrich the Land,

But what are these? not men of any merit,  
That speake it from a bold and daring spirit,  
But lighty some faint-hearted brauing Momes,  
That rather had be hang'd at their owne homes  
Than for their Countryes wel-fare for to stay  
The brunt of one pitch battell but a day;  
Or such as would distraitt with feare become,  
To heare the thundring of a martiall Drum.  
They cannot keepe a meane (a naughty crime)  
Nor neuer are contented with the time;

But



Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

But better like the state they haue been in,  
 Although the present hath the better bin.  
 Ene as the Iewes, that loathing Manna, saide  
 Would be in Egypt at their flesh againe,  
 Though they were there in bondage; so doe these  
 Wish for the world as in Queene Marias dayes;  
 With all the blindnesse and the trumperie,  
 That was expeld the Land with Popery;  
 Why? things were cheap, & was a goodly meny  
 When we had foure and twenty egges a penny.  
 But sure they ate them stale for want of wit,  
 And that hath made them addle-headed yet:

Then this (moreouer) I haue in them seene;  
 They alwaies to the good haue enuious been.  
 Milde men they reckon fooles, and doe uphold  
 Him to be valiant that is ouer-bold:  
 When he with wise men is and neuer was  
 Counted no better then a desperate Ass.  
 He that doth trust vnto their loue shall finde  
 Tis more vncoustant than the waivering winde:  
 Which since my time a Man that many knew  
 Relying on it, at his death found true.

Then they haue oft vntankefully withstood  
 Those that haue labour'd for the common-good,  
 And being basely minded euermore,  
 Seeks lesse the publike than the private store.  
 Moreouer, such a Prince as yet was neuer,  
 Of whom the People could speake well of neuer.  
 Nor can a man a Gouvernour inuent them  
 How goodsooner that shall long content them.

Their

## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.

Their honestie as I doe plainly finde  
 Is not the disposition of their minde :  
 But they are forc't unto the same through feare :  
 As in those villaines it may well appeare,  
 Who hauing found some vile vngodly cause,  
 If there be any meanes to vrest the Lawes  
 By tricks or shifts, to make the matter goe  
 As they would haue it, all is well enow,  
 Although the wrong and iniury they proffer,  
 Be too apparant for a Iew to offer.

They know not Iustice; and oft causelesse hate;  
 Or where they should not, are compassionate.  
 As at an Execution I haue scene,  
 Where Malefactor's haue rewarded bene,  
 According to desert; before they know;  
 If the accused guilty be or no :  
 They on report, this hastie censure giue;  
 He is a villaine, and unfit to liue :  
 But when that he is once arraign'd, and found  
 Guilty by Law, and heavily led bound  
 Unto the Scaffold, then they doe relent,  
 And pittie his deserued punishment.

Those that will now braue gallant men be deem'd,  
 And with the Common people be esteem'd,  
 Let them turne Hacksters; as they walke the street,  
 Quarrell and fight with euery one they meet;  
 Learne a Welsh song, to scoffe the British blood,  
 Or break a iest on Scotchmen, that's as good;  
 Or if they would that fools should much admire them,  
 They should be Iugglers if I might desire them :

R

But

Lib. 2. *INCONSTANCIE.* Satyr. 1.

But if they want such seats for to be glorious,  
Make Ballets, and they shall become notorious.

Yet this is nothing; If they looke for fame,  
And meane to haue an euerlasting name  
Amongst the Vulgar, let them seeke for gaine  
With *Ward* the Pirat, on the buist'rous Maine;  
Or else well mounted, keep themselues on land,  
And bid our wealthy Travellers to stand,  
Emptying their ful-cram'd-bags: for that's a trick  
Which sometimes wan renowne to *Cutting Dick*,

But some may tell me, though that they be such,  
It doth not goe against their conscience much:  
And though there's boldnes shown in such a case,  
*Yet to be tost at Tiburne's a disgrace:*

No, 'tis their credit, for the people then,  
Will say, 'Tis pittie, they were proper men.  
With many such like humors base and naught  
I doe perceiue the common people fraught.

Then, by th' opinion of some it seemes,  
How much the vulgar sort of men esteemes  
Of *Art & Learning*. Certaine neighbouring Swaines  
(That think none wise men, but whose wisdom gaines,  
Where *knowledge*, be it morall or diuine,  
Is valued as an Orient-pearle with swine)  
Meeting me in an euening in my walke,  
Beeing gone past me, thus began to talke:  
First an old Chuffe, whose roose I dare be bold,  
Hath Bacon hang's in't about fise yeeres old,  
Said; *That's his sonne that's owner of the grounds  
That on these pleasant Beechy Mountaines bounds;*

Lib. 2. *INCONSTANCIE.* Satyr. 2.

D'ye mark me neighbors? This same young mans vather  
(Hada bin my son, chud a hangd him rather)

Assone as he perceiv'd the little voole  
Could creep about the house, putten to schoole:  
Whether he went, not now and then a spurt,  
As 't had been good to keepe him from the durt;  
Nor yet at leasure times (that's my sonnes stint)  
Ver then indeed there had been reason in't:  
But ver continuance, and beyond all lesse  
Abeld him too't six dayes aweeke, no lesse;  
That by S. Anne it was a great presumption  
It brought him not his end with a Consumption.

And then besides, he was not so content,  
To putten there where as our childers went,  
To learne the Hornbook & the Abcee through:  
No, that he thought not learning halfe enough;  
But he must seeke the Country all about,  
Where he might finde a better Teacher out.  
And then he buyes him (now a pips befall it)  
A wrapping booke, I know not what they call it,  
T'w Latine all; thus it begins: In speech,  
And that's in English, Boy, beware your breech.

One day my Dick a lease on't with him brought;  
Which he out of his fellowes booke had raught,  
And to his Mother and my selfe did read it:  
But we indeed did so extremely dread it,  
We gave him charge no more thereon to looke,  
Ver weare it had been of a conjuring Booke.  
But if you thinke I tell; gee aske my Wife,  
If ere she heard such gibbrish in her life.

## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.

But when be young had conds be same by hart,  
 And of a meny moe the better part;  
 He went to Oxford, where he did remaine  
 Some certaine yeeres, whence bee's returnd againe:  
 Now, who can tell (it in my stomacke sticks)  
 And I doe weare he has some Oxford tricks:  
 But if't be so, would he had nere come hither,  
 For we shall still be sure of blustering weather.  
 To what end comes his paines and vathers cost?  
 Th' ones charges, and the tothers labour's lost.  
 I warrant be so long a learning went,  
 That be almost a brother's portion spent;  
 And now it nought anailes him: By this Helly  
 I thinke all learning in the world a folly;  
 And them I take to be the veriest wooles,  
 That all their life time doe frequent the Schooles.

Go aske him now, and see if all his wits  
 Can tell you when a Barley season hits;  
 When Meddowes must be left to spring, when mowne,  
 When wheat, or tares, or rye, or pease be sowne:  
 He knowes it not, nor when 'tis meet to sold,  
 How to manure the ground that's wet and cold:  
 What Lands are fit for Pasture, what for Corne,  
 Or how to batten what is over-uerne.

Nay, be scarce knowes a Gelding from a Mare,  
 A Barrow from a Zow, nor takes he care  
 Of such like things as these. He knowes not whether  
 There be a difference twixt the Ewe and Wether.  
 Can he resolue you (No, nor many more)  
 If Cowes doe want their vpper teeth before?

Nay,

## Lib.2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr.2.

Nay, I durst paurne a goat beeca'nt tell  
 How many legs a Sheep hath very well.  
 It's not a wise man thinke yee? By the Masse  
 Chamglad at hart my Zonne's not such an Ass:  
 Wee he can tell already all this geare,  
 As well almost as any of vs beere.

And neighbours yet I'll tell you more, my Dick  
 Hath very pretty skil in Arismetrick:  
 Can cast accounts, write's name, & Dunces daughter  
 Taught him to spell the hardest words ith' Zanter.  
 And yet the Boy I'll warrant you know how  
 As well as you or I, to hold the Plow:  
 And this I noted in the Vrichen euer,  
 Bid him to take a Booke, he bad as lether  
 All day haue drawne a Harrow, truth is so,  
 I like't it well, although I made no show;  
 Vnto my comfort I did plainly see,  
 That he hereafter would not bookeish be.

Then, when that hauing nought at home to doe,  
 I sometime forc't him to the schoole to goe,  
 You would haue grien'd in heart to heare him uine;  
 And then how glad he was to keepe the swine,  
 I yet remember: and what tricks the Mome  
 Would haue inuented for to stay at home,  
 You would haue wondred: But 'tis such another,  
 As has a wit in all the world likes Aother.  
 Yet once a month, although it grieues vs than,  
 He'll looke you in a Booke doe what you can:  
 That Mother, Sister, Brother, all vve foure  
 Can scarce perswade him from't in halfe an houre.

*Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Sayr. 2.*

But oft I thinke he does it more of spite  
To anger vs, then any true delight:  
Voe vby? his Mother thinks as others doe,  
And I am halfe of that opinion too,  
Although a little learning be not bad,  
Those that are bookish, are the soonest mad,  
And therefore, sith much wit makes vooles of many,  
Chil take an order, mine shall ne're haue any.

Byr Lady, you'r the wiser (quoth the rest)  
The course you take, in our conceit's the best:  
Your sonne may liue in any place ish Land  
By his industrious and laborious hand,  
Whilst bee (but that his Parents are his stay)  
Hath not the meanes to keep himseife a day.  
His study to our sight no pleasure gines,  
Nor meanes, nor profit, and thereby he limes  
So little thing the better, none needs doubt it,  
He might haue been a happier man without it:  
For though he now can speake a little better,  
It is not words you know will free the debtor.

Thus some, whose speeches shew well what they be,  
For want of matter sell to talke of me:  
Of whom, though somthing they haue said be true,  
Yet sith in speed of giuing Art her due,  
They haue disgrac't it; Notwithstanding I  
Haueno't the knowledge that these Dolts enuy,  
Or can so much without incurring blame,  
As take vnto my selfe a Schollers name:  
Yet now my reputation to saue,  
Sith I must make account of what I haue,



Lib. 2.      *INCONSTANCIE.*      Satyr. 2.

Ile let you know, though they so lightly deeme it,  
What gaine 's in *knowledge*, and how I esteeme it.

As often as I call to minde the Blisse  
That in my little *Knowledge* heaped is;  
The many comforts, of all which the least  
More ioyes my heart than can be well exprest:  
How happy then, think I, are they whose soules  
More wisdom by a thousand part inroules;  
Whose vnderstanding harts are so diuine,  
They can perceiue a *million* more than mine I  
Such haue content indeed. And who that 's Man,  
And should know reason, is so senselesse than  
To spurne at *Knowledge*, *Art*, or *Learning*, when  
That onely shewes they are the race of Men?  
And what may I then of those Peasants deeme,  
The which of wisdom make so small esteeme;  
But that indeed, such *blackish senselesse logs*;  
Sprang from those *Clownes Latona* turn'd to frogs?  
Alas I Suppose they nothing can be got  
By precious stones, 'cause Swine esteeme them not?  
Or doe they thinke, because they cannot vse it,  
That those that may haue *Knowledge*, will refuse it?

Well, if their shallow coxcombs can containe  
A reason when it 's told them, Ile explaine  
How that same little *knowledge* I haue got,  
Much pleasures me, though they perceiue it not.  
For first thereby (though none can heere attaine  
For to renew their first estate againe)  
A part reuiues (although it be but small)  
Of that I lost by my first Fathers fall,

And

*Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.*

And makes me *Man*; which was before (at least)  
 As haplesse, if not more, than is the beast  
 That reason wants: for his condition still,  
 Remaines according to his Makers will.  
 They neuer dreame of that; and then by this,  
 I finde what *godly*, and what *euill* is:  
 That knowing both, I may the best ensue;  
 And, as I ought, the worser part eschew.  
 Then I haue learnt to count that drosse but vaine,  
 For which such *Boores* consume themselues with paine.  
 I can endure all discontentments, crosses,  
 Be *Iouiall* in want, and smile at losses,  
 Keepe vnder *Passions*, stop those insurrections  
 Raile in my *Microcosmus* by affections,  
 Be nothing grieued for Aduersitie,  
 Nor ne're the prouder for Prosperitie:  
 How to respect my Friends I partly know,  
 And in like manner how to vse my Foe.  
 I can see others lay their Soules to pawne,  
 Looke vpon Great-men, and yet scorne to fawne;  
 Am still content, and dare, whilst God giues grace,  
 E'ne looke my grimmeſt fortunes in the face.  
 I feare mens censures as the char-coale sparks,  
 Or as I doe a toothlesse dog that barks;  
 The one frights children, th'other threats to burne:  
 But sparks will die, & brawling curres retorne.  
 Yea, I haue learn't that still my care shall be  
 A rush for him, ~~that~~ cares a straw for me. (sures;  
 Now what would men haue more? Are these no plea-  
 Or doe they not deserue the name of treasures?

Sure


## Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.

Sure yes, and he that hath good *learning* store,  
Shall finde these in 't, besides a thousand more.

O! but our *Cbuffs* think, these delights but course,  
If we compare them to their Hobby-horse:


And they believe not any pleasure can  
Make them so merry as Mayd-marian.

Nor is the Lawyer prouder of his fee,  
Than these will of a Cuckooe Lordship bee:  
Though their sweet Ladies make them sather that  
Some other at their Whitson-ales begat.

But he whose carriage is of so good note  
To be thought worthy of their Lords fooles coat,  
That's a great credit, for because that hee  
Is euer thought the wisest man to be: 

But as there's a vertue where the Diuel's precisest,  
So there's much knowledge where a foole's the wisest.

But what meane I? let earth content these Moles,  
And their high'st pleasure be their Sommer-poles;  
About the which I leave them for to dance,  
And much good doo't them with their *ignorance*.  
So this I hope will serue for to declare  
How rude these *vulgar* sort of people are.

But heereupon there's some may question make,  
Whether I onely for the *vulgar* take   
Such men as these: To whom I answer, no;  
For let them heereby vnderstand and know,  
I doe not meane these meaner sort alone,  
Tradesmen, or Labourers; but every one,  
Be he Esquire, Knight, Baron, Earle, or more,  
Yet if he haue not learn'd of Vertues lore,

But

Lib. 2. *INCONSTANCIE.* Satyr. 2.

But followes *vulgar* Passions, then e'ne he,  
 Amongst the *vulgar* shall for one man be: (him,  
 And the poore Groome that he thinks should adore  
 Shall for his *vertue* be preferd before him.  
 For though the world doth such men much despise,  
 They seeme most noble in a wise-mans eyes.

And notwithstanding some doe noblest deem  
 Such as are sprung of great and high esteem,  
 And those to whom the Country doth afford  
 The title of a Marquis or a Lord,  
 Though 'twere atchieued by their Fathers merits,  
 And they themselves men but of dunghill spirits;  
 Cowards, or Fooles; (And such as euer be  
 Prating or boasting of their Pedigree)  
 When they are nothing but a blot or shame,  
 Vnto the noble house from whence they came:  
 Yet these (I say) vnlesse that they haue wit,  
 To guide the Common-wealth, as it is fit  
 They should; And as their good forefathers did,  
 How ere their faults may seem by Greatnes hid,  
 They shall appeare; And the poore Yeomans sonne,  
 Whose proper vertue hath true honour wonne,  
 Be plac't aboue him: But Nobility  
 That comes by birth, hath most antiquity  
 Some thinke; and tother (if at all  
 They yeeld as noble) they an vpstart call:  
 But I say rather no: his Noblenesse  
 That's rais'd by Vertue, hath most Worthinesse,  
 And is most ancient; for it is the same,  
 By which all Great men first obtain'd their Fame.

*Lib. 2. INCONSTANCIE. Satyr. 2.*

So then I hope 'twill not offend the Court,  
That I count some there with the Vulgar sort,  
And out-set others; yet some thinke me bold,  
Because there's few that these opinions hold.

But shall I care what others think or say?  
There is a path besides the beaten way;  
Yea and a safer; For heere's *Christs Instruction*,  
The broadest way leads soonest to *Destruction*.  
And truly no opinions deceive  
Sooner than those the Vulgar sort receive.  
And therefore, he that would indeed be wise,  
Must learne their rude conditions to despise,  
And shun their presence; for we haue been taught,  
*Diseases in a presse are quicklie caught.*

Now *Satyr* leaue them till another time,  
And spare to scourge the Vulgar with thy Rime:  
If any thinke thou hast digrest too long,  
They may passe over this, and doe no wrong.

But in my former matter to proceed;  
Who (beeing of mans Race) is so much freed  
From sicklenesse, that he is sure to find  
Himselfe to morrow in that very mind  
Hee's in to day? though he not onely know  
No reason wherefore he should not be so;  
But also though he plainly doe perceiue  
Much cause he should not that opinion leaue:  
May no man doe it? Who then iustly can  
Be forced to rely, or trust in Man,  
Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amiss,  
That by himselfe, himselfe deceiued is?

Who

Who is so foolish as to build Salvation  
 On such a feeble tottering foundation  
 As Man? Who is't that hauing a respect  
 To his soules safety, will so much neglect  
 That precious assurance, as to lay  
 His confidence on that false peece of clay,  
 Which beeing fickle, merits farre lesse trust,  
 Than letters written in the sand or dust?  
 Doe they not see those they haue soundest deem'd,  
 And for their constant Writers still esteem'd,  
 All wauering in assertions? yea, but looke  
 And you shall finde in one and the same booke,  
 Such contradiction in Opinion,  
 As shewes their thoughts are scarce at Vnion.  
 ¶ Where finde you him that dares be absolute,  
 Or alwaies in his sayings resolute?  
 There's none; I by mine owne experience speake,  
 I haue a feeling that we men are weake,  
 Whereon much musing, makes me inly mourne,  
 And grieue at hart, that I a Man was borne.  
 (Yet hereupon I doe desire that no man,  
 Would gather that I long to be a woman.)

Alas! how often had I good intendments  
 And with my whole hart vow'd & swore amendments,  
 Yea, purpos'd that, wherein I onct thought neuer  
*Vnconstancy* should let me to perseuer?  
 And yet for all my purpose and my vow,  
 I am oft alterd ere my selfe knowes how.

But therefore, sith it is not I alone,  
 Or any certaine number that is knowne,

Lib. 2. *INCONSTANCIE.* Satyr. 2.

To be vnstable; but e'ne all that be;  
 Sith none (I say) is from this frailty free;  
 Let vs confesse it all, and all implore  
 Our *now repenting* God that *enymore*  
*Remaines the same*, we may be (as we ought)  
 More certaine both in *word*, and *deed*, & *thought*:  
 That he will keepe vs from *Inconstancie*,  
 Yea from all damned, lewd *Apostasie*;  
 And howsoeuer our affections change  
 And we in slight opinions hap to range;  
 Yet, pray his *Trueth* in vs be so ingraued,  
 Continuing to the end we may be saued.

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OF





## OF WEAKNES.

## SATYR. 3.

**B**Vt oh looke heere; for I haue surely found  
 The maine chiefe roots, the very spring & ground  
 Of our *Inconstancie*. It is not *Chance*  
 That so disables our perseuerance;  
 But a base *Weakenesse*: which to tearme aright,  
 Is meereely a priuation of that might,  
 Or a detraction from that little power  
 Which should be in those limbs and minds of ours.  
 Wee boast of strength; but tell me, can our dayes  
 Afford a *Milo*, or a *Hercules*?  
 Can all the world (and that is large enough)  
 A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* show?  
 Haue we a Champion strong enough to wield  
 His Buckler? or Sir *Ajax* seauen-fold Shield?  
 I think we haue not: (but I durst so grant,  
 There be some living shall with *Ajax* vant.)

Nay, now in these dayes it is doubted much,  
 Whether that any former Age had such  
 As these fore-named; but indeed our faith  
 Bindvs to credit, that as Scripture saith

There

There was a *Samson*, who could fright whole hosts,  
 And rent down *Axas* barred gates and posts,  
 Whole mighty Armes vnarm'd could bring to passe,  
 E'ne with the rotten law-bone of an Asse,  
 A thousands ruine; and yet 'twill be long  
 Ere he shall thereby prooue that Man is strong.  
 For first, the strength he seem'd to haue, was known  
 To be the *Spirit of God*, and not his own:  
 And then his proper weaknes did appeare,  
 When after his braue act he had well-neare  
 Been dead for thirst; whereas if he in spight  
 Of Nature, had been able by his might  
 Out of this little Stony-rock to wring,  
 To quench his present thirst some flowing Spring,  
 As did a *Stronger one*: or if his power  
 Could haue compeld the melting clouds to showre  
 For present need, such plentious drops of raine;  
 He might haue had no cause for to complaine,  
 Or craue more aide; Sure then we might at length,  
 Be brought for to belieue that Men had strength;  
 But nere till then. He's mighty that can make  
 The *Heauens, Earth, & Hell*, with 's breath to shake.  
 That in his Spheare the Suns swift course can stop,  
 And *Atlas* with his burthen vnder-prop.  
 He that with ease this massie Globe can rowle,  
 And wrap vp Heauen like a parchment scrowle;  
 He that for no Disease or Paine will droope,  
 Nor vnto any plague Infernall stoope:  
 He that can Meat, & Drink, & Sleep refraine,  
 Or hath the power to Die, and Rise againe.

He's

Hee's strong indeed, but he that can but teare  
 Or rent in two a Lion or a Beare,  
 Or doe some such like act, and then goe lie  
 Himselfe ore-come by some infirmitie,  
 How-cre with vants he seemes his doedes to grace,  
 He is both miserable, weake, and base.  
 What Creature is there borne so weake as Man,  
 And so vnable? tell me, he that can.

Or if that they could numbred be by any,  
 Count his diseases, and what hath so many?  
 Or else what Creature is there, if he be  
 In bone and flesh of the same quantity,  
 So fraile as Man? or that can worse sustaine  
 Hunger, or thirst, or cold, or heat, or paine?  
 Sure none; and yet in Histories we finde,  
 Till *Luxurie* had weakened thus mankind,  
 They were much stronger; could endure the heat,  
 Trauell a long time without drinke or meat:  
 And their best daintie was no costlier thing,  
 Than a wilde roote, or water from the Spring.  
 With which small commons Nature was content;  
 Yea, in our Climate, people naked went;  
 And yet no question felt as little cold,  
 As we, wrapt vp in halfe a dozen fold.  
 They had no wast-coats, night-caps for their heads,  
 Nor downy pillowes, nor soft feather-beds,  
 They scorn'd as much to haue such things about them,  
 As we in this Age scorn to be without them.  
 Their heads some stone bare vp: their brawny sides,  
 With ease the hardnesse of the earth abides.

Glut.

Gluttonous fare that so the palat pleases,  
 Nere filld their bodies full of soule diseases;  
 Nor any pleasing liquors with excesse,  
 Made them grow weak through beastly drunkenesse,  
 No lust-prouoking meats made them vitchaste,  
 Nor vnto carnall copulation haste.  
 For I am in the mind they nere requir'd it,  
 Till Nature, come to her full strength, desir'd it:  
 And that is it alone which made them be  
 More stout, more strong, and brauer men than we.  
 It was a noble care in them indeed: but how  
 Are wee become such Dwarfs and Pigmies now?  
 How are our limbs so weake and feeble grown?  
 I thinke I need not tell it, tis well known;  
*Nice tender breeding*, which we well might spare,  
*Much drunkenesse*, and our *luxurious fare*?  
 Which addes not strength, as some doe vainely say,  
 But rather takes both strength and health away.  
 Yet chiefly this same *imbecillity*,  
 Comes by too soone and frequent *venery*.

A beardless Boy now cannot keep his bed,  
 Vnlesse that he be of his Night-geere spled,  
 And many Giglets I haue married seene,  
 Ere they (forsooth) could reach *eleuenteene*.  
 Nay tis no wonder we are grown so weake,  
 For now they'r matching brats ere they can speak;  
 And though we yet say that the men are stronger,  
 Yet he (I thinke) that liues but so much longer,  
 The reuolution of an Age to see,  
 Will say that men the weaker vessels be.

But now our strength of body, which indeed,  
 Deserves no more respect than doth a Reed,  
 Is not the strength of which I meant to speake,  
 For we are yet another way too *weake*,  
 Our minds have lost their magnanimity,  
 And are so feebled through infirmity;  
 That either to be resolute we care not:  
 Or else because of some base *fear* we dare not.

Where can we almost finde a man so hardy,  
 Who through his *weaknes* is not sometime tardie  
 To speake the truth? or to declare his mind,  
 Though he doe many ill occasions find?  
 Hee'l wink at a friends offence, and passe it blindly,  
 Lest (peradventure) he should take't vnkindly.  
 And if it be a Great man that offends,  
 Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,  
 And Ile admire him. Nay, wee'l rather now  
 Bend our endeauour, and our study how  
 To sooth and fawne; or to their lewdnes tell  
 That all they doe (be't nere so bad) is well.  
 Their very lookes and presence we so feare,  
 As if that they some monstrous *Cyclops* were;  
 Which makes them worse. But howsoere they trust  
 Vnto their *might*, Ile tell them (for I must)  
 Although they threaten, and can slanders make  
 Of iust reproofes, my heart shall neuer quake  
 T'informe their Honors, thus tis censur'd by men,  
 If they be Great-ones, *Tanto magis timen*:

One knowes the *Truth*, but dares not to defendit,  
 Because he heares another discommend it;

Yea diuerſe follow Vertues waies but coldly,  
 Becauſe they dare not doe a good thing boldly:  
 And doe we not perceiue that many a man  
 Fearing to be entitled *Puritan*,  
 Simply neglects the meanes of his ſaluation,  
 Much hazarding thereby his Soules damnation?

Some cannot well endue this or that;  
 Others diſtemperd with I know not what  
 Shew an exceeding frailty: Few can brooke  
 With any patience, that men ſhould looke  
 Into their actions, & though they ſhould loue them,  
 They rather hate them for't that doe reprove them.

Iſ there a man ſo ſtrong, that he forbears  
 Choler or Enuy, when by chance he heares  
 Himſelfe reuil'd, reproached and diſgrac't?  
 If there be ſuch a one, he ſhall be plac't  
 Amongſt the *Worthies*, with the formoſt three:  
 For in my iudgement none more worthy be  
 To haue renowne for ſtrength, than thoſe that can  
 On their rebellious Paſſions play the man.

This *Weakenes* I doe alſo finde in men,  
 They know not their own happineſſe till then  
 When they haue loſt it: And they doe eſteeme  
 Men for their Wealth, and doe them bleſſed deeme  
 That are moſt Rich, ſuppoſing no man more  
 Accurſed or vnhappy than the poore.

Some baſely doe condemn each ſtrange report  
 To be vntrue, becauſe it doth not ſort  
 With their weak reaſons. Some againe will be  
 Aſtoniſhed at euery nouelty:

But too much wondring doth discover plaine,  
Where ignorance and frailtie doth remaine.

Is it not *Weaknes*, when some petty losses,  
Some hindrance in preferment, or such crosses,  
Shall make men griue? Is it not *Weaknes*, when  
Aduersitie shall so disquiet men,  
That they should not with patience sustaine,  
Or vnder-goe a little cross and paine?

Yes questionlesse it is, for were they strong, (wrong,  
They would so arme themselves gainst grieue and  
That no disastrous or ill hap should fright them,  
Though Fortune did the worst she can to spight them:  
Nor would they those, as the vnworthiest deeme,  
To whom Dame Fortune doth most froward seeme;  
But rather such as all their life time be  
In quiet state, and from disturbance free.  
For she oft giues what their base longing craues,  
Because she scornes to vexe dejected slaves.

I haue known *braue men*, braue at least in show  
(And in this Age now that is braue enow)  
That in appearance for braue Champions past,  
And yet haue basely yeelded at the last.

Besides, there's many who thought scorn to droope  
By Fortunes power, haue been made to sloop,  
And with discredit shamefully left vndone  
What they with honour at the first begun:  
And their weak hearts (which frailty I much hate)  
Dejected, haue grown base with their estate:  
Whereas (me thinks) the minde should neuer be  
Subiect to Fortunes frownes nor tyrannie.



Lib. 2.

But heere, through *weaknes* some offence may  
 That I of Fortune should recitall make: (take,  
 For they by Fortune say there's nothing done,  
 But all things are both ended and begun  
 By Gods appointment. I confesse indeed  
 That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed.  
 In the respect of whom, I cannot say  
 Ought comes by Chance: respecting vs, I may.

So they are answer'd: But how can men be  
 So ouer-borne with this infirmitie;  
 As those who are in eu'ry matter led  
 By Parasites & Apes: *Where is their head?*  
 I mean their will; their reason, and their sense.  
 What is become of their intelligence?  
 How is it that they haue such a partiall care,  
 They can iudge nothing true, but what they heare  
 Come from the tongue of some flie Sycophant:  
 But for because they strength of iudgement want?

Those that themselves to Flatteries inure,  
 I haue perceiued basely to endure  
 Too plainly to be soothed, mockt, and flouted,  
 Made coxcombs to their faces; yet not doubted  
 That they were highly reuerenc't, respected,  
 And by those fawning Parasites affected.  
 And why forsooth? They often heare them prate  
 In commendation of their happy state:  
 Yes, and they tell them that they vertuous be,  
 Wise, courteous, strong, and beautifull to see:  
 When if the eye of reason were not lockt,  
 They plainly might perceiue that they were mockt.

For what is't else, when they are prais'd for many  
Goodly conditions, that had neuer any?

This frailty also merits to be blam'd,  
When fearefull of reproach we are asham'd  
Our Ignorance in those things to explaine,  
Wherein 'twere fit more knowledge to attaine.  
'Tis weakenes also, when a Bargaine's bought,  
Then to dispraise the penniworth, as nought,  
And tell what might haue been, or fondly prate  
Of counsell, when he sees it is too late.

Nor is it any lesse, to seeke to slay  
Him that we know doth hasten on his way;  
Or be importunate for that which will  
Be nothing for our good, yet others ill.  
Also to be affraid for to gaine-say  
What men doe know vntrue: or to delay  
The right of any matter to declare;  
Because they feare they vnbelieued are  
For notwithstanding *Truth* doth oft bring blame,  
It may be freely spoken without shame.

Diuerse more waies, of which I needs must speak,  
There's many men do shew themselves but weak.  
In some but lately I obserued this,  
And must needs say, their nature euill is;  
If friends to them haue any kindness shown,  
Or entertainments willingly bestown,  
That they confesse they are indebted for it:  
Yet such is their condition (I abhor it)  
If then those friends doe hap to take the paine,  
To come sometime and visite them againe

In meere good will, because these weake ones see  
 They cannot then so well provided be  
 To bid them welcome as their loves require,  
 (Though more than love their loves did nere desire)  
 A foolish shame so blinde them, that they shall  
 (For giuing them too much) haue nought at all:  
 Yea, for because they want excessive fare, (care,  
 Or some such things, for which their friends nere  
 (Though by their will it otherwise had been)  
 They neither will be known at home, nor seen:  
 Which doth not onely shew impiety,  
 But hindereth loue, and barres societie.

Yet now the greatest weaknes that I find  
 To be in man, is ignorance of mind:  
 It makes a poore man he's scarce good for ought;  
 If rich men haue it, they are worse then nought.  
 For hauing riches store, and wanting might  
 Or strength of minde to vse the same aright,  
 Tis Arrogancies and Ambitions fuell,  
 It makes them Couetous, Inconstant, Cruell,  
 Intemperate, Vniust, and wondrous heady:  
 Yea, in their actions rude, and so vnsteady  
 They cannot follow any sound direction,  
 But are still carried with a wild affection:  
 This is their nature; (It is quickly noted).  
 If they to honour be by hap promoted,  
 Then they grow insolent, beyond all reason,  
 Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treason;  
 Or any villany that followes those  
 Who do the summe of happinesse repose

In worldly glory. But if Fortune frowne,  
 And from her fickle wheele once cast them downe;  
 Then their dejected harts againe grow base,  
 They are impatient of their present case,  
 Raue or run mad, and can do nought poore Elues,  
 Vnlesse it be goe hang or drown themselves.

Moreouer, the same weaknes that proceeds  
 From ignorance, this mischiefe also breeds;  
 It makes men well conceited of their will,  
 Which they will follow be it ne're so ill:  
 And they thinke all things needs must fall out bad,  
 Wherein their wise aduise may not be had.  
 But heere's the hell: to them all counsell's vaine,  
 Cause they all others wisdom doe disdain,  
 And wholly on their owne deuises rest;  
 As men perswaded that their own are best.

But, as all such are weake, e'ne so I say  
 Is every one that rashly doth repay  
 Vengeance in anger: Or that's malecontent  
 Oft, or oft mooued and impatient;  
 Or those that iudge of counsells by th' event;  
 Or that perswade themselves, if their intent  
 Be good and honest, that it doth not skill  
 Although the matter of it selfe be ill;  
 Which were it true, then *Dauid* might complaine,  
 That *Izzab* for his good intent was slaine.

Others againe, thinke Superstitious Rites  
 To be the seruice wherein God delights:  
 But sith I'm forc't my mind of them to speake,  
 I must needs say their iudgements are but weake.

The like I must of them who disesteeme  
 All former customs, and doe onely deeme  
 Their own praise-worthy: As also such as do  
 Thinke those things best they cannot reach vnto;  
 Yet in the Vulgar this weake humor's bred:  
 They'l sooner be with idle customs led,  
 Or fond opinions (such as they haue store)  
 Than learne of reason, or of Vertues lore.

We thinke that we are strong, but what alas  
 Is there that our great might can bring to passe?  
 Sith though we thereto bend e'ne all our will,  
 We neither can be good nor wholly ill.  
 God giues vs needfull blessings for to vse them,  
 Which wanting power to doe, we oft abuse them.

Some hold them wise & vertuous that possesse  
 An Heremitall solitarinesse:  
 But it proceeds from *Imbecillity*;  
 And for because, through *Non-ability*,  
 Those things they cannot well endure to do,  
 Which they indeed should be inur'd vnto:  
 Besides, they wrong their Country & their Friends;  
 For Man (saith *Tully's*) borne to other ends  
 Than for to please himselfe: A part to haue  
 The Common-weale doth looke, and Parents craue  
 A part; so doe his friends. Then deales he well,  
 That closely mew'd vp in a carelesse Cell  
 Keepes all himselfe? and for a little ease,  
 Can in his conscience finde to rob all these?  
 I say hee's weake, and so againe I must;  
 But adde withall, hee's slothfull and vniust.

Then,

Then, as hee's vaine that precious time doth spend  
 In fond and idle pleasure, to no end:  
 So are those weak, that with contempt disdain  
 All pleasure and delight on earth, as vaine;  
 And though they would be zealous thought, & wise,  
 I shall but count them foolishly precise:  
 For Man hath cares, & pleasures mixt with-all  
 Are needfull: yea, both iust and naturall.  
 We are no *Angels*, that our recreation  
 Consist should onely in meere contemplation:  
 But we haue bodies too, of whose due pleasure,  
 The Soules must find some times to be at leasure  
 For to participate. But in this kinde,  
 Though some find fault, we are not much behind.

Then 'tis through humane weaknes, when that we  
 Of a good turne will soone forgetfull be;  
 And readier to reuenge a small offence,  
 Than for that good to make a recompence.  
 And so 'tis also when that we eschew,  
 Or shun them, vnto whom from vs is due  
 Both loue and money: this, because their owne;  
 Th' other, 'cause friendship at our need was showne.  
 But 'tis well seene, there's many so abhor  
 To be in preface with their Creditor, (friend,  
 That (thanklesse Elues) though he be still their  
 They rather would desire to see his end.

Hee's weak too, that's not able to withstand  
 Any vnlawfull or vniust demandaund:  
 As well as he that knowes not to denie  
*Seruing-mens* kindnesse, or *Pot-cutties*.

Some

Some simple fellowes, 'cause that Silken-fooles  
 (Who had their bringing vp in *Bacchus* schooles)  
 In shew of loue, but daigne to drink vnto them,  
 Think presently they such a fauour do them,  
 That though they feeble their stomach wel-nigh sick,  
 Yet if to pledge these Kind-ones they should stick,]  
 Or for a draught or two, or three refuse them,  
 They think in cōscience they shold much abuse them.

Nay, there be some, and wise men you would think,  
 That are not able to refuse their drink (sure  
 Through this their weaknes; though that they bee  
 'Tis more than their weak stomachs can endure.  
 And why? Oh 'tis the health of some great Peere,  
 His Masters, or his Friend he counteth deere.  
 What then? If so the party vertuous be,  
 Hee'l not esteeme of such a foolery;  
 If not, who er't be, this is my mind still,  
 A straw for's loue, his friendship, or good will.

Some muse to see those that haue knowledge gain'd,  
 And to Degrees of Art in Schooles attain'd,  
 Should haue opinions stufte with heresie,  
 And in their actions such simplicity  
 As many haue. At first, without a pause,  
 As meere a Boy as I may tell the cause:  
 Is't not the reason, their acquired parts  
 And knowledge they haue reacht vnto by Arts,  
 Is grown a match too great, and farre vnfit  
 For to be ioyned with their naturall wit?  
 'Tis so: and they instead of rightfull vsing,  
 Draw from their learning, errors, by abusing.

Plaine



Plaine Reason shewes, and every mans that's wise  
 Knowes, though that Learning be a dainty prize,  
 Yet if that Fate with such a weakling place it,  
 Who hath no helps of Nature for to grace it,  
 Or one whose proper knowledge is so small  
 Hee is beholding to his Booke for all;  
 It onely breeds (vnlesse it be some Treasons)  
 Crippled Opinions, and prodigious Reasons:  
 Which beeing fauour'd, brings, in the Conclusion,  
 Publique Diffensions, or their owne Confusion.

For I may liken Learning to a Shield,  
 With a strong Armour lying in a Field,  
 Ready for any man that hath the wit  
 To take it vp and arme himselfe with it:  
 Now, if he be a man of strength and might,  
 That happens on that furniture to light,  
 He may doe wonders; As, offend his foe,  
 And keepe himselfe and his from ouerthrow:  
 But, if a weake and feeble man should take  
 These instruments of Mars, what would they make  
 For his aduantage? Surely I should gather  
 They would goe neere to overthrow him rather:  
 For they would load him so, a man more strong  
 Although he be narm'd, may doe him wrong.  
 So he that is depriv'd of Natures gifts,  
 With all his Learning, maketh harder shifts  
 Through his own weaknes, & incurs more shames,  
 Than many that want Art to write their Names.

We haue some fellows that would scorne to be  
 Tearm'd *weake* I know, especially by me,

Because

Because they see that my vngentle Fate,  
 Allow'd me not to be a Graduate;  
 Yet whatsoever they will say vnto it,  
 For all their scorn'ing I am like to doe it.  
 And to be brieft, they are no simplefooles,  
 But such as haue yauld *Ergo* in the Schooles,  
 Who being by some men of Worship thought,  
 Fit men by whom their children may be taught,  
 And learn'd enough, for that they are allow'd  
 The name of Teachers, whereof growing proud,  
 Because (perhaps) they heare that now and then  
 They are admir'd at by the Seruing-men;  
 Or else by reason something they haue said,  
 Hath been applauded by the Chamber-maid;  
 They thereupon suppose that no man may  
 Hold any thing for truth but what they say:  
 And in discourse their tongues so much will walke,  
 You may not heare a man of reason talke;  
 They are halfe Preachers, if your question be  
 Of matters that concerne Diuinitie.  
 If it be Law, Ile warrant they'l out-face  
 A dozen *Ploydens* to maintaine their case;  
 But if it be of Physick you contend,  
 Old *Galen* and *Hippocrates* may send  
 For their opinion; nay, they dare professe  
 Knowledge in all things, though there's none know  
 Now I should wonder they preuail'd so much (lesse:  
 Did not the Common-people fauour such;  
 But they are known although their verdit passes,  
 Proud *Dogmatists*, and selfe-conceited Asses;

Whom

Whō I may tearme (though I cannot out-scoold them)  
*Weake simple fooles, & those that doe uphold them.*

Moreouer, some (but foolishly precise,  
 And in my iudgement, far more weak than wise)  
 Misiudge of Poetry, as if the same  
 Did worthily deserue reproach and blame.  
 If any Booke in verset they hap to spy,  
*Oh, out upon't, away, profane, they cry,*  
*Burn't, read it not, for sure it doth containe*  
*Nothing but fables of a lying braine;*  
 All-aske take heed, indeed it oft pollutes  
 The out-side of thy false-vain-glorious-futes:  
 And to the blinded people makes it plaine,  
 The colour thou so counterfet't will staine.

Because we see that men are drunk with Wine,  
 Shall we contemne the liquor of the Vine?  
 And sith there's some that doe this Art misuse,  
 Wilt therefore thou the Art it selfe abuse?  
 'Twere meere iniustice: For *Dinjmitis*  
 Hath with no Science more affinitie  
 Than this; and howsoere this scruple rose,  
 Rime hath exprest as sacred things as Prose;  
 When both in this Age, and in former time,  
 Prose hath bin ten-times more profane than Rime.

But they say still that Poetry is lies  
 And fables; such as idle heads deuise;  
 Madeto please fooles: but now we may by this  
 Perceiue their weaknes plainly what it is:  
 Yea, this both weak & ignorant doth proue them,  
 In that they'l censure things that are aboue them:

For

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Sayr. 3.

For if that worthy Poets did not teach  
 A way beyond their dull conceited reach,  
 I thinke their shallow wisedomes would espy,  
 A Parable did differ from a Lie.  
 Yea, if their iudgement be not quite bereft;  
 Or if that they had any reason left,  
 The precious Truths within their fables wrapt,  
 Had not vpon so rude a censure hapt.

But though that kind of teaching some dispraise,  
 As there's few good things lik't of now adaies:  
 Yet I dare say, because the Scriptures show it,  
 The best ere taught on earth, taught like a Poet:  
 And whereas Poets now are counted base,  
 And in this worthelesse Age in much disgrace;  
 I of the cause cannot refraine to speak,  
 And this it is: Mens iudgements are grown weak,  
 They know not true desert; for if they did  
 Their wel deseruings could not so be hid.

And sure if there be any doth despise  
 Such as they are; it is cause he enuies  
 Their worthinesse; and is a secret foe  
 To every one that truly learns to know:  
 For, of all sorts of men here's my belife,  
 The Poet is most worthy, and the chiefe:  
 His Science is the absolur'st and best,  
 And deserues honour aboue all the rest;  
 For tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,  
 But rather tis inspir'd into the heart  
 By *Divine* meanes; and I doe muse men dare  
 Twixt it & their professions make compare.

For

For why should he that's but Philosopher,  
 Geometrician, or Astrologer,  
 Physician, Lawyer, Rhetorician,  
 Historian, Arithmetician,  
 Or some such like; why should he (having found  
 The meanes but by one Art to be renown'd)  
 Compare with him that claimes to haue a part  
 And interest almost in euery Art?  
 And if that men may adde vnto their name,  
 By one of these, an euerlasting fame,  
 How much more should it vnto them befall,  
 That haue not onely one of these, but all,  
 As Poets haue? for doe but search their Works,  
 And you shall find within their writing lurks  
 All knowledge; If they vndertake  
 Of *Diuine* matters any speech to make,  
 You'll think them Doctors. If they need to tell  
 The course of Starres, they seeme for to excell  
 Great *Ptolomey*; Intend they to perswade,  
 You'll think that they were Rhetoricians made.

What *Law*, what *Physicke*, or what *History*,  
 Can these not treat of? Nay, what *Mysterie*  
 Are they not learn'd in? If of Trades they write,  
 Haue they not all their tearms and words as right  
 As if they had seru'd an Apprentiship?  
 Can they not name all Toolles for workmanship?  
 We see it true? If once he treat of Warres,  
 Of cruell bloody frayes, of wounds, of scarres,  
 Why then he speakes so like a Souldier there,  
 That he hath been begot in arms thou'lt swear.

Againe,

Lib. 2.

WEAKNES.

Satyr.

Again, he writes so like a Navigator,  
 As if he had seru'd *Neptunus* in the water,  
 And thou wouldst thinke he might of trauell mate  
 As great a volume, as our famous *Drake*,  
 Old *Pratens*, and *Vermont* are but Apes,  
 Compar'd to these, for shifting of their shapes,  
 There is no humorous Passion so strange,  
 To which they cannot in a moment change  
 Note but their *Dramaticks*, and you shall see  
 They'l speak for euery sex, for each degree,  
 And in all causes, as if they had been,  
 In euery thing, or at least all things scene.  
 If need bee they can like a Lawyer prate,  
 Or talke more gravely like a man of State,  
 They'l haue a Tradesmans tongue to praise their wares,  
 And counterfet him right (but they'l not sweare.)  
 The curious Physicians (if they please)  
 Shall not coine words to giue their Patient ease,  
 So well as they; And if occasion vrge,  
 They'l Cholera, yea and Melancholy purge,  
 Onely with charms and words; and yetir shall  
 Be honest meanes, and meetely naturall:  
 Are they dispos'd to gossip 't like a woman,  
 They'l shew their tricks so right, that almost no man  
 But would so thinke them: Virgins that are purest,  
 And Maierons that make shew to be demurest,  
 Speake not so like chaste *Cynthia* as they can,  
 Nor *Newbery* so like a Curtezian.  
 They'l giue words either fitting for a Clown,  
 Or such as shall not vnbecome a Crowne.

T

In

In shew they will be cholerick, ambitious,  
Desperate, icalpus, mad, or enuious;  
In sorrow, brin any Passion be;  
But yet remaine still, from all passions free:  
For they haue onely to this end exprest them,  
That men may see them plainer, and detest them,

But some will say that these haue on the Stage,  
So painted out the vices of this Age,  
That it not onely tels that they haue bin  
Experienc't in every kind of sin,  
But that it also doth corrupt, and shew  
How men should act those sins they did not know.

Oh hatefull saying I not pronounc't by chance,  
But spew'd out of malicious ignorance.  
Weigh it, and you will either think these weake,  
Or say that they doe out of enuyspeake:  
Can none declare th' effect of Drunkennesse,  
Vnlesse they vsed such like beastlinesse?  
Are all men ignorant what comes by Lust,  
Excepting those that were themselves vnjust?  
Or think they no man can describe a sin,  
But that which he himselte hath wallowed in?

If they suppose so, I no cause can tell,  
But they may also boldly say as well  
They are Apprentices to euery Trade,  
Of which they finde they haue descriptions made;  
Or else, because they see them writ those things  
That doe belong to Rule, best say th' are Kings:  
As though that sacred *Poesie* inspir'd  
No other knowledge than might be acquir'd



By the dull outward sense, yes, this is she,  
That shoves vs not alone all things that be,  
But by her power layes before our view,  
Such wondrous things as Nature neuer knew.

And then whereas they say that men are worse  
By reading what these write, tis their own curse,  
For is the flower faulty, cause we see  
The loathsome Spyder and the painfull Bee  
Make diuerse vse on't? No it is the same  
Vnto the Spider, though she cannot frame  
Like sweetnesse as the Bee thence. But indeed  
I must confesse that this bad Age doth breed  
Too many that without respect presume  
This worthy title on them to assume,  
And vnderu'd, base fellows, whom meer time  
Hath made sufficient to bring forth a Rime,  
A Curtaine ligge, a Libell, or a Ballet,  
For Fiddlers, or some Rogues with staffe and wallet  
To sing at doores: men onely wise enough,  
Out of some rotten-old-worme-eaten stuffe  
To patch vp a bald witleffe Comedy,  
And trim it here and there with Ribauldry  
Learn'd at a bawdy house? I say there's such,  
And they can neuer be disgrac't too much.  
For though the name of *Poet* such abuses,  
Yet they are enemies to all the *Muses*,  
And dare not sort with them for feare they will  
Tumble them headlong downe *Parnassus* hill.

Why then should their vsurping of it, wrong  
That Title which doth not to them belong?

And wherefore should the shame of this lewd crew  
 Betidethem, vnto whom true honour's due?  
 It shall not, for how ere they vse the name,  
 Their works will show how they doe merit fame;  
 And though it be disgrac't through ignorance,  
 The generous will *Poesie* aduance,  
 As the most Antique Science that is found,  
 And that which hath been the first root and ground  
 Of euery Art; yea, that which onely brings  
 Content; and hath been the delight of Kings.  
 Great IAMES our King, both loues & liues a Poet,  
 (His books now extant doe directly show it)  
 And That shall adde vnto his worthy name,  
 A better glory, and a greater fame  
 Than *Britaines Monarchy*; for few but hee  
 (I think) will both a King and Poet be;  
 And for the last, although some fooles debase it,  
 I'm in the minde that *Angels* doe embrace it:  
 And though God glue't heere but in part to some,  
 All shall haue't perfect in the World to come.

This in defence of *Poesie* to say  
 I am compeld, because that at this day,  
*Weakenesse* and *Ignorance* haue wrong'd it sore:  
 But what need any man therein speake more  
 Than *Diuine Sidney* hath already done?  
 For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)  
 I haue oft sigh'd, and bewail'd my Fate,  
 That brought me forth so many yeeres too late  
 To view that *Worthy*; And now thinke not you  
 Oh *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Iohnson*, *Chapman*, how

Lib. 2.

WEAKNES.

Satyr. 3

I long to see you with your fellow Peeres,  
 Syluester matchlesse, glory of these yecrest  
 I hitherto haue onely heard your famie,  
 And know you yet but by your Works & Names  
 The little time I on the earth haue spent,  
 Would not allow me any more content:  
 I long to know you better, that's the truth,  
 I am in hope you'll not disdain my Youth.  
 For know you *Muses Darlings*, Ile not craue  
 A fellowship amongst you for to haue:  
 Oh no; for though my euer willing hart  
 Haue vow'd to loue and praise You & your Art,  
 And though that I your stile doe now assume,  
 I doe not, nor I will not so presume,  
 I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet*;  
 It is not yet deseru'd by mee, I know it:  
 Grant me I may but on your *Muses* tend,  
 And be enroul'd their Seruant, or their Friend;  
 And if desert hereafter worthy make me,  
 Then for a *Fellow* (if it please you) take me.

But yet I must not heere giue off to speake,  
 To tell Men wherein I haue found them weak,  
 And chiefly those that cannot brooke to heare  
 Mention of Death, but with much grieve and feare:  
 For many are not able once to take  
 That thought into them, but their Soules will quake.

Poore feeble spirits, would you nere away,  
 But dwell for euer in a peece of Clay?  
 What finde you heere wherein you doe delight,  
 Or what's to seeing that is worth the sight?

Lib. 2.

WEAKNES.

Satyr. 3.

What? doe the heavens thy endeavours blesse,  
 And would'st thou therefore live still to possesse  
 The joy thou hast? Seeke't not; perhaps to morrow,  
 Thou'lt wisht to have di'd to day, to scape the sorrow  
 Thou then shalt see: for shame take stronger harts,  
 And adde more courage to your better parts:  
 For Death's not to be fear'd, sith tis a Friend  
 That of your sorrowes makes a gentle end.

But heere a qualitie I call to minde,  
 That I amongst the Common-people finde;  
 This 'tis, a weeake one too; When they perceiue  
 A friend neere death, and ready for to leave  
 This wretched life; and if they heare him say  
 Some parting words, as if he might not stay,  
*Nay, say not so* (these comforters reply)  
*Take heart, your time's not come, yee shall not die:*  
*Wont man, and graces of God, you shall be stronger,*  
*And live no doubt, yet many a faire day longer.*  
 Thinke not on Death; with many such like words,  
 Such as their vnderstanding best affords:  
 But where is now become this peoples wit?  
 What doe their knowledges esteeme more fit  
 Than death to thinke on? chiefly when men be  
 About to put off their Mortalitie.  
 Me thinks they rather should perswade them then,  
 Fearelesse to be resolu'd to die like Men:  
 For, want of such a resolution stings  
 At poynt of Death; and dreadfull horror brings  
 E'ne to the Soule; cause wanting preparation,  
 She lies despayring of her owne saluation.

Lib. 2.

WEAKNES.

Suyr. 3.

Yea and moreouer, this full well know I,  
 Hee that's at any time affraid to die,  
 Is in weake case; and whatso'ere he saith,  
 Hath but a wavering and a feeble Faith.

But what need I goe further to relate  
 The frailetie I have scene in Mans estate?  
 Sith this I have already said makes cleere,  
 That of all Creatures God hath placed heere,  
 (Provided we respect them in their kinde)  
 We cannot any more vnable finde:  
 For, of our selues we have not power to speake;  
 No, nor to frame a thought, we are so weake.  
 Against our bodies eu'ry thing preuailes,  
 And oft our knowledge & our iudgement failes:  
 Yea, if that one mans strength were now no lesse  
 Than all men doe in generall possesse;  
 Or if he had attain'd to ten times more  
 Than all Gods creatures ioyn'd in one before;  
 Yet would his power be euen then so small,  
 When he stands surest, hee's but sure to fall.

'Tis onely *weaknes* that doth makes vs droope,  
 And vnto crosses and diseases stoope;  
 That makes vs vaine, inconstant, and vn Timer,  
 Vnable any good things to endure:  
 It brings vs to the seruile base subiection  
 Of all loose passion, and vntam'd affection:  
 It leads vs and compels vs oft to stray,  
 Both beside Truth, & out of Reasons way:  
 And lastly wee, and that because of this,  
 Either doe nothing, or doe all amiss.

Which

*Lik. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.*

Which beeing so, wee may with *David* then,  
Confesse that we are rather *Wormes*, than *Men*.



## OF PRESUMPTION.

SATYR. 4.

**S**oft heedlesse *Muse*, thou no aduise ment tak'st,  
Walt not of *Men* that last of all thou spak'st?  
It was: and of the *weakenesse* too of *Men*:  
Come then with shame now and denie't agen;  
Recant; for so the matter thou didst handle,  
Thou maist be curst for't with *Bell, Booke, & Candle*.  
Is mankinde yveake? Who then can by their powers  
Into the Aire hurle Palaces and Towers?  
And with one blast e'ne in a moment make  
Whole Kingdoms & braue Monarchies to shake?  
Or what are they that dare for to aspire  
Into Gods seat, and, if it might be, higher:  
That forgive sinnes as fast as men can doe them,  
And make *Iehonah* be beholding to them?

I'ue

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Say. 4.

I've heard of such; What are they? Would I wist, if  
They can make Saints (they say) of whom they list: A;  
And being made, about the flarres can seat them, as  
Yea, with their own hands make their gods & eat them.

Ha? Are they men? How dar'st thou then to speake  
Such Blasphemy, to say, *Mankinde is vweak*?  
I tell thee this, *Muse*, either *Man* is strong,  
And through thy babbling thou hast done him wrong,  
Or else beyond his limits he doth erre,  
And for *Presumption* puts downe *Lucifer*:  
Is't so? Nay then I prethee *Muse* goe on,  
And let vs heare of his *Presumption*:  
For I doe know, cause I have heard him vaunt,  
That he's a Creature proud and arrogant:  
And it may be he is not of such might  
As he makes shew for, but vsurps some's right.  
There't goes indeed: For though he be so base,  
So weake, and in such miserable case,  
That I want words of a sufficient worth,  
To paint his most abhorred vilenesse forth,  
Yet such is also his detested Pride,  
That I suppose the Diuell is belide  
By every man that shall affirme or say  
Hee is more proud. For doe but mark I pray  
This Creature *Man*: did *Nature* powerfull King,  
(G O D, that of nothing framed every thing)  
Mould, out of Clay, a peece which he had rent  
E'ne from the Earth, the basest Element:  
And whereas he might have been made a *Thral*,  
Yea, and the very *Underling* of all,

That



## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. SATYR 4.

That God with title of *Chiefe Ruler* grac't him,  
 And as a Steward ouer all things plac't him :  
 Gaue him a pleasant Garden for to till,  
 And leaue to eate of eu'ry Tree at will ;  
 Onely of *one* indeed he did deny him,  
 And peradventure of that *one* to try him.  
 But see his insolence ; though God did threat  
 Death if he eate, and though that God was great,  
 And so exceeding lust, that he well knew  
 All that he threatned doubtleffe would ensue :  
 Thogh God were strong, & could, had man bin prouder  
 (Pore clay-bred worme) haue stamp't him into pouder,  
 Yet (notwithstanding all this same) did he  
 Presume to taste of that *forbidden Tree*.  
 :<sup>m</sup> A rash beginning ; but helpe'd so ill,  
 D'yee think he held on this presumption still ?  
 To heare he had left that offence, 'twere newes ;  
 But *Caine*, and *Nimrod*, *Pharaob* and the *Iewes*  
 Shew'd it continued ; and grew much more,  
 Rather than lesse, than it was before.  
*Caine* in his murther, and his proud reply ;  
*Nimrod* in that he dar'd to build so high ;  
*Pharaob* by boldly tempting God, to show  
 His sundry plagues to Egypts ouerthrow :  
 And many waies the last. But what need I  
 Recite examples of Antiquitie ?  
 Or thus to tax old ages of that crime,  
 Sith there was nere a more presumptuous time  
 Than this that's now. What dare not men to do,  
 If they haue any list or minde thereto ?

Their

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Sayer. 4.

Their fellow creatures they do much contemne,  
 Vaunting that all things were ordain'd for them;  
 Yea, both the glad some dayes & quiet nights,  
 Sun, Moone, & Heaven, with those glorious lights,  
 Which so bespangle that faire azure roose,  
 They think were onely made for their behoofe:  
 When as alas, their power and weak command,  
 Cannot extend so farre as to withstand  
 The least Starres force, o're them & their estate,  
 Sun, Moone, & Starres too, doe predominate.

Before our Fall indeed we did excell  
 All other creatures that on earth did dwell;  
 But now, I thinke the very worst that be,  
 Have iust as much to boast vpon as we.  
 Our Soule's defil'd; And therefore, if in Sense  
 We place our worth and chiefe preheminence,  
 Tis known that there be diuerse creatures then  
 Will haue the vpper hand; for they passe men:  
 And though we still presume vpon't, tis vaine  
 To challenge our old Sou'raignty againe:  
 For when that we from our obedience fell,  
 All things against vs also did rebell,  
 Lions and Beares, and Tygers fought our bloud,  
 The barren earth deny'd to yeeld vs food:  
 The clouds rain'd plagues, and yet dare we go on,  
 We finde such pleasure in *Presumption*.

But for because there's some doe scarcely know  
 How we doe in that fault offend, Ie show:  
 First, when that they new worshippings indent,  
 And cannot hold themselves so well content

With

*Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr 4.*

With that which God doth in his Word ordaine,  
 As with inventions of their own weak braine;  
 It seemes they think, their fancies to fulfill,  
 Would please him better than to haue his will.

Next, I doe reckon them that ouer-bold,  
 Gods sacred Legend haue at will controld;  
 And maugre his grand curse, some places chang'd;  
 Added to some; and some againe estrang'd.

Then, those great Masters I presumptuous deeme,  
 That of their knowledge doe so well esteeme:  
 They will force others, as the Papists doo  
 For to allow of their opinion too;  
 Yea, though it be a meere imagination,  
 That neither hath good ground, nor iust foundation.

Some will be prying, though they are forbidden,  
 Into those secrets God meant should be hidden.  
 So doe some Students in Astrologie,  
 Though they can make a faire Apologie.  
 And so doe those that very vainely try  
 To finde our fortunes by their Palmistry:  
 These doe *presume*, but much more such as say  
*At this, or that time comes the Iudgement day.*

Or such as aske, or dare for to relate  
 What GOD was dooing ere he did create  
 Heaven and Earth: or where he did abide;  
 How, and by whom, he then was glorified.  
 But those that into such deep secrets wind,  
 A slender profit in their labour find;  
 For, to make known how highly they offend,  
 A desperate madnes is oft-times their end.

Yet

Lib. 2.

## PRESUMPTIN.

Sayer. 4.

Yet such their nature is, they'l not beware,

But to be prying further still they dare:

For sure, that longing can no way be staid:

Which well the Poet seem'd to know, who said;

*Man, what he is forbidden, still desires;*

*And what he is deny'd of, most requires.*

Rather then many will a man gaine say,

(may,

They dare make bold with God: they think they

Because it seemes they deeme him not so strong,

Or so well able to revenge a wrong.

Some, such great power to themselves assume,

And on their own strength doe so much presume,

They sildome doe for Gods assistance craue;

As if it were a needlesse thing to haue:

Which is the cause, that often the conclusion

Prooves their own shame, their hind'rance & confusion.

In *Praying*, men presume, vnlesse they be

With eu'ry one in loue and charitie:

Or if in their Petitions they desire

Such things as are vnlawfull to require.

Death's their reward, we know, that break the law;

But neither that, nor yet damnations awe

Keepes vs from sinne; a thousand God-heads more

Than one wee make, and dare for to adore

Our own hand-works: the Sabbath we disdain,

And dreadlesse take the Name of God in vaine.

If but by his Lords hand an Irish swear,

To violate that oath he stands in feare;

Lest him both of his lands & goods he spoile,

For making him the instrument of guile:

And

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

And yet dare we (poore wormes) before his face,  
 (Respecting whom, the greatest Lords are base)  
 Both swear, & forswear, vsing that great Name  
 At pleasure, without any feare of blame.

Why should not we as well suppose that he  
 Who in our hearts would haue no fraud to be,  
 Will miserable, poore, and naked leaue vs,  
 Yea, of those Blessings and Estates bereaue vs  
 We now hold of him, if we thus contemne,  
 And still abuse his sacred Name and him?

But men secure in wickednes persist,  
 As if they could please God with what they list;  
 If they can, *Lord haue mercy on them say,*  
 And mumble some few Prayers once a day,  
 There needs no more: nay surely, there be such,  
 That thinke it is enough; if not too much.  
 But what's their reason? God made all the man,  
 Why should he haue but part allow'd him than?  
 He in their seruice nothing doth delight,  
 Vnlesse it be with all their strength and might,  
 With their whole heart and soule, and that way too  
 As he appoints them in his Word to doo.

Some men there are who hope by honesty,  
 By their Almes-deeds, and works of Charitie  
 To win Gods fauour, and so to obtaine  
 Salvation by it; but their hope's in vaine.

Others there are who for because th'au'e faith  
 For to belecue is true the Scripture saith;  
 Sith they haue knowledge in Religion,  
 And make thereof a strict profession;

Or

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Sayr. 43

Or doe obserue the outward worship duly;  
Do think that therein they haue pleas'd God truly.

Now these are iust as farre as th'other wide,  
For they Gods worship do by halfe aduide;  
And for his due, which is e'ne all the hart,  
Doe dare presume to offer him a part.  
But th'one must know he will not pleased be;  
With a Religion that wants honestie:  
And th'other, that as little good will doo  
His honest shewes without Religion too.

If this be so (as so it is indeed)  
How then will those presumptuous fellows speed  
Who thinke (forsooth) because that once a yeere  
They can affoord the poore some slender cheere,  
Obserue their Country feasts, or Common doles,  
And entertaine their Christmas Wassaile bowles,  
Or else because that for the Churches good,  
They in defence of *Hock tide* custome stood,  
A *Wasson-Ale*, or some such goodly motion,  
The better to procure young mens deuotion?  
What will they doe, I say, that thinke to please  
Their mighty God with such vaine things as these?  
Sure very ill; For though that they can mone,  
And say that Loue and Charity is gone,  
As old folkes doe, because their banquettings,  
Their ancient drunken-summer reuelings  
Are out of date; though they can say, through teaching,  
And since the Gospell hath had open preaching,  
Men are grown worse; though they can soone espy  
A little moat in their owne neighbours eye;

Yea,

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Yea, though that they their *Pater noster* can,  
 And call their honest neighbour *Puritan*;  
 How ere they in their own conceits may smile,  
 Yet sure they are *presumptuous, vaine, and vile*.

Also in this abominable time,  
 It is amongst vs now a common crime,  
 To flout and scoffe at those which we espy  
 Willing to shake off humane *Vanitie*;  
 And those that gladly doe themselves enforce  
 Vnto a strict and more religious course  
 Than most men doe; although, they truly know  
 No men are able to pay halfe they owe  
 Vnto their God; (as though their wisdoms thought,  
 He might be serued better than he ought)  
 They count precise, and curious more than needs,  
 They try their sayings, and weigh all their deeds:  
 A thousand things that they well do, shall be,  
 Slightly past ouer, as if none did see:  
 But one thing ill done, (though the best does ill)  
 They shall be certaine for to heare of still;  
 Yea notwithstanding they can daily smother  
 Millions of ten-times-greater faults in other.

Who are so hated or so often blam'd?  
 Or so reuil'd, or scorn'd, or so misnam'd?  
 To whom doe we now our contentions lay,  
 Who are so much tearm'd *Puritani* as they  
 That feare God most? But tis no maruell men  
 Presume so much to wrong his children, when  
 As if they fear'd not his reuengefull rod,  
 They can blaspheme, and dare to anger God.

Now



*Liberty.* PRESUMPTION *Sayr.*

Now, by these words to some men it may seem,  
That I have *Puritan* in high esteem; or  
Indeed, if by that name you understand  
Those whom the vulgar *Atheists* of this Land  
Doe daily sear me so; that is such as are  
Fore-named heere; and have the greatest care  
To know and please their Maker: then is true,  
I love them well, for love to such is due  
But, if you meane the *base-braded* sort,  
The hollow drow, the counterfeits: *Elect*  
Our *Dogmatists*, and *un-awakened* spirits,  
That doe sit well contented with their state  
If you meane those that make their care great  
To get soules food, when tis for bodies meat;  
Or those, all whose Religion doth depend  
On this *ghost* they know how to commend  
A *May-game*, or a *Summer-pole* desire  
Or shake the head, or else turne up the eye:  
If you mean those, how euer they appeare,  
This I say of them (would they all might heare)  
Though in a zealous heart they doe wander,  
Yet they are Gods foes, and the Churches slander,  
And though they humble be in show to many,  
They are as haughty eery way as any.

What need I here the lewd presumptions tell  
Of *Papists* in these daies? It knowne now well  
For them thereof each *Peasant* now conuinc'd,  
In things as well concerning God as Princes,  
Others I finde too that doe dare presume,  
The office of a Teacher to assume

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr 4.

And being blinde themselves and gone astray,  
Take on them to shew other men the way.

Yea some there be, who haue small gifts of spirit;  
No kind of knowledge, and as little merit:  
That with the world haue made a firme coniunction;  
Yet dare to vndergoe the sacred function  
Of Christ his Pastor. Yea such is their daring,  
That (neither for their Charge nor duty caring)  
Instead of giuing good and sound Instruction,  
They lead themselves and others to destruction.

We readethat *Jeremie* and *Moses* both,  
To vndertake their charge were wondrous loth,  
(The greatness of the same so much appall'd them)  
Yea, though that God himselfe directly call'd them;  
But our braue Clarke, as if they did condemne  
The too much bashfull backwardnes of them,  
Or else as if themselves they abler thought,  
Those Diuine Callings haue not onely sought  
Without respect of their Ability,  
A Christian Conscience or Ciuility;  
But being of old *Simon Magus* tribe  
Purchase it often with a hatefull bribe;  
Which shewes that they such places doe desire,  
Not for the good of others, but their hire.

But *Patrons*, feare ye neither God nor Hell?  
Dare ye the Churches patrimonie sell  
For filthy lucre, in despite of Law  
Sacred or humane? *Pedants*, dare ye? haw!  
Dare ye buy't of them? By Gods help, vnlesse  
This villanie ere long haue some redresse,

He find a means, or else let me have blame,  
 To bring some smart, or else eternall shame,  
 Vpon you for't: It may be you doe sent it,  
 But all your policie shall not preuent it.  
 What doe you looke for? Hell and your Damnation?  
 Well, you shall haue it by impropriation:  
 I know now you haue enter'd *Simony*,  
 You'l double damne your soules with *Perjury*.  
 For they as oft together may be seen  
 As is the chilling *Feger*, and the *Spleen*.  
 But oh deare Countrymen, be more aduis'd,  
 Think what God is, he may not be despis'd.  
 Could you well weigh his Iustice and his Power,  
 How many Infinites it palleth over,  
 And knew his iudgements, you would not dissemble  
 An outward fained reuerence, but tremble  
 And shake with horror, you'd not dare to venter  
*Sanctum Sanctum* so vnfit to enter,  
 His Churches good you rather would aduance,  
 Than rob it thus of her inheriſſance;  
 Or make the same, (as men still vnbeleeuing)  
 Like to a house of Merchandise and Theeuing.  
 You to whom deeds of former times are knowne,  
 Marke to what palle this age of ours is growne,  
 Even with vs that do strictest seem to be  
 In the professing Christianity,  
 You know we haue been carefull to augment  
 The Churches portion, and haue bean content  
 To adde vnto it out of their estate,  
 And *Sacred* all Nations did so hate,

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr 4.

That the meeke *Irish*, who seem'd not to care  
 For God nor man, had the respect to spare  
 The Churches profits; yea, their heed was such,  
 That in the time of need they would not touch  
 The known provision they daily saw  
 Stor'd vp in Churches: in such feare and awe  
 The places held them; though that they did know,  
 The things therein belonged to their foe:  
 But now the world and mans good nature's chang'd,  
 From this opinion most men are estrang'd;  
 We rob the Church, and what we can amaine  
 By Sacriledge and Theft, is our best gaine:  
 In paying dues, the refuse of our flock,  
 The barrenest and leanest of our flock  
 Shall serue our *Pastors*: whom for to deceiue,  
 We thinke no sin. Nay further (by your leave)  
 Men seeke not to impropriate a part  
 Vnto themselves; but they can find in heart  
 To engrosse vp all: which vile Presumption  
 Hath brought Church-livings to a strange Consump-  
 And if this *Uring* disease doe not abate,  
 'Twill be the poorest member in the State.

No maruell though instead of learned Preachers,  
 We haue been pesterd with such simple Teachers,  
 Such poore, mute, long-tide Readers, as scarce know  
 Whether that God made *Adam* first or no:  
 Thence it proceeds, and there's the cause That Place  
 And Office at this time incurreth disgrace,  
 For men of iudgement or good dispositions,  
 Scorne to be ty'd to any base conditions,

Like

## Lib. 2. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Like to our hungry Pedants, who'l engage  
 Their sooles for any curtaild Vicarage.  
 I say, there's none of knowledge, wit, or merit,  
 But such as are of a most seruile spirit,  
 That will so wrong the Church, as to presume  
 Some poore-half-demi-Parsonage to assume  
 In name of all; no, they had rather quite  
 Be put beside the same, than wrong Gods right.

Well, they must entertaine such Pedants then,  
 Fitter to feed Swine, than the Soules of men:  
 But Patrons thinke such best, for there's no feare  
 They will speake any thing they loath to heare:  
 They may run foolishly to their damnation  
 Without reproofe, or any disturbance;  
 To let them see their vice they may be bold,  
 And yet not stand in doubt to be controld:  
 Those in their houses may keep priuie Schooles,  
 And either serue for leisters or for fooles,  
 And will suppose that they are highly grac'd  
 Be they but at their Patrons table plac'd:  
 And there if they be call'd but Priests in scoffe,  
 Straight they duck down; & all their caps come off,  
 Supposing it for to be done in kindnes;  
 Which shewes their weaknes, & apparant blindnes.

Moreouer, tis well known that former time  
 Held it to be a vile presumptuous crime,  
 Such men in sacred Offices to place,  
 Whom they knew toucht with any foule disgrace:  
 Or to allow those whom they did suspect  
 To haue an outward bodily defect:

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

But be they now not onely crooked, lame,  
 Dismember'd, and of the vnshapeliest frame  
 That euer Nature form'd, though they be blind  
 Not in sight onely, but as well in mind,  
 Though they be such, who if they came to shreewing  
 Might confesse murder, whoredom, slander, theewing,  
 And all damn'd villanie; yet these men will be  
 Admitted to the *sacred Ministrie*.

But most of vs doe now disdain that place,  
 Accounting it vnworthy, meane, and base;  
 Yea, like to *Serobuams* Priests, we see  
 They of the lowest of the people be;  
 And though we know the *Israelites* allow'd  
 God the first-borne, for his: we are so proud,  
 Vnlesse they either doe want shape or wit,  
 Or seem for wordly businesse vnfit,  
 Few think Gods seruice worthie the bestowing  
 Their Childe vpon it; or such duty owing  
 Vnto the same; but rather that Vocation  
 They count a blemish to their reputation.  
 But where's your vnderstanding, oh you men?  
 Turne from your brutish dulnesse once agen,  
 Honour Gods Messengers, for why? tis true  
 To them both Reuerence and Honour's due:  
 Think what they are, and be not still self-minded,  
 Suffer not *Reason* to be so much blinded,  
 If not for loue that you to *Injustice* beare,  
 Yet follow her (although it be) for feare,  
 And see that this *presumption* you amend,  
 Or looke some heauie plague shall be your end.

Then  
 Thus

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Then it is also a *Presumptuous* act  
 With knowledge to commit a sinfull fact,  
 Though ne'er so small: for sinne's a subtile elfe,  
 That by degrees insinuates it selfe  
 Into our soules; and in a little space  
 Becomes too huge a Monster to displace;  
 Yea, it is certaine that one sin though small,  
 Will make an entrance great enough for all;

And what is't but *presumption* to abuse,  
 And without feare and reuerence to vse,  
 Gods sacred Word? yet we that Christ professe  
 Think it no fault, or that there's no faule lesse:  
 Else sure we would not in our common talke,  
 Let our loose tongues so much at random walke;  
 We would not dare our lests of that to make,  
 At vttering whereof the Heauens shake;  
 For if God had reueal'd his Gospell newes,  
 To vs, as heretofore vnto the Iewes  
 He did the Law: who heard him to their wonder,  
 Speaking through fearfull fiery flames and Thunder;  
 We would more dread, in any euill fashion  
 To vse that sacred means of our saluation.

Our cursed *Pagan* vnbeleeuing foe,  
 I meane the *Turke*, more reuerence doth show  
 In those his damo'd erroneous Rites, than we  
 In the true *Worship*: for tis known that he  
 Will not so much as touch his *Alcharen*,  
 That doth containe his false Religion;  
 With vnwasht hands; nor will he hath o'er-went  
 All that his vaine and confus'd rabblement



## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Of Ceremonies vs'd, much lesse dares looke  
 On the Contents of that unhallowed Booke:  
 But we in midst of all our villany  
 In our Pot-conference and Ribaldry,  
 Irreverently can the same apply,  
 As if 't were some of *Paquills Letany*.

But soft, my *Muse* in her perambulation  
 Hath hapt upon an *Excommunication*:  
 And though that her *Commission* she wanted,  
 Yet she made bold to search wherefore 'twas granted,  
 Which if you would know too, why, it may be  
 Some were so pleas'd because they lackt a fee,  
 For, had the Officers been well contented,  
 They say the matter might have been prevented.  
 But you that haue the wisdoms to discern  
 When abuse is, pray tell me, I would learne:  
 Misuse we not *Excommunication*?  
 You know, *It is a Separation*  
 From God: and a most feareful banishment  
 From the partaking of his Sacrament,  
 And good mens fellowship, a sad exile  
 (Perhaps for ever, at the least, awhile)  
 From the true Church; and (oh most horrid euill)  
 A gining of men over to the Diuell.  
 And therefore was ordain'd in better times,  
 Onely for such who in their haynous crimes,  
 With hardned obstinacie did persist,  
 As may appeare: but now, we at our list,  
 As if the same but some slight matter were,  
 For every trifle to pronounce it dare,

And

## Lib. 2. 2. PRESUMPTION, SATYR. 4.

And peradventure too, on such as be  
More honest farre, and better much than we.

But sith my Muse hath her endeavour done,  
To note how men into this fault doe run,  
I will be bold to let you vnderstand

One strange *Presumption* noted in our Land,  
Worth the amending: and indeed 'tis this

(Reader: pray iudge how dangerous it is.)

Wee, seeing God hath now remoued farre,

From this our Country his iust plague of Warre;

And made vs through his mercy so much blest,

We doe in spite of all our foes yett

Exempt from danger: by vs it appears

Through the great blessing of these quiet yeeres,

We are so fearlesse, carelesse, and secure,

In this our happy peace, and so cock-sure,

As if we did suppose, or heau'd it said,

Old Mars were strangled, or the Diuell dead;

Else can I not belieue we would so lightly

Esteeme our safety, and let passe so slightly

Our former care of *Mariage Discipline*,

For exercises meere ly feminine:

We would not see our Armes so lay'd in dust,

Nor our bright blades este up with careless drust

As now they be: our Bowes they lie and rot,

Both Musket and Caliner is forgot,

And we lie open to all foraine dangers

For want of Discipline: 'tis known to Strangers,

Though wee'l not see't, Alas, will nor our pleasure

Let vs be once in seauen yeeres at leisure

To

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 2.

To take a muster, and to giue instruction?  
 No, rather Pleasure will be our destruction.  
 For *That* first caus'd the *Law*, that now presents  
 And barres the vse of *Powder-instruments*  
 To be enacted. Why? for to preferue  
 As idle *Game*, the which I wish might sterue  
 Amids our plenty, so that with their curse  
 The Land and People might be nothing worse;  
 'Cause for that trifle, to the Realmes abuse,  
 The *Hand-gun* hath been so much out of vse.  
 Scarce one in forty, if to prooue it came,  
 Dares, or knowes well how to discharge the same;

Oh valiant *Englsb.* we are like to hold  
 The glory that our Fathers had of old:  
 But sure, I thinke some *undermining hand*,  
 That studies for the ruine of the Land,  
 Is cause of this, i.e. hope thereby at length  
 To weaken ours, and let in forraine strength.

What, do we think, cause there's a truce with *Spain*;  
 That we are safe? Alas, that thought is vaine:  
 Our danger's rather more. For, while they dar'd  
 To proffer wrong, they found vs still prepar'd:  
 The profitable feare that we were in,  
 Preuented danger that might else haue bin.  
 But now the cause of forraine feare is gone,  
 We haue not only let all care alone,  
 But also are so drunken with delights,  
 And drown'd in pleasures, that our dulled Sprites,  
 Are so o'er-clogd with Luxury, we droope,  
 More fit for *Venus* than for *Mars* his troope;

That

Lib. 2.

## PRESUMPTION.

SAYR. 4.

That if our foes should now so ventrous be  
As to invade the Land, vnlesse that we  
With speed amend this error, here's my minde,  
The way to worke our ruine they'l soone finde:  
For iust the *Troians* last nights watch we keepe,  
*Woe then were buried all in wine and sleepe.*

We read, when *Caro* should a Capitaine chuse  
For the *Pannonian* fight, he did refuse  
His kinsman *Publius*, 'cause that from the warre  
He often had return'd without a scarre,  
And went persum'd. But if such faults as these  
Displeas'd the *Craiser*, sure then in our dayes,  
He scarcely would in Towne or Country finde  
A man with vs according to his minde:  
Such is our daintinesse. Besides, to strangers  
(As if there were no cause to doubt of dangers)  
We doe not onely our great riches shew,  
A shrewd temptation to allure a foe)  
But we moreouer plainly doe declare  
By fond apparell, too superfluous fare,  
Much idlenesse, & other wanton parts,  
That we haue weake effeminated harts:  
Which beeing known, are sure a great perswasion  
Vnto our Enemies to make inuasion.

But we doe say, In God's our onely trust,  
On him we doe depend: Well, so we must;  
And yet we ought not therefore to disdaine  
The lawfull means, by which he doth ordaine  
To worke our safety then: for that's a signe  
We rather loue to tempt the Powers Diuine,

Than

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr 4.

Than trust vnto them. Worshy Brittaines then,  
 Leauē this presumption, once againe be men,  
 Not weake *Sardanapais*, leaue those toys  
 To idle Women, wanton Girles, and Boyes:  
 Vnto our foes I wish you could betake them,  
 Or vnto any, so you would forsake them.

Let *Martialists* that long haue been disgrac't  
 Belou'd againe, and in our fauours plac't:  
 Count not them Rogues, but rather such as can  
 So much degenerate themselves from Man,  
 Intire and gesture both to womanize.  
 Go call a Parliament, and there deuise  
 An Act to haue them whipt now: oh 'twere good,  
 A deed well worshy such a noble brood.  
 Meanewhile, let's trim our rusty Armes, & scour  
 Those long vn-used well-steeld Blades of our  
 (We shall not doe the Spyders any wrong,  
 For they haue rent-free held their house-rooms long  
 In Morains, Helmets, Gauntlets, Bandileres:  
 Displacethem thence, they haue had all their yeeres)  
 And giue them such a lustre, that the light  
 May dimme the Moone-shine in a Winters night.  
 Away with idle Githerns, Lutes, and Tabers,  
 Let knocks requite the Fidlens for their labours.  
 Bring in the war-like Drum; 'twill impsick make yee,  
 That from your droulie pleasures will awake yee:  
 Or else the hart'ning Trumper, that from farre  
 May sound vnto you all the poynts of Warre.  
 Let Dances turne to Marches, you ere long  
 May know what doth to Ranks & Files belong.

And

And

LIB. 2. 2. PRESUMPTION. *Savina.*

And let your thundring thro' so smook and rore,  
 Strangers may tremble to behold the shore,  
 And know you sleep not. But now, to what end  
 Doe you suppose that I these words doe spend?  
 Belieue me, I'me not malecontent with Peace,  
 Nor doe desire this happy time might cease,  
 I would not have you soule Seditions make,  
 Or any enuill waite to vndertake:  
 But I desire you leaue these idle fashions,  
 That haue been the iust fall of many Nations.  
 Looke well vnto your selues, and not suppose,  
 'Cause there's a league with *Spaine*, we haue no foes.  
 For, if *Warres* euer make this Land complaine,  
 It will be thought some *Prince* it had with *Spaine*.

But here I bid you once againe beware,  
 Delay not time, but with all speed prepare;  
 Repaire your Forts againe, and man them well,  
 Place better Capitaines in them: I can tell  
 Some are grown couetous, and there's no trust  
 To such as they; that vice makes men vnjust.  
 They pocket up the wages of their men,  
 And *One* poore Soldier serues alone for *Ten*.

Looke to the *Navy Royall*: were't well scand,  
 I doubt it would be found but simply mand:  
 The *Puysers* studie (if some not belie them)  
 Onely which way they may haue profit by them:  
 But see vnto it you to whom it belongs,  
 See the abuses done, redresse the wrongs.

And oh! renew the forces of this Land,  
 For there's a fearefull bloody day at hand;

Though

*lib. 2.* PRESUMPTION. *Satyr. 4.*

Though not fore-scene, a bloody day for some,  
Nor will the same be long before it come.

There is a tempest brewing in the South,  
A horrid Vapour, forc'd from Hell's own mouth.

'Tis spread already farre into the West,  
And now begins to gather in the East:

When 'tis at full once, it will straight come forth  
To shewre downe all it vengeance on the North.

But feare not little Ile, thy cause is right;  
And if thou hast not cast all care off quite,

Nor art secure, why by that token then  
Thou shalt drive back that threatening storme agen,

Through Gods assistance, even to ruine those,  
By, and amongst whom, first of all it rose.

But if that still thou carelesse snorting lie  
In thy presuming blinde securitie,

Take't for a signe, that now thy sinnes are ripe,  
And thou shalt surely feele the death-full stripe

Of that ensuing ill vnto thy shame,  
And extirpation of thy former fame.

But yet, I hope, this over-sight will end,  
And we shall this presumptuous fault amend:

I hope, I say (and yet I hope no harmes)  
To see our *English* youth trickt vp in Armes,

And so well train'd, that all their foes shall heare  
No newes from them, but Horror, Death & Feare:

Yea, and their march, like *Iebu's*, King of Iury,  
Shal shew they come with Vengeance, Speed, & Fury.

I would we could as easily forsake  
Other Presumptions, and that we could take

But



## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Sayr. 4.

But halfe the care and diligence to arme  
 Our soules, in danger of a greater harme.  
 Would, we the holy weapons could assume  
 Of Christian warfare, and not still presume  
 To leaue our better parts all open so;  
 For the aduantage of the greater foe  
 Than Rome or Spaine. Oh would we could begin  
 To feele the danger of *Presumptuous* sin  
 Which soone would be, if we could once be brought  
 But to consider, with an equall thought,  
 Our base beginning and infirmities,  
 Our wauering, and wondrous misery.  
 And with this wretched poore estate of our,  
 Gods infinite, and all sufficient power;  
 His *Iustice*, with his hatred vnto ill,  
 And threatnings if we disobey his will:  
 Or else remember, he doth still behold,  
 And see vs when we sinne, for, who so bold,  
 Vnlesse depri'd of grace, then to offend?  
 But it should seeme, we our endeavors bend  
 To anger God, for we of sinne complaine,  
 Yet with our will, sinne in his sight againe.  
 Say, were't not a presumption very great,  
 If comming to a King, one should intreat  
 A pardon for some murder, and yet bring  
 The bloody blade with which he did that thing  
 He would haue mercy for? And whilst hee's speaking,  
 Sheathe it againe with blood & gore yet reeking,  
 In the Kings Sonne before his Fathers face,  
 And yet still hide, as if he hop't for grace:

Should

*Lib. 1. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.*

Should we not thinke him mad? Sure yes; yet wee  
 Cannot that madnes in our own selues see.  
 For, we dare come before this mighty King  
 To sue for pardon for our sinnes; yet bring  
 The selfe-same bad minde, still conceiving warther  
 Against his children, to prouoke him further  
 And looke what ill is but in thought begun;  
 With him's all one, as if the same were done.

It is no maruaile that no humane law  
 Can keepe our ouer-daring hearts in awe;  
 Sith that we doe so little dread the rod  
 Of such a powerfull, and so iust a God.  
 And if in mans and Gods own sight we dare  
 So fearelesse sinne without respect or care,  
 It seemes that we doe little conscience make,  
 What mischiefes by our selues we vndertake  
 Or think it no presumption to commit  
 Something alone in our owne sight vnfit.

Oh grosse & ignorant! Why, that's the worst  
 Of all presumptions, the most accurst,  
 And full't of Danger. Silly man take heed;  
 Doe not before thy selfe an euill deed;  
 For when God will forgive, and man forget,  
 Thine owne ill conscience will oppose and set  
 Her selfe against thee, tell thee thine offending,  
 And keepe thee back from euer apprehending  
 Grace or forgiveness; neither will afford  
 The smallest comfort of the sacred Word.  
 But rather to thy sad remembrance call  
 Each saying that may serue to proue thy fall.

And

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

And though that fier wondrous tortures brings  
 Vnto the body, yet when Conscience stings,  
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor hell it selfe can yeeld  
 A worser torment: God defend and shield  
 Me from the like; and giue me grace to feare,  
 So that I may preferue my Conscience cleare  
 In all my actions: and then I shall be  
 In better case a thousand-fold then he  
 That vnto wealth and honour hath attain'd  
 With a craz'd Conscience that is blurd and stain'd.

Alas I how easie wer'to clime or mount  
 To worldly Reputation and Account?  
 How soone could I if I had an intention  
 For to contriue, or plot a damn'd inuention  
 Get golden heapes? yea, and so priuily,  
 That though 'twere done by craft and villany,  
 I by the blinded world would yet be deem'd  
 Perhaps more honest; but much more esteem'd  
 Than now I am: but God forbid that I  
 Such base vaine trash and dunghill stuffe should buy  
 At such a rate; for there's no Iewell dearer,  
 Nor any losse a man can haue goe nearer  
 Than peace of Conscience; which to be most true,  
 The ancient Poets very wisely knew,  
 And therefore tain'd their *Furies*, with intent  
 So to declare the inward punishment  
 Of guilty minds: which sure they might doe well,  
 For there are in them Diuels, yea, and Hell,  
 With all her torture; what else was the cause  
 Nere (who knew no God, nor feared Lawes)

*Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.*

When he had kill'd his Mother tooke no rest,  
But thought he saw her comming to molest  
And plague him for't? What made him so surmise  
He was still tortur'd in such hellish wise,  
That *Furies* did to his appearance scorch  
His living body with a burning torch?  
Was't not his Conscience that had priuy been  
Vnto the fact? was not the cause within  
His owne bad selfe? If 'twere, let's to amending  
Of our *presumptions* sinnes, and bold offending;  
If neither in regard of God nor men,  
Oh let's for feare of our owne Conscience then.

Yet there's another thing which wer't well weigh'd  
Our rash *presumption* would be somewhat staid.  
The end of life, with the nere ending paine  
God for *presumptuous* sinners doth ordaine.  
Could we note that, with deaths vncertain times,  
And how it takes men acting of their crimes  
Euen in the very nick of their offence,  
And beares them, ere they can repent them, hence,  
To such a place where nothing shall appeare,  
But all the ghastly objects of grim feare:  
Whereas each sense shall severally sustain  
The miserable smart of endlesse paine:  
The tender feeling shall in euery part,  
Be subiect to th' intollerable smart  
Of hellish flames, commixt with chilling cold,  
Tortures beyond conceit, nor to be told;  
The dainie mouth that had the curioust taste,  
And of the choysest cates still made repast,

(Shall

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Shall be fill'd vp, yea belly, throat, and all,  
 With filth more loathsome than the bitterest gall:  
 The once perfumed nostrill, there shall drink  
 Foule noysome smells: beside the sulphurous stink  
 Of choaking flames: and there the listning eare,  
 Fed with the sound of pleasing Musick here,  
 Shall change it for the woefull screeching cry  
 Of damned soules that in hels torture ly;  
 Whose hideous howlings can by no defence,  
 Be kept from piercing that amazed sense.

And then while they shall trembling think to flie  
 From those amazements that doe seem so nie,  
 Lo there the fearfull'st objects of the sight,  
 Their quite despairing mindes shall more affright;  
 For garish formes of foule mishapen fiends,  
 And vgly *Bugs* for euermore attends,  
 To thwart each looke. But if this doe not make  
 Thy ouer-hardned heart (oh man) to quake:  
 If this relation be too weake to win,  
 Or to reclaime thee from thy wonted sin;  
*Reader*, if this doe no impression leaue,  
 So that thou canst not any feare conceiue  
 Through this description; think vpon't at night,  
 Soone in thy bed when earth's depriv'd of light:  
 I say at mid-night, when thou wak'st from sleep,  
 And louely darknesse doth in silence keep  
 The grim fac't night. And but imagine then  
 Thou wert borne all alone to some dark den,  
 And there set naked: though thou felt no paine,  
 Yet seeing no way to get our againe,

*Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. SATYR. 4.*

If thou shouldst in that naked lonenesse heare,  
 Some yelling voice, or some strange noise draw neare,  
 With threatning, or but calling on thy name:  
 Oh with what patience couldst thou bide the same!  
 But if withall, thy wandring eyes should mark,  
 And now and then see peering through the dark  
 Some monstrous visages, or vgly faces,  
 Which would make proffer of some rude embraces,  
 And sometime seeme as if they would begin  
 With griping pawes to seize thy trembling skin;  
 Or, but suppose that in thy Chamber there,  
 Where cannot be the hundreth part of feare  
 (Because to thee the place well known will be,  
 And thou maist haue wherewith to couer thee)  
 Yet there I say suppose thou shouldst behold,  
 Not such grim objects as are heereforetold,  
 But onely heare the dolefull voice of men  
 Complaining in the dark; And now and then,  
 Behold the ghastly shape of friends long dead,  
 Wrapt in their sheets as they were buried,  
 Or else from out thy Chamber floore to rise  
 A troope of bony, pickt Anatomies,  
 Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he  
 That must ere long their bare companion be:  
 Then wouldst thou feare I know, & thinke on him  
 Whose might & fearefull power thou didst contemne,  
 Thou wouldst consider better of the feare  
 And hellish horror I haue mention'd heere.  
 The Dungeons estate thou would'st conceiue,  
 And somewhat thy presumptuous actions leaue,

Thou

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. SATYR. 4.

Thou wouldst not so cast all thy care behind thee,  
But watch thy selfe for feare lest death should find thee  
Dooing some ill; nor wouldst thou thus delay  
Times of repentance still from day to day.

But oh! how should I hope that this I plead,  
Will worke in them that shall but barely read  
What I haue writ? sith I my selfe that know,  
And haue some inward feeling of that woe  
Forget my selfe. I thought when I shall be  
From such and such like cares and troubles free,  
Then will I all my vanities forsake,  
A better course of life I'll vndertake,  
And onely seeke the glory of his Name  
By whom I liue. That day ere long time came,  
Then I had other lets; but if that they,  
As I did seeke they might, were once away,  
I would indeed my duty better doe:  
Well, so it pleas'd God, I ore-past them too;  
Yet something hindred still, that I could neuer  
In my intended Christian course perseuer:  
But euer found vnto my griefe and sorrow,  
That I was bad to day, and worse to morrow;  
But oh! thou God that knowst my hearts desire,  
Doe not; oh doe not at my hands require  
My youthfull sinnes; though this my selfe be fraile,  
And my affections often doe preuaile:  
Seeing thou knowst the weake estate of man,  
And what a little his small power can;  
Accept my will, and let thy blood suffice  
To quit the rest of mine iniquities.



## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. SATYR. 4.

But now, because I haue obseru'd such store,  
I needs must tell a few *presumptions* more.

Some in contemning others wisdome, show,  
That they presume themselves do all things know:  
But that vile selfe-conceit nere raised any,  
Certaine I am it is the fall of many.

Others (and they in this kind too offend)  
On their owne memories too much depend:  
Such I haue heard so confidently speake,  
As if they had no thought that men were weake:  
Yea those, though twenty men haue all gain-said  
What they affirmed, were not yet afraid  
Their owne bare affirmation to out-face  
With sundry oathes: such wondrous trust they place  
In their remembrance; yea my selfe ere now  
Haue been oft-times more rash for to avow  
What I thought truth, than ere Ile be againe:  
For what I deem'd to be so sure and plaine,  
That I not onely stood in't to my might,  
But would haue pawn'd my life 't had been the right:  
That to my shame, I haue my selfe alone  
Found to be false, when all the rest were gone.  
Which grieu'd me so, that Ile nere more relie  
Or trust so much to mine owne memorie.  
¶ But what may I tearme those, who for a name,  
Or else to get some vile preposterous fame,  
Will desperately for the nonce begin  
To put in action some vngodly sin  
That all men loath; and onely as they say,  
For to be talkt of. What are such I pray?

Presump.

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. SATYR. A.

*Presumptuous*, vaine, or weake, or all that's bad?  
The last I think, and ten-times more than mad.

Yet we haue Gallants, and great store of such,  
That in their great brauado's care not much  
What villanies they doe. But tis their humor  
Onely to fill mens mouthes with idle rumor,  
And cause they know the vulgar sort do deem them  
Youths of great Spirit, and do much esteem them.  
But amongst wise men, they are sure to gaine  
Reproachfull shame, and well deseru'd disdain;  
Yet for to adde some fame vnto this story,  
We will bequeath them *Erosfratus* glory.

Nor haue our old men left that humor yet,  
For though through feeblenesse they are vnfit  
To put in practice their old tricks againe:  
Yet for to shew they like them and would faine,  
They'l often with a lie or two recite them.  
And the remembrance doth so much delight them,  
That whereas they ought rather to repent,  
And with a griued heart for to lament  
Their former folly; they with Ioy and Laughter  
Seeme to approou't, in those that shall come after.

Yet there's a crew, the which my *Muse* well knowes,  
To them she here a *Memorandum* owes,  
And yet no commendations, for they are  
But busie fellowes, and doe boldly dare  
Take on them in their comments, for to find  
The secret meaning of each Authors mind;  
And to apply that in particular,  
That should extend to all in generall:

And

*Lib. 2.*      *PRESUMPTION.*      *Sayr. 4.*

And in this little Booke perhaps, they can  
Say, heere I meant one, there another man;  
And by their names they will not stick to shew them,  
When as perhaps I nere so much as knew them.  
So from my honest meaning they will reare them  
A slander, for some priuate grudge they beare them.

But though these are so bold, yet I belieue,  
Or hope at least, no men of wise dome give  
Credit to any such interpretations,  
That are but idle false imaginations;  
Sith each of these what stile soe're he craue,  
Doth show him a presumptuous foole and knaue.

But heare all you that are quite void of care,  
What you presume in: chiefly you that dare,  
Mauger Gods threats, goe forward to fulfill  
Your naghtry, rash, vnbridled hure-braine will;  
As if you thought that you your selves made all,  
And that indeed there were no God at all;  
Know this, ere long time it shall come to passe,  
That you shall howling sit and cry, alas:  
Cursing your births and miserable state,  
With sad repentance when it is too late,  
Vnlesse you now take time. Oh wormes! oh men!  
For sake your follies, oh for sake them then.  
What will you doe else when once seiz'd by death,  
Ready to draw the latest gaspe of breath;  
When as your are so weak that you would faine  
But cannot moue your tongues for to complaine?  
What would you doe if then there should appeare  
The Authors of most miserable feare,

Your

## Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Your guiltie Consciences, and there vnto  
 To your remembrances the dreadful scroule  
 Of your presumptions? and withall present,  
 A vision of th' infernall punishment,  
 Prepar'd for such? And if in that bad case,  
 You should behold him you esteem'd so base  
 Sit with such power, that at each frown he makes  
 The earth doth tremble, and the heaven shakes?  
 What would you doe? Oh any thing: I'm sure  
 No paine there is but you would then endure  
 To scape his wrath: if you doe not despaire,  
 Then will you begge, entreat, and promise faire,  
 Or any thing, if so it were you might  
 Returne to life againe, then would you quite  
 Alter your dooings; then forsooth you'l be  
 A patterne vnto all posteritie;  
 You would be humble, meek, deuout, & chaste:  
 But now there's time, and then it may be past.

Yet I my selfe haue heard those that haue vow'd  
 Much in their anguish, and God hath allow'd  
 A longer time; yea hath vouchsaf't to saue  
 And glue them life againe, e'ne at the graue:  
 And yet haue these forgot their former paine,  
 And turn'd vnto their owne ill waies againe:  
 Which hauing seene, this for vs men Ilespeake,  
 Not without grise, though nothing be so weak  
 Yet are we in our owne conceits so tall,  
 That for presumption vve doe out-passe all:  
 And if so be that this same hardning sin  
 Doe scize vpon the hart once, and get in;

My

## EPILOGVS.

My minde is this, 'twill nere be purg'd thence well,  
No, not with all the feares and pangs of Hell.

---

## EPILOGVS.

SO, in some measure I haue now made known  
What foule *Abuses Time* to me hath shown;  
And what *Mans* is: I haue explain'd some Crimes  
That I haue noted in these present times.  
Then, though I haue been still accounted idle,  
This shewes I haue not given Time the bridle  
To runne away vnmanag'd; but did vse it  
Then best, when I seem'd most for to abuse it.

Heere sinfull man thou maist behold in part  
Thy miserable state, and what thou art.  
Thy Passions, thy Vanities heere see,  
In part, I say, for all there cannot be:  
Thy Wauerings & thy Frailties I'ue explain'd,  
With thy Presumption; yet nothing fain'd.  
If thou hast read it, then I hope thou know'st,  
Though thou seem'st bad, thou art worse then thou  
And I doe trust, thy wretchednes esp'd, (show'st:  
Will quell thy most intollerable pride.

I mus'd awhile thou wert so prone to sinning,  
But 'twas thy fault I see from the beginning:  
And as the Lord himselfe once said, so still,  
*Tb' imaginations of thy heart are ill,*  
That's one maine cause; Then to perform an euill,  
Thou hast the *proneuesse of the flesh*; the *Diuell*;

With

## EPILOGVS.

With bad examples of his instigation;  
Besides the *Worlds* rash approbation.

But yet would I not haue thee think (oh man) I  
That I with *Tymon* the *Athenian*,  
Desire to make thee so much feele thy woe,  
To goe and hang thy selfe; I meane not so:  
Or for to driue thee thereby to despaire;  
'Tis not my purpose, my intent's more faire:  
This I would haue thee doe, Sith flesh is fraile,  
And Sathan will be busie to preuaile,  
With heed and care watch ouer thy affection,  
And in thy dooings follow this direction:

First, see if 't be thy flesh that moues thee to  
Those things the which thou art about to doe;  
Next, to consider wel it doth behooue thee,  
What kinde of men they are that doe approoue thee:  
For, true it is, as I haue oft been taught,  
What Flesh desires, & most approoues, is naught.  
And sith to thrust thee forward vnto euill,  
Thou hast an ill Heart, proud Flesh, & the Diuell,  
With bad example; learne (oh man) to season  
Thy hart with sacred thoughts, with truth & reason:  
Thy Flesh with labour & with fasting tame,  
And 'twill not be so subiect vnto blame;  
Preuent the Diuels baits, and his temptations  
With earnest Prayers, and good Meditations:  
And see thou heed to thy companions giu'st,  
Sith thou wilt be as those with whom thou liu'st:  
Yea, sith thou art so subiect vnto sin,  
Shun all occasions that may draw thee in.

¶ So, when thy God shall see thou hast a will,  
 And true desire now to amend what's ill;  
 Hee will accept it for his Sonnes deere sake,  
 And thee more willing, and more able make.  
 Yea, should thy sinnes more red then Scarlet growe,  
 Yet he would make them whiter than the Snowe:  
 Thy now black Soule, were it thrice more defil'd,  
 As innocent as is the new-borne child:  
 And thy most miserable body, farre  
 More glorious than is the brightest Starre.  
 But if thou, without care or heed, doost leane  
 Vnto those lusts of flesh that are vncleane,  
 If thou take pleasure and delight to doe them,  
 Quite giuing over thy desire vnto them,  
 They both in soule and body too will make thee  
 So foule a Leper that GOD will forsake thee;  
 His holy Angels, and his Saints abhorre thee,  
 And onely Diuels make inreatie for thee;  
 Yea, thou must in *Gebynnon* waille with them,  
 That are excluded new *Ierusalem*.

*The end of the second Booke.*

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THE SCOURGE OF THE  
VICIOUS EXAMINER:



---

THE  
SCOURGE.

---



Vices Executioner :  
OR  
*The Satyr's selfe-description of himselfe.*



**T** Hough in shape I seeme a Man,  
 Yet a Satyr wilde I am;  
 Bred in Woods & Desert places,  
 Where men seldome shew their faces,  
 Rough and bayrie like a Goate,  
 Clothed with Dame Natures coats;  
 Eagle-sighted, quick of hearing,  
 Spring Vice at first appearing;  
 Barefoot like a filly Fry'r  
 Such a shaming was my Sy'r;  
 Chaste & holy as was that Nun,  
 Of whom the Pope begat a Son;  
 Apt-like-fac't, Spaniell say'd,  
 Fawning till I haue prewayld;  
 My pleasing left hand bath a pipe,  
 On which I play till Folly's ripe;  
 To carelesse Fooles in a Trance,  
 I doe pipe and they doe Dance;  
 Like mirth-full Syrens that doe charme,  
 Delighting those they meane to harme;  
 Teaching men to hold their way,  
 Not from their right course to stray:  
 The other hand a whip dath beare,  
 With which (provok't) I surely teare  
 Skin from flesh, and flesh from bone  
 Of such as I hap upon:  
 I'me sent abroad the World, to purge  
 Mans vile Abuses with my scourge;  
 Oft I make my Master sport,  
 When men sinne to lash them for't.

*An Execut'oner am I,  
 Of Lust, and wanton Venery.  
 Thus are vices scourg'd by mee,  
 Yet my selfe from vice not free;  
 Like to Summers that cite others,  
 When themselues defile their mothers.  
 They haue warning had before,  
 Yet they'l not amend; therefore,  
 Such-ones as take delight in sin,  
 The blond Ile drawe from out their skin:  
 Great and small are one to mee,  
 None shall bribe me with a Fee;  
 But if the Greatest dare offend,  
 Ile lash them still, till they amend.*

---

Thus hauing shew'd my selfe at large,  
 Ile now attend my Masters charge.

THE



## The Scourge.

( " " )

---

**M**Y *Muse* I purpos'd to have rested here;  
 And so she should indeed, but that I feare  
 A gentle warning will not now suffice,  
 To make men leave off their iniquities:  
 Yea, I doe know their negligence so great,  
 'Tis not enough for to perswade or threat;  
 And therefore I'me resolued ere I part,  
 To giue them a remembrance to their smart:  
 And though full loath (cause their ill natures vrge)  
 Ile send abroad a *Satyr* with a scourge;  
 That to their shame for this Abuse shall strip them,  
 And being naked in their vices, whip them:  
 And to be sure of those that are most rash,  
 Not one shall scape him that deserues a lash.  
 But some will kick. Yea, let them kick on still;  
 And let him ierke them smartly: that's my will.  
 For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or strong,  
 Ile make him finde them that delight in wrong:  
 Not in despight to make reuengefull rumors,  
 Rather in sport, to mock the worlds base humors.

Y

But

## THE SCORGE.

But least I make my Prologue ouer-large,  
 Ile let my whipping *Satyr* know his charge.

First, though he haue but little manners got,  
 Bred in the woods, where many vse them not;  
 Yet will I send him to suruey the Court;  
 And dance the *Witch*, & make the King some sport,

Doe *Satyr*, goe; thou shalt not be disdain'd,  
 Loue without merit hath been entertain'd,  
 And so may thine; that Progenie's the most,  
 Yea, all indeed of which the world can boast,  
 And that so worthie (tis a wondrous matter)  
 Commend it how thou wilt, thou canst not flatter.

If thou maist get their fauour that be best,  
 There is no cause why thou shouldst feare the rest:  
 The good will help, but neuer hurt. Then care not:  
 Although the wicked would offend, they dare not.  
 First, laſt the Great-ones; but, if thou be wise,  
 In generall, and doe not speciallize:  
 Yet, if thou doe, so wisely let it be,  
 None may except but those that faulty be.

Now peraduenture, some will rage or storme;  
 But that's no matter, thou art freely borne:  
 And though their eyes spark fire, and they looke big,  
 Be thou as sterne, thou needst not care a fig;  
 And tell them plainly, tis not all their show,  
 Can make men think them better than they know:  
 Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,  
 Shall free them from the scandall of oppression;  
 Though they can now, to get themselues a name,  
 Build *Babel* vp anew; and quickly frame

Such

## THE SCOURGE.

Such lofty Palaces, as if they meant  
To threaten heaven from the battlement.

Who wonders at it? None I think: and why?  
Who is so mad to tell them that? not I.  
Yet *Satyr*, looke that thou before thou part,  
Gie them one ierk, to make their Honours smart.  
Their stately houses, say, are things but vaine,  
An Age or two shall rot them downe againe:  
And for their vice, if there be none dare shew it,  
Say, I haue vow'd to make the world to know it.

Then; tis not tombes, nor yet a heap of stones;  
Shall make men think the better of their bones;  
No, it shall speake their Auarice and Pride,  
Which those they scorn'd, & wrong'd shall then deride.  
So let them goe their Soueraigne to attend,  
And those that be not at the best, amend.

Search on for more; but if thou hap to find  
Any among them of the female kind,  
Women or Angels, bad or good; thine eyes  
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.  
What ere some say, no woman will, or can  
Wrong him (He warrant) that's an honest man;  
For they are good, and surely would be still  
Were't not that men did often make them ill:  
Those that are angry with them, let them shew it.  
He sayth' are vertuous, for because I know it.  
Mens fautes I tell: so may he womans too  
That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to doo.  
These if thou hap to see I charge thee skip,  
And search in euery office with thy whip;



## THE SCORGE.

There, there are those that for their private store,  
 Make both th' Exchequer, and the Commons poore,  
 Extortion doth maintaine their brauery.  
 Yet lay not open all their knauery:  
 But tell them they a new account must bring;  
 That Iash perhaps their guilty soule will sting.

Thou shalt in Court another troope espy,  
 Such as in show are full of honesty,  
 Faire tongu'd; but he that such fine followers wants  
 Is happy; for they are but Sycophants,  
 Dismebling Villaines. Doe but note them well,  
 And thou wilt say they are the brood of hell.  
 For pluck away their fain'd fideliry,  
 And they are e'ne a heape of villany:  
 To make them smart, these words to them commend,  
 That beggery and shame shall be their end.

Yet thou shalt finde depending on the Court,  
 Some that will iest to make their betters sport:  
 But list them, I durst pawne a brace of testers,  
 If truth were known, they are more fables than Iesters:  
 And so they are suppos'd; although indeed,  
 They are more knaues than fooles: but take thou heed,  
 Come not within the compasse of their bable,  
 Then call them knaues, as loud as thou art able.

If thou come thither at some publique show,  
 As there thou shalt be whether they will or no,  
 Remember that thou make a shift to creepe  
 Neere to the place where they the Reuels keepe.  
 There stand awhile vnscene, and do no more,  
 But note those fellows that doe keep the dore:

## THE SCOURGE.

If thou perceiue some, as some will doe then,  
 Keepe out a many worthy Gentlemen,  
 And let a Laundresse or a Scoundrell passe,  
 Giue him a kerke, and tell him hee's an Asse.

But lest thou spy what may make thee asham'd,  
 Or speake of that for which thou maist be blam'd,  
 Leauethou the Court if thine own case thou pittie,  
 And come awhile to walke about the Cittie:

As soone as there thou entrest, thou shalt meet  
 Great store of Gallants passing out the street:  
 A part from Dice, or Pence, or Dancing come,  
 And peraduenture from a whore-house some:  
 These are good fellows that will frankly spend,  
 While Land will last, or any man will lend;  
 And yet to see (more fooles the world had neuer)  
 They are so proud as if 'twould last for euer.

And though these lightly cannot haue a worse,  
 Or deadlier sicknesse than an empty purse,  
 Which will ensue, yet tell them they must meet  
 At the Kings-bench, the Counter, or the Fleet.

Then step vnto the Lawyers: peraduenture  
 They'l by some *Writ* command thee not to enter:  
 Yet feare them not; but looke and thou shalt spy  
 Vnder their gownes a masse of knauery.

Pluck off their mask of Law that cloaks their drifts,  
 And thou shalt see a world of lawlesse shifts;  
 But tell them there's a Iudge will not be feed:  
 And that perhaps will make their conscience bleed.

Then tell the Scriueners as thou passest by,  
 That they were best to leaue their forgery,

## THE SCORGE.

Or else why is't their cares do scape so well;  
The Diuell meanes to beare them whole to hell.

Tell the Physicians if thou meet with any,  
Their Potions and their Drugs haue murderd many,  
For which thou wouldst haue lasht, but dost delay thō,  
Because the diuell meanes to pay them:  
But if they'l prooue conclusions, bid them then  
Try't on themselves, and not on other men.

Desire the Brokers that they would not yawne  
After the forfeit of anothers pawne.  
It is their right by Law they'l say, tis true;  
And so's their soule, perhaps, anothers due:  
But sting them if their conscience quite be fled,  
Then shall they pay what they haue forfeited.

Entreat the Tailor next, if that he can,  
To leaue his theft, and proue an honest man.  
And if he think the matter be too hard,  
Knock him about the noddle with his yard.  
If he berich and take the same in snuffe,  
Tell him his substance is but stollen stuffe,  
And that the Iay would hardly brooke the weather,  
If every Bird should take away her feather.  
So hauing whipt him, let the Priest go shrive him,  
And if he haue authoritie forgive him.

Go warne the Crafts-man that he doe not lurke  
All day at Alehouse, and neglect his worke:  
And then suruey the ware of every trade,  
For much I tell thee is deceitfull made.  
Which if thou find, I charge thee doe not friend it.  
But call him knaue, and bid him goe and mend it.

Oh

## THE SCOURGE.

Oh see if thou the Marchant-man canst finde,  
 For hee'l be gone at turning of the winde:  
 Bid him keep touch, or tell his worship how  
 His heart will tremble when the Seas are rough,  
 Desire him too, if he doetrauell thither  
 Where Conscience is, that he would bring some hithe  
 Here's little; some will haue it, If none will,  
 He shall gaine by it, though he keep it still:  
 If he bring none, 'twere charity I think,  
 To pray some storme make his vessell sink.

Looke in their ships, for I haue knowne deceit  
 Hath been in both the owner and the freight;  
 Yea, note them well, and thou shalt find their books  
 Are gins for Wood-cocks, made like tenter-hooks:  
 Well, they are rich, the Marchant wealth obtaines,  
 And cares not how, so he encrease his gaines;  
 Yet least his wealth may hap to make him proud,  
*Satyr*, I pray thee, tell him this aloud  
 To make him smart, *that whilst he like a mome,*  
*Plays fast abroad, his wife plays loose at home:*  
 Nor shall his ill got masse of wealth hold out,  
 But he or his become a banquerout.

Now to thy rest, tis night; but here approaches  
 A troop with torches hurried in their Coaches.  
 Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,  
 Some bound for Shorditch, or for Clarken-well:  
 Oh these are they which think that Fornication,  
 Is but a youthfull sportfull recreation:  
 These to hold out the game, maintaine the back  
 With Marow-Pies, Potato roots, and Sack:

And

## THE SCOURGE.

And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,  
 Can hold out a Luxurious course by Art:  
 Goe stop the horses quickly, least thou misse,  
 And tell the Coachmans wanton cariage this,  
 They of their guide must be aduised well,  
 For they are running downe the hill to hell;  
 Their Venerie will sone consume their stocks,  
 And bring them to repentance with a poeke.

For other crimes committed without light,  
 Let such reueale as see like Owles by night:  
 For many men a secret fault can finde,  
 But in apparant roagueries are blinde,  
 Or else they will not see; but thou wert best  
 Leau whipping, and betake thee to thy rest.  
 If in an Inne it be, before thou sup,  
 Will that the Tapster call his Master vp,  
 And bid him kindly, sith he giues thee lodging,  
 To vse plaine dealing, and detest all dodging,  
 Dissembling's nought, hard reconings they are worse,  
*Light gaines (they say) will make a beanie purse.*  
 And let him not (this fault is very rife)  
 Make any guest familiar with his wife;  
 For many men (they weare but what they should)  
 Do make their wifes more wanton than they would;  
 Therby they gain, their Innes are well frequented;  
 But such ill courses are too late repented,  
 So chole him well and do thy whip refraine,  
 And send him to his other guests againe.

Then thou shalt see the nimble Tapster fly,  
 Still yauling, *Here, anon sir, by and by.*

## THE SCORGE.

So diligent, till thou thy selfe acquaint  
 With his sly tricks, thou'lt take him for a Saint;  
 But I suppose that they haue tane an oath,  
 Neuer to fill a pot, but halfe with froth,  
 And there's an old snif if they leaue it not,  
 There must be something added to the shot.  
 But wilt thou swagger with him for it? No:  
 But take him as he is, and let him goe.

Now for most Hostlers if you hap to try them,  
 Knaues thou maist say they are, and not belie them,  
 For they deceiue the poore dumbe traelling beast,  
 And for the same deserue a ierke at least;  
 Yet doe thou spare them: for there is no doubt,  
 Some guest will find a time to pay the iour.

Well, hauing rested, & discharg'd thine Host,  
 Ile send thee downe into the Country, Post:  
 For I haue businesse, no man would belieue,  
 With whom d'ye think? e'ne with the vnder-Shrieue:  
 Tell him thou heardst (and that's a fault indeed)  
 That in some causes hee is double-feed,  
 And that moreouer he deserues a portion  
 With those that are indited for exortion;  
 Yea and for other things as well as that;  
 Tell him the country tearmes him he knowes what.  
 All which if he take light, and make no moane;  
 Whip him in conscience, soundly, till he groane.  
 Now for our Knights; their much formality,  
 Hath made them leaue their hospitality:  
 Yet lest they should be angry, say no more,  
 This Age hath made a number of them poore;

And

## THE SCOURGE.

And that some too (or else they are belied)  
Haue begger'd their posterity with pride.

And sith thou art so neere them, doe not cease  
Vntill thou see our Iustices of Peace:

There try if thou canst get but so much fauour,  
To binde the Country to the good behaviour,  
And tell them how thou hast enformed beene,  
That they haue granted Warrants vpon spleene,  
Are partiall, and haue ouer-sway'd by might  
The poore mans cause that's innocent and right:  
If this thou finde be true, thou hast permission  
To lash, or put them out of the Commission.

The Constable if he were bid, I wisse,  
Be good in's office, 'twere not much amisse;  
For he, they say, a many meanes may haue  
If so he be dispos'd to play the knaue;  
See how he deales, and make thy message known,  
For he hath stocks, & whipping-posts of's owne.

There are Church-wardens too, I shame to see  
How they runne into wilfull periurie,  
Partly in fauour, and in part for feare,  
They winke at much disorder in a yeare;  
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,  
Jerkethem, as euill members of the Church.  
If they reply, offenders are so friended  
Though they present, tis little thing amended:  
Yet tell them tis their dutie to discharge  
Their consciences in euery thing at large;  
Which if they doe, ill dooers shall be sham'd,  
Or the corrupted Visitors be blam'd.

And



## THE SCOVRGE.

And prethee tell the B. Chancellor  
That thou art sent to bee his counsellor:  
And will him if he meane not to be Stript,  
And like a schoole-boy once againe be Whipt,  
His worship would not so bad minded be,  
To peruert iudgement for a scuruy fee.

Then next goe tel the reuerend good masters,  
Thou and the Clergy needs must fall at wasters:  
Faith, thou shalt finde their Doctorships perhaps,  
Disputing of their Surpleesses and Caps,  
About the holy Crosse, a Gowne, a Hood,  
Or some such matter for the Churches goods:  
But tell them there are other things to do,  
A great deale fitter to be lookt into;  
And if they please to goe their Visitation,  
There's waightrier matters looke for reformation;  
Yea say there's many an infirmity  
Which they both may and ought to remedy:  
But touch them with remembrance of their place,  
And they perhaps will alter then the case.

Then bid those Dunces in our Colledges,  
That they provide them good Apologies,  
For tis reported lately, they haue both  
Betooke themselves to venery and sloth,  
And seeke not learning onely, as they should,  
But are back-friends to many a man that would:  
'Twere fit they made a publique recantation,  
And were well whipt before a Congregation.

So leauing them their wits for to refine,  
Thou shalt be bold to looke on the Diuine;

They

## THE SCORGE.

They say, he's grown more carefull of his stock,  
His profits and his tithes, than of his flock :  
Now if thou finde report hath not belid him,  
With a respect vnto his Calling, chide him.

I had almost forgot our ciuill Doctors;  
I pray thee warnethem & their lazie Proctors,  
They would not vse to make so many pauses,  
Before they doe determine poore mens causes,  
And let them not suppose their fees are small,  
Sith they at last will get the Diuell and all.

There be Court Barrons many in the way,  
Thus maist thou to the Guardians of them say;  
Their policy in raising fines and rents,  
Hath put poore men besides their Tenements:  
And tell them (let them answer if they can)  
Their false Court-roles haue vndone many a man.  
Say thou hast seene what to their place belongd,  
And known oft times both Lord & Tenants wrongd:  
Yet spare thy whip; for why? the peoples curse  
Already hath prepared them a worse.

So when thou thus hast punished Vices slaues,  
And roundly jerked the Country petty knaues,  
Then march thou to the Camp, to bloody Nero;  
And tell the ruffling shuffling Cavalero,  
He whose hard hart can brooke to rob and spill  
His friend or foe, to ruine, wound or kill,  
Tell him, I say, there is a misery  
Must follow, to reuenge his cruelty:  
And see that thou the Ruffians courage quaille,  
Or lash him till the stock and whip-cord faile.

vnt

Walk

## THE SCOURGE.

Walk but the Round, and thou maiſt hap to catch  
 The careleſſe ſouldiers ſleeping in their watch;  
 Or in a march perhaps they'l goe aſtray:  
 But if thou ſee them out of their array,  
 And without leave and warrant roming out,  
 To fetch ſome deſperate booty there about,  
 Remember them; and for their ſtout brauado's,  
 See thou reward them with ſound baſtinado's.

Then bid the Captaines in their Garrifons,  
 Not lay to pawne their rich Capariſons,  
 Nor runne vpon the ſcore till they are forc't  
 To be diſarm'd for payment, or vnhoſ't;  
 Nor keepe the Souldiers hire, leſt they be faine  
 To make an inſurrection, or complaine;  
 For that indeed proues oftentimes the cauſe  
 They doe ſo much tranſgreſſe the Martiall lawes,  
 Yea, tell them tis a ſcandall to be drunke,  
 And drown their valour; or maintaine a Punke.  
 Then if they mend not, for to blot their fame,  
 In ſteed of honour, whip them for't with ſhame.

Laſtly, there are ſome ſelfe-conceited wits,  
 Whoſe ſtomacks nought but their own humor fits,  
 Detractors, Criticks; who e'ne at the beſt,  
 Doe bite with enuy, or elſe ſnarle at leaſt:  
 And in thy Progreſſe if diſcern'd thou be,  
 'Tis out of queſtion they will ſnap at thee. (them;  
 To ſpight them then, the waie's not to out-brawle  
 But ſay thou car'ſt not, and that laſh will gaule them.

Now *Satyr*, leaue me to my ſelfe alone;  
 Thou haſt thy meſſage, and thou maiſt be gone:

Whip

## THE SCOURGE.

Whip any that shall offer to withstand thee  
In executing that which I command thee.

And yet, so ho, ho, ho, come back againe,  
Be sure that thou doe vnderstand me plaine.  
First note, I from my Scourge doe here except  
The Guard by whom the Kingdoms peace is kept,  
The vertuous Peeres: Alas I nothing grutch them:  
And on my blessing see thou doe not touch them.

And, if in all our Offices there's any  
That is an honest man among so many,  
Him did I euer meane that thou should'st spare;  
Because I knowe that such a one is rare.

Physicke and Law I honor both (God blesse it.)  
With euery vertuous man that doth professe it:  
I doe not aime at such as they. Nor when  
I flout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,  
Such worthy *Britaines* as maintained be  
According to their fashion and degree:  
No, those I loue, and what can I lesse do,  
Sith I of them am well-beloued too?

To blame all Marchants neuer was my will;  
Nor doe I thinke all Trades-mens work is ill:  
My meaning must not so be vnderstood,  
For the last shooes I had were very good.

Yea, and so farre am I from such a thought  
Thou should'st against the Vertuous doe ought:  
That if thou but an honest Tapster see,  
Tell him I wish we might acquainted be;  
And he that Hostler loue, which in amends  
Will vse my horse well, that we may be friends.

And

## THE SCOURGE.

And to be briefe ; Good *Satyr* vnderstand,  
 That thou maist not mistake what I command :  
 'Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like  
 That thou at this time shouldst in speciall strike :  
 Because my hatred might appeare as then,  
 Not to the vice, but rather to the men.  
 Which is not so ; for though some malice me,  
 With euery one I am in charity.

And if that thou doe ever come to sight,  
 And bring thy yet concealed charge to light,  
 I wish it might be tooke as 'twas intended,  
 And then no vertuous man will be offended,  
 But if that any man doe thinke amiss,  
 Vpon my life that party guilty is :  
 And therefore lash him. So, get th'out of dore ;  
 Come what come will, Ile call thee back no more.

Well, now he's gone the way that I direct him,  
 I wonder how the world will now respect him :  
 If that the maruaile why he was not bolder,  
 Perhaps he may be when that he is older :  
 He hath too smooth a chin, a looke too milde,  
 A token that he is not wholly wilde ;  
 But may I reach the yeeres of other men,  
 If this loose world be not amended then,  
 Ile send a *Satyr* rougher than a Beare,  
 That shall not chide & whip, but scratch & teare ;  
 And so Ile teach him, he shall be too strong  
 For all your *Paris-garden dogs* to wrong.  
 This *Satyr* hath a Scourge, (but it wants weight :  
 Your *Spanish whips* were worse in eighty-eight)

That

## THE SCORGE.

That shall not onely make them howle for paine;  
But touse them, till they hold their peace againe:

Now, if the world doe frown vpon me for't:  
Shall I be sorry? No, 'twill mend my sport;  
But what if I my selfe should hap to stray  
Out of my bounds, into my *Satyr*'s way?  
Why then; (and that's as much as I need doo)  
I'll giue him leau to come and lash me too.

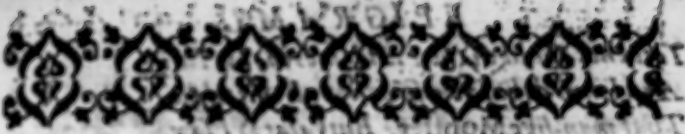
So now my *Muse* a resting time requires,  
For shee's o'rwearied, and her Spirit tires.

Πάντοτε δοξα Θεῷ.

---

FINIS.

D E F



Certain Epigrams to the King  
most excellent Maieſty, the Queene, the  
Prince, the Princeſſe, and other Noble  
and Honourable Perſonages, and  
Friends, to whom the Author  
gave any of his Books.

*To the Kings Maieſty.*

EPIGRAM. I.

**L** O here dread Sou'raign, and great Brittaines King,  
First to thy view I have preſum'd to bring  
Theſe my Eſſaies; On which but gently looke;  
I doe not make thee Patron of my Booke;  
For 'tis not ſit our Faiths Deſender (ſtill)  
Take the protection of each triſſing quill.  
No; yet becauſe thy wiſdome able is  
Of all things to make uſe; I give thee this;  
The Picture of a beaſt in Humane ſhape;  
T'neither Monkey, nor Baboone, nor Ape,  
Though meer condition'd: I have not ſought it  
In Affrick Deſerts; neither have I brought it  
Out of Ignota terra: thoſe wilde Lands  
Beyond the fartheſt Megalanick ſtrands



## EPIGRAMS.

Yeeld not the like, the Fiend liues in this Ile;  
 And I must doe that you spied not all this while  
 That man-like Monster. But (alas!) I saw  
 The lookes of Maiestie kept him in awe;  
 He will not, for he dares not, before thee  
 Shew what (indeed) he v's for to be:  
 But in thy presence, he is meeke, demure,  
 Denout, chaste, honest, innocent, and pure;  
 Seeming an Angel; free from thought of ill;  
 And therefore thou must needs so thinke him still.

But, for because thy Soveraigne place denies  
 The sight of what is view'd by meaner eyes,  
 This I haue brought thee with much care and paine;  
 'Twas like to haue been forced back againe:  
 So loath the world was that thou shouldst view  
 The Portraiture that I haue draw'n so true;  
 Ye yet (I feare) she findes her selfe so galls;  
 That some will studie how to haue it recall'd;  
 But tis to late, for now my Muse doth trust,  
 When thou hast seen't, thou wilt approve what I must.

And if I may but once perceiue, or heare,  
 That this sound's pleasing in thy kingly eare,  
 Ile make my Muse for to describe him fuller,  
 And paint him forth in a more liuely colour.  
 Yea I will to the world's great shame unfold  
 That which is knowne, but neuer yet was told.

Mean-while, great King, a happy Monarch reign;  
 In spight of Rome, the Diuell, Hell, and Spaine.

Another



Another to his Maiestie.

EPICRAM. 2.

**A** Shee that feeds on no worse meat than Quails,  
 And with choise dainties pleases Appetite,  
 Will neuer haue growe lust to gnaw his nailes,  
 Or in agourfe then diet take delight.  
 So thou great King that still doost ouer-look  
 The learned works that are most deepe, most rare,  
 Canst not perhaps these my rude Satyrs brooke,  
 Thou doost not for such sharp-fangd Criticks care.  
 Oh doe not yet thy selfe so much estrange  
 From wonted carresse to others shewne,  
 A Countreys doth often serue for change,  
 And something here is worthe to be knowne.  
 Sharpe sauce giues sweetest meat a better taste,  
 And though that is to many bitter be,  
 Thou no such sicknes in thy stomack hast,  
 And therefore 'twill be pleasing vnto thee.  
 What, though I neither flatter, fawne, nor sooth,  
 My honest plainnesse shall more truly praise thee,  
 Than these that in Court language filed smooth,  
 Sirne vnbeknowne Trophies for to raise thee.

## EPIGRAMS.

My loyall heart cannot so well impart  
 The love it beares your Maestie as others;  
 The want of Time, Encouragement, and Art,  
 My purpose in the Embrio still smotheres;  
 Obscuritie, Grosse-Fates, and want of Meanes,  
 Would haue made Rome's great Maro harshly sing:  
 But if once Caesar to his Musicke leaner;  
 His tunes through all the world will sweetly ring.  
 And why are English wits so perrell giuene;  
 But for because thy kingly hand peruses  
 Their welltun'd Poems; and with bounty shewes  
 Tea, it is thougin'st light vnto their Muser.  
 Ob! had I such a Star for Pole to mine,  
 I'de reach a Straine should vanishe all the Nine.

---

## To the Queenes Maestie.

## EPIGRAM. 3.

In posse.

Daughter, Wife, Sister, Mother to a King,  
 And Emperesse of the North, enrich your Name;  
 Yet doe your chastitie and wisdom bring  
 Bountie, and Cur'sie to make up true fame.  
 Which such (faire Queene) my Muse hath understood,  
 She's bold into your presence to intrude;

Assured

## EPIGRAMS.

Assured, be all meanings that are good,  
 Shall finde acceptance there, though they seeme rude;  
 Look: and behold the Vanities of Men,  
 Their Miseric, their Weaknes, and their End;  
 Daigne to survey this Booke (I say) and then,  
 When you have each particular espide,  
 Thinke with your selfe, how highly blest you be,  
 To enjoy for a Prince, that both knowes how  
 To keep himselfe from such fell Rallion free,  
 And make so many mad-willie creatures bow:  
 Indeed here's Vices tablet plainly made,  
 Not veiled over, or obscurely drawne;  
 'Tis in a colour which shall neuer fade,  
 That men may blissh in such a Hay to sawne.  
 But if your Grace will favour what I sing,  
 Though Vertue be in danger, I'll reprieve her,  
 That now-despised Nymph to honour bring,  
 Set all her hidden beauties forth, and give her  
 So sweet a looke, and such a deist attire,  
 Men shall grow love-sicke, and burne with desire.

---

TO CHARLES, Prince of Wales.

## EPIGR. 4

See heer, faire Off-spring of the royall Stem;  
 What all the world almost is subiect to,

## EPIGRAMS.

Behold it so, thou truly mayst contemne,  
 And from thy heart abhorre, what others doe;  
 Now is the fit and onely time to season  
 That young rare-vnderstanding breast of thine  
 With *sacred precepts, good advice and reason.*  
 But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline;  
 Inheritance, great Prince, will make it thine.  
 And were *Mans* nature yet more prone to fall,  
 So to be borne, and so taught, yet helps all.

## To the Princesse.

## EPIGR. 5.

Sweet *Princesse*, tho my *Muse* sing not the glories  
 Of faire aduent'rous Knights, or Ladies loues;  
 Though here be no *Encomiastick* stories,  
 That tender hearts, or gentle Spirits moues:  
 Yet in an honest homely Rustick straine,  
 She shewes the Creature, such may you nere know.  
 Forgive her though she be seuerer, or plainer  
*Truth*, that may warrant it, commanded so.  
 Yea view it ouer with belife; but than,  
 I am afraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not; All deserue not blame,  
 For that great *Prince* that wooes for to be yours,

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EPIGRAMS.

If that his worth but equalize his fame,  
Is free from any *Scurr* here of ours.  
Nay, they shal praise him, for though they haue whips  
To make the wicked their offences rue,  
And dare to scourge the greatest when he trips,  
*Virtue* shall still be certaine of her due.  
But for your sake (if that you enterraine him.)  
Oh would he were a man as I could faine him.

Yet sweet *Elizabeth*; that happy name,  
If we lost nothing else by losing thee,  
So deare to *England* is, we are to blame.  
If without teares and sighs we parted be:  
But if thou must make blest another Clime,  
Remember *Ow*: and for that though I vse  
A crabbed subject and a churlish rime,  
Deigne but to be the *Mistress* of my *Muse*;  
And I'll change *Theames*, and in a lofty stile,  
Keep thee aliuie for euer in this *Ile*.

---

To the Lords of his Maiesties most Honou-  
rable *Prinie Councells*.

EPIGR. 6.

**M**ost honour'd *Lords*, I here present this book;  
To your graue Censors, not to shew my *Art*:  
Nere

## ERIGRAMS.

Nere did you on so rude a matter looke,  
 Yet, tis the token of an honell heart:  
 I did it not to please, or flatter any,  
 Nor haue I made it for the thirst of gaine;  
 For I am sure it will nor humor many,  
 And I expect much hatred for my paine;  
 Here something you may see, that now requires  
 Your care and prouidence to haue it amended:  
 That's the maine point to which my *Muse* aspires,  
 And whereto I haue all my labour tenced.  
 It may be there be some, out of their hate,  
 Will mis-interpret what is plainly meant;  
 Or taxe me as to fauour with the *State*,  
 In hope to make me for the truth be shent:  
 Yet know *Great Lords*; I doe acknowledge here,  
 It is your *Wisdomes*, that next God maintaines  
 This Kingdomes good; And from my heart I heare  
 A reuerent respect vnto your paines,  
 I doe not, as such faine would haue it seeme,  
 Presume to teach your wisdoms what is best;  
 I doe not mine owne knowledge so esteem:  
 Vile selfe-conceit I from my heart detest.  
 But for because I know the piercing eye  
 Can neuer into all abuses see;  
 And sith the greatest in authoritie  
 May not behold sometime so much as we:  
 What therefore I haue thought to be amisse,  
 And worth amending I haue told it here:  
 I know your Honours will be pleas'd in this,  
 Though some (it may be) cannot rage forbear.



## EPIGRAMS.

But if there's any take this writing badly,  
Had it told all, it would haue vext him madly.

---

To HENRY, Earle of South-  
hampton.

EPIGR. 7.

South-hampton, sith thy *Provinces* brought me forth,  
And on those pleasant Mountaines I yet keepe,  
I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,  
Nor let thy Vertues in obliuion sleepe.  
Nor will I, if my fortunes give me time,  
Meane while read this, and see what others be.  
If thou canst like't, and wilt but grace my Rime,  
I will so blaze thy *Hampshire Springs* and *Tees*,  
Thy *Arle*, *Test*, *Stoures*, and *Auen* shall share *Fame*  
Either with *Humber*, *Souerne*, *Trent*, or *Thame*.

---

To WILLIAM, Earle of  
Pembroke.

EPIGR. 8.

Thou whom respect of kin makes not vnjust,  
True Noble Spirit, free from hate or guile;

Thou

## EPIGRAMS.

Thou whom thy Prince hath, for thy care and trust,  
 Plac't for to keepe the entrance of this Ile,  
 See heere th' abuses of these wicked Times,  
 I haue expos'd them open to thy view:  
 Thy iudgement is not blinded with like crimes,  
 And therefore maist perceiue that all is true.  
 Take't: though I seeme a stranger, yet I know thee;  
 And for thy vertues *Penbrooke* this I owe thee.

---

To the Lord *Lisle*, Lord Chamberlaine  
 to the *Queene*.

## EPIGR. 9.

**B**Eeing a *Sidney*, and so neere allied  
 To him whose matchlesse rare immortall pen  
 Procur'd of Fame to haue him deified,  
 And liue for euer in the hearts of men:  
 The loue my soule hath euer borne that name,  
 Would certainly perswade me for your sake,  
 In honest seruice to aduenture blame,  
 Or any open dangers vndertake:  
 Yet shall not That, your Titles, nor your Place,  
 Your Honors, nor your Might, nor all you haue,  
 Cause me to flatter for regard or grace.  
 Fortune shall neuer make my minde a slave;  
 But seeing that your Vertue shines apparant,  
 And honourable acts doe speake your praise:

Sith

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EPIGRAMS.

Sith *Good report* hath given forth her warrant,  
Which none (so much as by himselfe) gaine-layes,  
That (& nought else but that) compels my *Muse*  
To sing your worth, and to present her *owne*.  
If this imperfect issue you'l peruse,  
I'll make her in a better forme be knowne,  
And teach her that is now so rude and plaine,  
To soare a pitch about the common straine.

---

To the Lady *Mary Wroth*.

EPIGR. 10.

**M** Adame, to call you *best*, or the *most faire*,  
The *vertu'st*, and the *wise'st* in our dayes:  
Is now not commendations worth a haire;  
For that's become to be each huswiues praise.

There's no degree, belowe Superlatiue,  
Will serue some soothing Epigrammatists:  
The *Worst* they praise, exceeds Comparatiue,  
And *Best* can get no more out of their fists.

But *Arts sweet Louer* (vnto whom I know,  
There is no happy *Muse* this day remaines,  
That doth not for your worth and bounty owe,  
Even himselfe, his best and sweetest straines)

Youch:

## EPIGRAMS.

Vouchsafe, to let this Booke your fauour finde;  
 And as I here haue *Mans* abuses showne,  
 Ile with like lust, and vncorrupted minde,  
 So make your true vnfaigned Vertues knowne.

While others false praise, shall in one's mouth be,  
 All shall commend you, in the high'st degree.

---

To Sir Thomas Ridgeway, Knight Baro-  
*net, Treasurer of Ireland.*

## EPIGR. II.

Sir, you first grac't and gratified my *Muse*,  
 Which nere durst try till then what she could doe;  
 That which I did, vnto my selfe was newes;  
 A matter, I was little vs'd vnto:  
 Had you those first endeauiours not approou'd,  
 I should for euermore haue silence kept;  
 But now your good encouragement hath mou'd,  
 And rous'd my Spirits, that before time slept;  
 For which I vow'd a gift that should be better:  
 Accept this for't, and Ile be still your debter.

Heere you shall see the Images of Men  
 More sauage than the wildest *Irish* kernes  
*Abuses* whipt and stript, and whipt againe;  
 I know your iudgement can the *Truth* discern.

Now

337  
EPIGRAMS.

Now so you will thinke well of this my Rime,  
I'ue such a minde yet to Saint *Patrick* lie,  
That if my Fate and Fortunes gine me time,  
I hope for to reuisit you awhile,  
And make those sparks of honour to flame high  
That rak't vp in obliuious cinders lie.

To his Father.

EPIGR. 12.

O Thers may glory, that their Fathers hands  
Haue scrap't together mighty sums of gold;  
Boast in the circuit of new purchast lands,  
Or heards of Cattell more than can be told:  
God giuethem ioy, their wealth Ile nere enuy;  
For you haue gotten me a greater store.  
And though I haue not their prosperity,  
In my conceit I am not halfe so poore.  
You learn't me with a little to content me,  
Shew'd how to bridle Passion in some measure;  
And through your meanes, I haue a *Talent* lent me,  
Which I more value than all *Indies* treasure.  
For, when the almost boundlesse Patrimonies  
Are wasted; those by which our Great ones trust  
To be eterniz'd: when their Ceremonies  
Shall be forgotten, and their Tombes be dust,

Their

## EPIGRAMS

Then to the glory of your future line,  
 Your owne and my friends sacred memory,  
 This little, poore, despised *wealth* of mine  
 Shall raise a *Trophee* of eternitie:  
 Which fretting *Envy*, nor consuming *Time*,  
 Shall ere abolish or one whit offend:  
 A topleffe *Statue*, that to Starres shall clime,  
 Farre greater than your Art shall comprehend.

But I must needs confesse, 'tis true, I yet  
 Reape little profit in the eyes of men.  
 My Talent yeelds small outward benefit,  
 Yet I'll not leaue it for the world agen.  
 Though't bring no gaine that you by artfull sleight  
 Can measure out the Earth in part or whole,  
 Sound out the Centers depth, and rake the height  
 Either of th' *Artick*, or *Antartick Pole*;  
 Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings:  
 And so my *Muse* is my content and ioy;  
 I would not misse her to be rankt with Kings,  
 How-euer some account it as a toy.

But hauing then (and by your means) obtain'd  
 So rich a *Patrimonie* for my share,  
 For which with links of loue I'me ever chain'd;  
 What duties fitting for such bounties are?

Moreover, Nature brought me in your debt,  
 And still I owe you for your cares and feares:  
 Your paines and charges I doe not forget,  
 Beside the interest of many yeeres:  
 What way is there to make requitall for it?  
 Much I shall leaue vnpaid doe what I can:

Should

## EPIGRAMS.

Should I be then vnthankfull? I abhor it;  
The Will may serue when Power wants in man.

This booke I giue you then; heere you shal finde  
Somewhat to counteruaile your former cost:

It is a little *Index* of my minde;  
Time spent in reading it will not be lost.

Accept it, and when I haue to my might  
Paid all I can to you; if Powers Diuine

Shall so much to my happinesse delight  
To make you Grandfire to a sonne of mine;

Looke what remains, and may by right be due,  
He pay it him as 'twas receiu'd from you.

Your louing Sonne

*George Wither.*

To his Mother.

EPIGRAM. 13.

**V**Ngratefull is the childe that can forget

The Mothers many paines, her cares, her feares;

And therefore, though I cannot pay the debt

Due for the smallest drop of your kinde teares;

This Booke I for acknowledgement doe giue you,

Wherein you may perceiue my heart, my minde;

Let neuer false report of me more grieue you,

And you shall sure no iust occasion finde.

*Loue*



## EPIGRAMS.

Love made you apt to feare those slanders true,  
 Which in my absence were but lately sowne;  
 It was a motherly distrust in you,  
 But those that rais'd them are false villaines knowne.  
 For though I must confesse I am indeed  
 The vilest to my selfe that lives this time;  
 Yet to the world-ward I haue rane such heed,  
 There's none can spot me with a haynous crime.  
 This I am forc't to speak, you best know why:  
 Where's that man liuing that dare say I lye?

---

To his deere Friend, Master

*Thomas Cranly.*

## EPIGRAM. 14.

**B**Rother, for so I call thee, not because  
 Thou wert my Fathers, or my Mothers sonne;  
 Not consanguinity, nor wedlock lawes  
 Could such a kindred twixt vs haue begunne:  
 We are not of one blood, nor yet name neither,  
 Nor sworn in brother-hood with alehouse quarts,  
 We neuer were so much as drunk together:  
 'Twas no such slight acquaintance ioyn'd our hearts,  
 But a long knowledge with much triall did it,  
 (Which for to chuse a friend are good directions.)  
 And though we lou'd both well at first, both hid it,  
 Till 'twas discover'd by alike affections.

Since

## EPIGRAMS.

Since w<sup>th</sup>, thou hast o're-gone me far in shewing  
 The office of a Friend, doe't kill and spare not:  
 Lo, here's a *Memorandum* for what's owing;  
 But know for all thy kind respect I care not,  
 Vnlesse thou'lt show how I may seruice doe thee:  
 Then will I swear I am beholding to thee.

Thine, G. W.

To his louing Friend and Cousen-

German, M<sup>r</sup>. William

Wither.

## EPIGRAM. 15.

If that the *Standards* of the house bewray  
 What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide;  
 Or if their *Destinies*, as some men say;  
 Be in the names of any signifi'd,  
 Tis so in thine: for that faire antique *Shield*,  
 Borne by thy Predecessors long agoe,  
 Depainted with a cleare pure *Argent* field,  
 The innocencie of thy line did show.  
 Three sable *Crescents* with a *Cheueron* guld,  
 Tels that black *Fates* obscur'd our houses light;  
 Because the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,  
 Lost her owne lustre, and was darkned quite:

A a

And

## EPIGRAMS.

And, as indeed our Aduersaries say,  
 The very name of *Wether* shewes decay.  
 But yet despaire not, keep thy *White* vnstain'd,  
 And then it skils not what thy *Crescents* be.  
 What though the *Moone* be now increast, now wan'd?  
 Learne thence to know thy lifes inconstancie;  
 Be carefull as thou hitherto hast bin,  
 To shun th' Abuses *Man* is taxt for here:  
 And then thy soule that's now eclips't with sin,  
 When *Moone* and *Sun* are darkned, shall looke cleere:  
 And what so e're thy English name may threat,  
 The *Harnests* sonne the *Greeks* entitle thee.  
 Ere thou shalt want, thy *Hare* will bring thee meat,  
 And to kill care, her selfe thy make-sport be:  
 Yea, yet (though *Enuies* mists do make them dull)  
 I hope to see the waned *Orbes* at full.

*For the better understanding of this Epigram, note that  
 his Armes are in a Field Argent, a Chevron Gules, be-  
 twixt three Crescents Sable: his name, according to the  
 Greeks, is Yndepos, and his Crest is a Hare with three  
 Wheat Eares in her mouth.*

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EPIGRAMS.

---

To his Schoole-Master, Master

*John Greaves.*

EPIGR. 16.

If euer I doe with I may be rich  
I (As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend;  
I doe it not for any thing so much  
As for to haue wherewith to pay my Friend.  
For trust me, there is nothing grieues me more  
Than this, that I should still much kindness take,  
And haue a fortune (to my mind) so poore,  
That (though I would) amends I cannot make:  
Yet, for to be as thankfull as I may,  
Sith my estate no better meanes affords,  
What I in deeds receive, I doe repay  
In willingnes, in thanks, and gentle words.  
Then though your loue doth well deserue to haue  
Better requitals than are in my power;  
Knowing you'l nothing *ultra posse* craue,  
Here I haue brought you some *Essaies* of our.  
You may think much (perhaps) sith there's so many  
Learn'd *Graduats* that haue your *Pupils* been;  
I, who am none, and more vnfit than any,  
Should first presume in publick to be seen:  
But you doe know, those horses in the team  
That with their work are ablest to goe through,

A a 2

Seldom

Seldom so forward as blind *Bayard* seem;  
 Or give so many twitches to the plough;  
 And so, though they may better; their intent  
 Is not, perhaps, for to be fooles in print.

---

To the captious Reader.

What thou maist say or think, it is no matter:  
 But if thou busily imagine here,  
 Sith most of these are mighty, that I flatter;  
 Know, sacred *Justice* is to me so deare,  
 Did not their *virtues* in my thoughts thus raise the,  
 To get an *Empire* by them, I'd not praise them.

---

FINIS.

PRINCE HENRIES  
OBSEQUIES,

*Or*

MOVRNEFVLL ELEGIES  
vpon his Death:

*With*

A supposed Inter-locution betweene  
the Ghost of Prince *Henry* and  
*Great Britanne.*

By GEORGE WITHER.

---



LONDON,

Printed by *Humfrey Lownes*, for *Francis Burton*,  
dwelling in *Pauls Churchyard* at the  
Signe of the *Greene Dragon*.

1617.

PRINCE HENRI'S  
ORSEOLITE

OF THE

✓ MOVABLE ALL ELEGANT

upon his Death:

AND

A supposed Inter-Location between

the Ghost of Prince Henry

and the Ghost of Prince

By GEORGE WILKINSON.



LONDON:

Printed by Thomas Agnew, for Francis and  
dwelling in York Street, at the  
sign of the Green Dragon.

1841



TO THE RIGHT HONOV-  
rable Robert Lord Sidney of Penshurst,  
Vicount Lisley, Lord Chamberlaine to the  
Queens Maieſty, & L. Gouvernor of *Flushing*,  
and the Caſtle of *Rammekins*,

GEORGE WITHER preſents theſe Elegiak-  
ſonnets, and wiſheth double Comfort after his  
*ſwa-fold ſorrow.*

Anagramms on the name of Sir *William*  
*Sidney Knight, deceased.*

*Gulielmus Sidneius.*

*En uilis, gelidus ſum.*

\* But \*

*Es nil luge, ſidus ſum.*

---

**B**Eſide our great and Vniuerſall rare,  
(Wherein you one of our chiefe ſharers are)  
To adde more griefe vnto your grieſes begun,  
Whilſt we a Father loſt, you loſt a Son,  
Whoſe hapleſſe want had more apparant been,  
But darkened by the Other 'twas unſeen,

*Which*

## The Epistle

Which well perceiving, loth indeed was I,  
 The Memory of one so deare should die:  
 And thereupon I the occasion took  
 For to present your honour with this Booke  
 (Unsained, and true mournesfull Elegies,  
 And for our HENRY, my last Obsequies)  
 That he, which did your Sonne late death obscure,  
 Might be the Meane to make his fame endure:  
 But this may but renew your former wee:  
 Indeed and I might well haue doubted so,  
 Had not I knowne, that Vertue which did place you  
 Aboue the common sort, did also grace you  
 With gifts of Mind, to make you more excell,  
 And farre more able, Passions rage to quell:  
 You can, and may with moderation moane,  
 For all your comfort is not lost with one:  
 Children you haue, whose Vertues may renew  
 The comfort of decaying Hopes in you.  
 Praised be God, for such great blessings giuing,  
 And happy you, to haue such comforts liuing.  
 Nor doe I thinke it can be rightly said,  
 You are unhappy in this One that's dead:  
 For notwithstanding his first Anagram  
 Frigbis, with \* Behold, now cold, and vile I am:  
 Yet in his last, he seemes more cheerefull farre,  
 And ioyes, with \* Soft, Mourn not, I am a Starre:  
 Oh great preferment: what could he aspire  
 That was more high, or you could more desire?  
 Well, since his soule in heau'n such glory bath,  
 My Loue: queat he his Graue, this Epitaph.

Here

349  
Dedicatorie.

EPITAPH.

Heere vnder lies a SIDNEY: And what than?  
Dooſt thinke heere lies but reliques of a man?  
Know, 'tis a Cabanet did once include  
*Wiſe, Beauty, Sweetnes, Court'ſie, Fortitude.*

*So let him reſt, to Memory ſtill deare,  
Till his Redeemer in the Clowdes appeare.  
The while, accept his Will, who meaning plaine,  
Doth neither write for Praise, nor hope of Gaine:  
And now your Teares, and private Griefe, forbear,  
And turne againe, to this our Publique Care.*

Your Honors true honorer,  
*George Wyther.*

Deception

1797. 10. 11.

Here under the name of  
Doelshausen his children  
Know, that under the name  
of Doelshausen, I have

to the place of the  
T. W. de Reinken in the  
T. W. de Reinken, who  
T. W. de Reinken, who  
T. W. de Reinken, who  
T. W. de Reinken, who  
T. W. de Reinken, who

For the sake of the  
G. W. de Reinken



To the whole world in generall, & more  
particularly to the Iles of great *Britaine*  
and *Ireland*, &c.

**B**ig-swoln with sighes, & almost drown'd in teares,  
My *Muse* out of a dying trance vp-reares;  
Who yet not able to expresse her moanes,  
In steed of better vitterance, here groanes.  
And lest my close-breast should her health impaire,  
Is come amongst you for to take the ayre.  
I need not name the griefes that on her seaze,  
Th'are known by this, beyond th' *Antipodes*.  
But to your view some heavy rounds she brings,  
That you may beare the burthen, when she sings:  
And that's but *Wee*: which you so high should straine,  
That heavens vault might Eccho back againe.  
Then, though I have not strived to seeme witty,  
Yet read, and reading note, and noting pitty.  
What though there's others show, in this more Art?  
I have as true, as sorowfull a hart:  
What though *Opinion* giue me not a *Name*,  
And I was ne're beholding yet to *Fame*?  
*Fate* would (perhaps) my *Muse*, as yet vnknown,  
Should first in *Sorowes* livery be shown.  
Then, be the witnes of my discontent,  
And see, if griefes have made me Eloquent:  
For here I mourne, for your-our publike losse,  
And doe my penance, at the *Weeping Crosse*.

*The most sorowfull*

G. W.

To the whole world in general  
 particularly to the lies of great Britain  
 and twenty more



**D**eatb (that by stealth did wound *Prince H. hart*)  
 Is now tane Captiue, & doth aft the part  
 Of one o'recome, by beeing too too fierce,  
 And lies himfelfe dead vnder *Henries* hearfe:  
 He therefore now in Heauenly tunes doth Sing,  
*Hell, where's thy triumph? Death, where is thy Sting?*





# PRINCE HENRIES

*Obsequies;*

OR

Mournfull Elegies vpon his death:

*With*

A supposed Inter-locution between the Ghost of  
Prince Henry, and Great Britaine.

*Eleg. 1.*

**N**OW that beloued *Henries* glasse is runne,  
 And the last duties to his body showne,  
 Now that his sad-sad *Obsequies* be done,  
 And publique sorowes well-nigh ouer-blowne:  
 Now giue me leaue to leaue all loyes at one,  
 For a dull Melancholy loneliness,  
 To pine my selfe with a selfe-pining mone,  
 And sat my grieue with solitarinesse.  
 For if it be a comfort in distresse,  
 (As some thinke) to haue sharers in our woes,  
 Then I desier to be comfortlesse.  
 My Soule in publique grieue no pleasure knowes.  
 Yea, I could wish, and for that wish would die,  
 That there were none had cause to grieue but I.

For



*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 2.*

For were there none had cause to grieve but I,  
 Twould from my *Sorowes*, many sorowes take;  
 And I should moane but for ones misery,  
 Where now for thousands, my poore heart doth ake,  
 Bide from me *Joy* then, that shall from me bidst,  
 Be present *Care*, that euer present art.  
 Hide from me *Comfort*, that at all times hidst,  
 For I will grieve, with a true-grieving heart.  
 Ile glut my selfe with *Sorow* for the nonce.  
 What though my *Muse* against it once did say?  
 Oh beare with my vnbridled *Passion* once,  
 I hope it shall not yet from vertue stray,  
 Sith griefe for such a losse, at such a season,  
 May be past measure, but not out of Reason.

*Eleg. 3.*

Why should I forth' infernall *Furies* hallo?  
 Call vpon darknes, and the lonely night?  
 Or summon vp *Minerva*, or *Apollo*,  
 To helpe me dolefull *Elegies* endite?  
 Heere needs no mention of the feares of *Stix*,  
 Of black *Cockins*, or such fained stuffe:  
 Those may paint out their griefes with forced tricks,  
 That haue not in them reall cause enough,  
 I need it not, yet for no priuate Crosse,  
 Droopes my sad soule, nor doe I mourn for fashion,  
 For why? a generall, a publique losse,  
 Kindles within me, a right wofull *Passion*.  
 Then (oh alas) what need hath he to borrow,  
 That's pinch't already with a feeling sorow?

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 4.*

First, for thy losse, poore world-divided Ile,  
 My eyes pay griefes drink-offering of teares:  
 And I set by all other thoughts a while,  
 To feede my minde the better on my cares.  
 I saw, how happy thou wert but of late  
 In thy sweet *Henries* hopes, yea I saw too,  
 How thou didst glory in thy blessed state:  
 Which thou indeed hadst cause enough to doe.  
 But, when I saw thee place all thy delight  
 Vpon his worth; and then, when thou didst place it,  
 (And thy *Ioy* almost mounted to her height)  
 His haplesse end so suddainely deface it;  
 Methought, I felt it goe so neere my hart,  
 Mine ake: too, with a sympathizing smart.

*Eleg. 5.*

For thee great *James*, my spouts of sorow runne,  
 For thee my *Muse* a heauy song doth sing;  
 That hast lost more, in losing of thy Sonne,  
 Then the Greeke Monarka conquered Persian King.  
 Needs must the paines, that doe disturbe the head,  
 Disease the body throughout euery part;  
 And therefore I might haue been lopt as dead,  
 If I had had no feeling of this smart;  
 But oh I griue: and yet I griue the lesse,  
 Thy *Kingly* gift so well preuail'd to make him  
 Fit for a Crowne of endlesse happinette;  
 And that it was *Iehouah's* hand did take him,  
 Who was himselfe a booke for Kings to pore on:  
 And might haue bin thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

For

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 6.*

For our faire Queene, my griefe is no lesse mouing,  
 There's none could ere more iustly boast of child:  
 For he was kinde, most dutifull, and louing,  
 Most full of manly courage, and yet milde.  
 Methinks I see what heauy discontent  
 Becloudes her brow, and ouer-shades her eyne:  
 Yea, I doe feele her louing heart lament,  
 An earnest thought conueyes the griefe to mine.  
 I see shee notes the sadnes of the Court,  
 Thinks how that heere, or there, she saw him last:  
 Remembers his sweet speech, his gracefull sport,  
 And such like things to make her Passion last.

But what mean I? Let griefe my speeches smother,  
 No tongue can tell the Sorowes of the Mother.

*Eleg. 7.*

Nor thine sweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*,  
 Though one of you haue gaine'd a Prince dome by't:  
 The griefe he hath to haue it by the death  
 Of his sole brother, makes his heart deny't.  
 Yet let not Sorowes black obscuring cloud  
 Quite ecuer and eclipse all comforts light:  
 Though one faire Star aboue the Sphear doth shrowd,  
 Let not the Earth be left in darknes quite.  
 Thou *Charles* art now our Hope, God grant it be  
 More certaine than our last; wee trust it will:  
 Yet we shall haue a louing feare of thee;  
 The burned child we see, eu'r dreads fire still.

But God loues his; and *Rome* although thou threat'st,  
 He's like enough for to be *Charles* the great'st.

Then

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 8.*

Then droop not *Charles* to make our griefs the more;  
 God that to scourge vs, tooke away thy brother.  
 To comfort vs againe, kept thee in store:  
 And now I think on't, *Fate* could doe no other.  
 Thy Father both a Sunne, and *Phoenix* is,  
 Prince *Henry* was a Sunne and *Phoenix* too,  
 And if his Orbe had been as high as his,  
 His beames had shone as bright: his fathers doo,  
*Nature* saw this and tooke him quite away,  
 And now dost thou to be a *Phoenix* trie,  
 Well, so thou maist (no doubt) another day,  
 But then thy father (*Charles*) or thou must die.  
 For 'twas decreed when first the world began,  
 Earth should haue but one *Phoenix*, heauen one Sun.

*Eleg. 9.*

But shall I not bemoane the sad *Electer*?  
 Yes *Fredrick*, I needs must grieue for thee:  
 Thou wooldst with woe now, but our best protector  
 Giues ioyfull end where hard beginnings be.  
 Had we no shewes to welcomethee to Court,  
 No solemne sight but a sad Funerall?  
 Is all our former Masking and our iport,  
 Transform'd to sighes? are all things tragicall?  
 Hadst thou been here at Summer, or at Spring,  
 Thou shouldst not then haue seene vs drooping thus,  
 But now tis *Autumne*, that spoiles eu'ry thing:  
 Vulgarly term'd the *Fall* as the *leafe*, with vs.  
 And not amisse, for well may't be the Fall,  
 That brings down blossoms, Fruit, leaues, tree & all:

NB

The

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 10.*

Then, Stranger Prince, if thou neglected seem;  
 And hast not entertainment to thy State:  
 Our loves yet doe not therefore mis-esteem;  
 But lay the fault vpon vnhappy Fate,  
 Thou found'st vs glad of thy arriual here,  
 And saw'st him, whom we lou'd (poor wretched Elues)  
 Say: didst thou ere of one more worthy heare?  
 No, no, and therefore now we hate our selues,  
 We being then of such a gem bereft,  
 Beare with our our passions, and since one is gone,  
 And thou must haue the halfe of what is left;  
 Oh think on vs for good, when you are gone,  
 And as thou now do'st beare one halfe of's name;  
 Help beare our grieve, and share thou all his fame.

*Eleg. 11.*

See, see, faire Princess, I but nam'd thee yet,  
 Meaning thy woes within my breast to smoothe;  
 But on my thoughts they doe so lively beat,  
 As if I heard thee sighing, *Oh my Brother*:  
 Me thinks I heare thee calling on his name,  
 With plaining on his two vngentle Fate:  
 And sure, the *Sisters* were well worthie blame,  
 To shew such spite to one that none did hate.  
 I know thou sometime muest on his face,  
 (Faire as a womans; but more manly faire)  
 Sometime vpon his shape, his speech, and pale,  
 A thousand waies thy griefes themselves repaire.  
 And oh I no maru-ll, since your sure-pure loves  
 Were nearer dearer than the Turtle Doves.

How

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 12.*

How often, oh how often did he vow  
 To grace thy ioyfull lookes for Nuptialls:  
 But oh how wofull, oh how wofull now  
 Will they be made through thy sad Funeralls!  
 All pleasing parties that betwixt you two,  
 Publick, or private, haue exchanged been,  
 All thou hast heard him promise for to doe,  
 Or by him in his life performed seen,  
 Calls on remembrance: the sweet name of Sister  
 So oft pronounc'd by him seems to take place,  
 Of *Queen* and *Empresse*: now my thoughts do whisper,  
 Those titles one day shall thy vertues grace.  
 If I speake true, for his sweet sake that's dead,  
 Seek how to raise dejected *Britannes* head.

*Eleg. 13.*

Seek how to raise dejected *Britains* head,  
 So she shall study how to raise vp thine:  
 And now leaue off thy teares in vaine to shed,  
 For why? to spare them I haue powr'd out mine.  
 Prie thy selfe, and vs, and mournefull *Rhine*,  
 That hides his faire banke vnder floods of griefe,  
 Thy Prince, thy Duke, thy braue Count *Palatine*:  
 Tis time his sorrowes should haue some reliefe.  
 Hee's come to be another brother to thee,  
 And help thy father to another sonne:  
 He vows thee all the seruice loue can doe thee;  
 And though acquaintance haue with griefe begunne,  
 Tis but to make you hath the better tast  
 Of the true blisse you shall enjoy at last.

Bb x

Thy

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 14.*

Thy brother's well and would not change estates,  
 With any Prince that raignes beneath the Skie:  
 No not with all the worlds great Potentates,  
 His plumes haue borne him to Eternitie.  
 He raignes o're *Saturne* now, that raign'd o're him;  
 He feares no Planets dangerous aspect:  
 But doth about their constellations clime,  
 And earthly ioyes, and sorrowes both neglect.  
 We saw he had his Spring amongst vs here,  
 He saw his Summer, but he skipt it over:  
 And Autumne now hath tane away our deare.  
 The reason's this, which we may plaine discover,  
 He shall escape, (for so *Iehonab* will)  
 The stormy Winter of ensuing ill.

*Eleg. 15.*

I grieve to see the woefull face oth' Court,  
 And for each griued member of the land;  
 I grieve for those that make these griefes their sport,  
 And cannot their owne euill vnderstand.  
 I also grieve, to see how vices swarme,  
 And Vertue as despis'd, grow out of date:  
 How they receiue most hurt, that doe least harme,  
 And how poore honest Truth incurreth hate.  
 But more, much more, I grieve that we doe misse  
 The ioy we lately had; and that he's gone,  
 Whose liuing presence might haue helpt all this:  
 His euermore Abfence makes me mone.  
 Yea most I grieve, that *Britannes* hope is fled,  
 And that her darling, braue Prince *Henrie's* dead.

Prince



*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 16.*

Prince *Henrie* dead! what voyce is that we heare?  
 Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether?  
 If this be true, if this be true, my deare,  
 Why doe I stay behind thee, to doe either?  
 Alas my Fate compels me, I must bide  
 To share the mischiefs of this present age,  
 I am ordain'd to live till I have tride  
 The very worst, and vtmost of their rage.  
 But then why mourne I not to open view,  
 In sable robes according to the Rites?  
 Why is my hat, without a branch of yeugh?  
 Alas my minde, no complement delights,  
 Because my grieve that Ceremonie lothes,  
 Had rather be in heart, than seem in clothes.

*Eleg. 17.*

Thise happy had I been, if I had kept  
 Within the circuit of some little Village,  
 In ignorance of Courts and Princes slept,  
 Manuring of an honest halfe-plough tillage:  
 Or else I would I were as young agen,  
 As when *Eliza* our last *Phoenix* dy'd:  
 My childish yeares had not conceiu'd as then,  
 What 'twas to lose a Prince so dignify'd.  
 But now I know: and what now doth't auail?  
 Alas, whilst others merry, feele no paine,  
 I melancholy, sit alone and waile:  
 Thus sweetest profit, yeelds the bitterst gaine.  
 Why? 'cause it came by the forbidden tree:  
 And good things proue not, that ill gotten be.

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 18.*

When as the first sad rumor fill'd my eare  
 Of *Henries* sicknes; an amazing terror  
 Struck through my body, with a shuddring feare,  
 Which I expounded but my frailties error.  
 For though a quick-misdoubling of the worst,  
 Seem'd to fore-tell my soule, what would ensue:  
 God will forbid, thought I, that such a curst  
 Or ill-presaging thought should fall out true:  
 It cannot sinke into imagination,  
 That He, whose future glories we may see  
 To be at least all *Europes* expectation,  
 Should in the prime of age dispoiled be;  
 For if a hope so likely nought availevs,  
 It is no wonder if all other failevs.

*Eleg. 19.*

Againe, when one had forc't vnto my eare,  
*My Prince was dead*; although he much protested,  
 I could not with belife his sad newes heare:  
 But would haue sworne, and sworne againe, he iested.  
 At such a word, me thought, the towne should sinke,  
 The earth should downe vnto the Center cleaue,  
 Swallowing all in her hell-gaping chinke,  
 And not so much as Sea or Iland leaue.  
 Some Comet, or some monstrous blazing-Star,  
 Should haue appear'd, or some strange prodigie,  
 Death might haue shown't vs though't had been afar  
 That he intended some such tyranny.

But God (it seemeth) did thereof dislike,  
 To shew that he will on a sudden strike.

Thus

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 20.*

Thus vnbeleeuing, I did oft enquire  
 Of one, of two, of three, and so of many:  
 And still I heard what I did least desire,  
 Yet grounded *Hope*, would giue no faith to any.  
 Then at the last my heart began to feare,  
 But as I credence to my feares was giuing  
 A voyce of comfort I began to heare:  
 Which to my fruitlesse *Ioy* said *Henrie's* liuing;  
 At that same word, my *Hope* that was forsaking  
 My heart, and yeelding wholly to despair;  
 Remued straight, and better courage taking,  
 Her crazed parts, so strongly did repaire,  
 I thought she would haue held it out; but vaine:  
 For oh, ere long, she lost it quite againe,

*Eleg. 21.*

But now my tongue can neuer make relation,  
 What I sustain'd in my last foughten field;  
 My minde assailed with a three-fold passion,  
*Hope, Feare, Despaire*, could vnto neither yeeld.  
*Feare* wild me, for to view the skies black colour.  
*Hope* said; *Vpon his hopesfull vertues looke:*  
*Despaire* shew'd me an vniuersall dolour,  
 Yet fruitlesse *Doubt*, my hearts possession tooke.  
 But when I saw the *Hearse*, then I beleeu'd,  
 And taking breath, thus fell to vowelling:  
 Beside, to show I had not causelesse greiu'd,  
 I saw a note of his embowelling.

There 'twas subscrib'd; they found he had no gall,  
 And like enough, for he was sweetness all,

Oh

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 22.*

Oh cruell, and insatiable *Death*!  
 Would none suffice, would none suffice but he?  
 What pleasure was it more to stop his breath,  
 Than for to choak, or kill, or poyson me?  
 My life for his, with thrice three millions more,  
 We would have giuen as a ransom to thee,  
 But since thou in his losse hast made vs poore,  
 Foule Tyrant, it shall neuer honour doe thee:  
 For thou hast showne thy selfe a spightfull fiend,  
 Yea Death thou didst enuy his happy state,  
 And therefore thoughtst to bring it to an end;  
 But see, see whereto God hath turnd thy hate.  
 Thou meant'st to marre the blisse he had before;  
 And by thy spight, hast made it ten times more.

*Eleg. 23.*

Tis true I know, Death with an equall spurne,  
 The lofty Turret, and lowe Cottage bears:  
 And takes impartiall each one in his turne,  
 Yea though he bribes, prayes, promises, or threats.  
 Neither Man, brute, plant, sex, age nor degree  
 Preuailes against his dead-sure striking hand:  
 For then, ere we would thus dispoiled be,  
 All these conioyn'd his furie should withstand.  
 But oh! vnseen he strikes at vnaware,  
 Disguised like a murdering *Iesuite*:  
 Friends cannot stop him that in presence are;  
 And which is worse, when he hath done his spite,  
 Hee carries him, so farre away from hence,  
 None liues, that's able for to fetch him thence.

Nor

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 24.*

Nor would we now, becaule we doe believe  
 His God (to whom indeed he did belong)  
 To crowne him, where he hath no caule to greeue,  
 Took him from death, that sought to do him wrong.  
 But were this deare beloued Prince of ours  
 Liuing in any corner of this All,  
 Though kept by *Romes* and *Mahomets* cheefe powers;  
 They should not long detaine him there in thrall:  
 We would rake *Europe* rather, plaine the *East*,  
 Dispeople the whole *Earth* before the Doome;  
 Stampe halfe to powder, and fier all the rest;  
 But for to help vp proud aspiring *Rome*,  
 Spight of her powder, with our counter-mines,  
 Blowe her aboute the *Alpes*, or *Appenines*.

*Eleg. 25.*

But what? shall we goe now dispute with God,  
 And in our hearts vpbraide him that's so iust?  
 Let's pray him rather, to withdraw his rod,  
 Lest in his wrath he bruse vs vnto dust.  
 Why should we lay his death to Fate, or times?  
 I knowe there hath no second causes bin,  
 But our high-flying-crying-dying crimes,  
 Nay, I can name the chiefe st murth'ring sin:  
 And this it was, how-ere it hath bin hid.  
*Trust not* (saith *Dauid*) *trust not to a Prince*:  
 Yet we hop't lesse, in God Ile sweare wee did,  
 In ielousie he therefore tooke him hence.  
 Thus we abuse good things, & through our blindnes,  
 Haue hurt our ielmes, & kild our Prince with kindnes.

Let

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 26.*

Let all the world come now and share our lot,  
 Come *Europe, Asia, Affrica*, come all:  
 Mourne *Englisb, Irish, Britisb*, and mourne *Scot*,  
 For his, (no I mistake it) for our fall.  
 The prop of Vertue, and mankind's delight,  
 Hath fled the earth, and quite forsaken vs:  
 We had but of his excellence a sight,  
 To make our longings like to *Tantalus*.  
 What seeke you in a Man that he enioy'd not?  
 Were't either gift of body or of spirit,  
 Nay, which is more, what had he, he employ'd not  
 To help his Country, and her loue to merit?  
 But see what high preferment Vertues bring,  
 He's of a seruant now become a King.

*Eleg. 27.*

But soft, I meane not heere to blaze his praise,  
 It is a worke too mighty, and requires  
 Many a Pen, and many yeares of daies:  
 My humble quill to no such task aspires,  
 Onely I mourn, with deep-deep-sighing groanes,  
 Yet could I wish the other might be done;  
 Though all the *Muses* were employ'd at once,  
 And write as long as *Helicon* would runne;  
 But oh, I feare the Spring's already dry,  
 Or else why flags my lazie *Muse* so lowe?  
 Why vent I such dull-sprighted *Poesy*,  
 Surely 'tis sunk; I lye, it is not so:  
 For how ist likely that should want supplies,  
 When all we feed it with our weeping eyes?

May

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 28.*

May not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,  
 As she was that same day she lost her *Hector*?  
 When proud *Achilles* spoyl'd her of her ioy  
 (And triumph't on her losses) beeing Victor?  
 May not I liken *Henry* to that *Greece*,  
 That hauing a whole world vnto his share,  
 Intended other worlds to goe and seeke?  
 Oh no; I may not, they vnworthy are.  
 Say, whereto *London*? whereto then shall I  
 Compare that sweet departed Prince, and thee?  
 Of him the King bewail'd by *Ieremy*,  
 And sad *Megiddon* shall thy patterne be.

*Megiddon* said I? rather no, *Gebinnon*,  
 For thy grieffe's more than that of *Hadadrinnon*.

*Eleg. 29.*

You that beheld it, when the mournfull traine  
 Past by the wall of his forsaken Parke,  
 Did not the very Groue seeme to complaine,  
 With a still murmure, and to looke more darke?  
 Did not those pleasant walks (oh pleasing then  
 Whilst there he (healthfull) vsed to resort)  
 Looke like the shades of Death, neere some foule den?  
 And that place there, where once he kept his Court,  
 Did it not at his parting seeme to sink?  
 And all forsake it like a cave of sprights?  
 Did not the Earth beneath his Chariot shrink,  
 As grieved for the losse of our delights?  
 Yea his dumb Steed, that erst for none would tary,  
 Pac'd slow, as if he scarce himselfe could cary.

But



*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 30.*

But oh! when it approach't the'mpaled Court,  
 Where *Mar* himselfe enui'd his future glory,  
 And whither he in armes did oft resort,  
 My heart conceiued a right tragick story.  
 Whither great Prince, oh whither dost thou go?  
 (Me thought the very place thus seem'd to say)  
 Why in black robes art thou attended so?  
 Doe not (oh doe not) make such haste away.  
 But art thou Captiue, and in tryumph too?  
 Oh me! and worse too, liueleffe, breathleffe, dead.  
 How could the monster Death this mischiefe do?  
 Surely the coward took thee in thy bed,  
 For whilst that thou wert arm'd within my list,  
 He dar'd not meet thee like a Martialist.

*Eleg. 31.*

Alas, who now shall grace my turnaments;  
 Or honour me with deeds of Chiuallrie?  
 What shall become of all my merriments,  
 My Ceremonies, shoues of Heraldry  
 And other Rites? who, who shall now adorne  
 Thy Sisters Nuptials with so sweet a presence?  
 Wilt thou forsake vs, leaue vs quite forlorne,  
 And of all ioy at once make a defeasance?  
 Was this the time pickt out by Destinie?  
 Farewell deere Prince then, sith thou wilt be gone,  
 In spight of Death goe liue eternally,  
 Exempt from sorow, whilst we mortalls mone:  
 But this ill hap shall teach me for to feare  
 When we are ioyfull'st, there's most sorow neare.

Then

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 32*

Then, as he past along you might espy  
 How the grieu'd Vulgar thar shed many a teare,  
 Cast after, an vnwiling parting eye,  
 As loth to lose the sight they held so deare;  
 When they had lost the figure of his face,  
 Then they beheld his robes, his Chariot then;  
 Which beeing hid, their looke aim'd at the place,  
 Still longing to behold him once agen:  
 But when he was quite past, and they could finde  
 No obiect to employ their sight vpon,  
 Sorow became more busie with the minde,  
 And drew an Armie of sad passions on;  
 Which made them so particularly mone,  
 Each amongst thousands seem'd as if alone.

*Eleg. 33.*

And well might we of weakeſt substance melt,  
 With tender passion for his timeleſſe end,  
 Sith (as it seem'd) the purer bodies felt  
 Some griefe, for this their sweet departed friend;  
 The Sunne wrapt vp in clowds of mournfull blacke,  
 Frown'd as displeas'd with such a hainous deed,  
 And would haue ſtaid, or turn'd his horses backe,  
 If Nature had not forc't him on with speed:  
 Yea and the Heauens wept a pearly dewe,  
 Like very teares, not so as if it rain'd.  
 His Grand-fires tombes, as if the stones did rue  
 Our wofull losses, were with moyſture ſtain'd:  
 Yea, either 'twas my easie mind's beliefe;  
 Or all things were diſpoſed vnto griefe:

Black

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 34.*

Black was *Woite-hall*, The windowes that did shine,  
 And double glazed were with beauties bright;  
 Which Sun-like erst did dim the gazers eyne,  
 As if that from within them came the light.  
 Those to my thinking seemed nothing faire,  
 And were obscur'd with woe, as they had been  
 Hung all with sack, or sable-cloth of haire,  
 Greefe was without, and so 't appear'd within.  
 Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho  
 As if they were attentive vnto sorow:  
 The very winds did then forbear to blowe,  
 The time of night her stilnesse seem'd to borrow,  
 Yea all the troope pac't slowe, as loth to rend  
 The earth that should embrace their Lord & friend.

*Eleg. 35.*

Met thought ere-while I saw Prince *Henries* Armes  
 Advanc't about the Capitoll of *Rome*,  
 And his keen blade, in spight of Steele or charmes,  
 Giue many mighty enemies their doome;  
 Yea I had many Hopes, but now I see  
 They are ordain'd to be anothers taske:  
 Yet of the *Stewards* line a branch shall be  
 T'advance beyond the *Alpes* his plumed Cask;  
 Then I perhaps, that now tune doleful layes,  
 Amongst their zealous triumphs may presume  
 For to endite some petty Captaines praise:  
 Meane-while I will some other worke assume,  
 Or rather, sith my hope-fulst Patron's dead,  
 Goe to some Desert, and there hide my head.

Had

*Prince Henries Obsequies:**Eleg. 36.*

Had he been but my *Prince* and wanted all  
 Those ornaments of *Vertue* that so grac't him;  
 My loue and life had both been at his call,  
 For that his *Fortune* had aboue vs plac'd him:  
 But his rare hopefulness, his flying *Fame*,  
 His knowledge, and his honest policie,  
 His courage much admir'd, his very name,  
 His publicke loue, and private curtesie:  
 Ioynd with religious firmness, might haue mou'd  
 Pale *Envy* to haue prais'd him, and sure he,  
 Had he been of mean birth, had bin belou'd:  
 For trust me, his sweet parts so rani'sh't me,  
 That (if I erre, yet pardon me therefore)  
 I lou'd him as my *Prince*: as *Henry* more.

*Eleg. 37.*

Me thought his Royall person did fore-tell,  
 A Kingly statelines, from all pride cleare:  
 His looke maiestick, seemed to compell  
 All men to loue him rather than to feare.  
 And yet though he were eu'ry good mans ioy,  
 And the alonely comfort of his owne,  
 His very name with terror did annoy  
 His foraine foes so farre as he was knowne.  
 Hell droopt for feare, the turkie *Moone* look't pale;  
*Spaine* trembled, and the most tempestuous sea  
 (Where *Behemoth* the *Babylonish* Whale;  
 Keeps all his bloody and imperious plea)  
 Was swolne with rage, for feare he'd stop the tide,  
 Of her ore-daring and insulung pride,

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*Prince Henries Obsequies.*

*Eleg. 38.*

For amongst diuers *Vertues* rare to finde,  
 Though many I obseru'd, I markt none more  
 Than in *Religion* his firme constant minde;  
 Which I notcht deeply on *Remembrance* score,  
 And that made *Romists* for his fortunes sorry:  
 When therefore they shall heare of this ill hap,  
 Those Mints of mischiefes will extreamely glorie,  
 And it may be 'twas by a Popish trap,  
 Yet boast not *Babel*; thou insultst in vaine,  
 Thou hast not yet obtain'd the victory;  
 We haue a *Prince* still, and our King doth raigne,  
 So shall his seed, and their posterity.

For know, God that loues his, & their good tenders,  
 Will neuer leaue his faith, without defenders.

*Eleg. 39.*

Amidst our sacred sports, that very season,  
 Whilst for our Countrey and beloued *James*,  
 Preserued from that hell-bred Powder-treason,  
 We rung and sung with showtes, and ioyfull flames:  
 Me thought vpon the sodaine I espy'd  
*Romes* damned fiends, an antick dance begin:  
 The *Furies* led it that our blisse enuy'd,  
 And at our rites the hel-hounds seem'd to grin.  
 How now thought I! more plots! & with that thought  
*Prince Henrie*; dead, I plainly heard one cry:  
 O Lord (quoth I) now they haue that they sought,  
 Yet let not our gladst-day, our sadst-day die.  
 God seem'd to heare, for he to ease our sorrow,  
 Reuiu'd that day, to die againe the morrow.

But

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 40.*

But *Britaine*, *Britaine* tell me, Or ell me this;  
 What was the reason thy chiefe curse befell  
 So lust vpon the time of thy chiefe blisse?  
 Dost thou not know it? heare me then, Ile tell:  
 Thou wert not halfe halfe thankfull nor his care  
 And mercy that so well preferred thee;  
 His owne benenier did so often spare:  
 Yea bethy Lord, himselfe hath serued thee;  
 Yet *Laodice* thou, nor hot nor cold,  
 Secure, and carelesse dost not yet repent,  
 Thru wilt beeter ouer-daring bold,  
 Till thou hast vengeance, vpon vengeance hent,  
 But (oh) see how *Hypocrite* doth raigne:  
 I villaine, that am worst doe first complaine.

*Eleg. 41.*

A foule consuming Pestilence did waste,  
 And lately I spoild thee *England* to thy terror;  
 But now alas, a greater plague thou hast,  
 Because in time thou couldst not see thy error.  
 Hard *Frosts* thy fields and gardens haue deflowred,  
 Hot *Summers* hath thy fruites Consumption bin;  
 Fier many places of thee hath deuoured,  
 And all fore-warnings to repent thy lin,  
 Yet still thou didst deser't and carelesse sleep,  
 Which heau'n perceruing with black clouds did frown,  
 And into floods for very anger weep,  
 Yea the salt Sea, a part of thee did drown,  
 She drown'd a part (but oh that part was small)  
 Now reares more salt, haue over-whelm'd vs all.

## Prince Henries Obsequies

Eleg. 43.

Say why was *Henries* life so glorious?  
 And his sad *Funerall* so full of state?  
 Why went he to his *Tomb* as one victorious;  
 Seeming as blith, as when he liu'd of late?  
 What needed all that *Ceremonious* show?  
 And that dead-living Image which they bare?  
 Could not *Remembrance* make vs smart enough;  
 Vnlesse we did afresh renew it there?  
 What was fit, but some aptick curious rite,  
 Onely to feed the vaine beholders eyes,  
 To make make men in their sorrowes more delight,  
 Or may we rather on it moralize?

Yes, yes, it shew'd that though he wanted breath,  
 Yet he should ride in triumph ouer death.

Eleg. 43.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be,  
 After these griefes were he no more than straid,  
 And thus deem'd dead: but see! what *Fantastie*  
 Feedes my vaine thought on? *Fate* hath that deny'd.  
 But since hee's gone, we now can call to minde,  
 His latest words, and whereto they did tend:  
 Yea now our blunt capacities can finde,  
 They plainely did prognosticate his end.  
 Beside, we finde our *Prophecies* of old,  
 And would perswade our selues twas knowne of yore  
 By skilfull Wyzards: and by them fore-told,  
 But then why found we not so much before?

Oh mark this euer, we ne're know our state,  
 Nor see our losse before it be too late.

From



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*Prince Henries Obsequies.*

*Eleg. 44.*

From passion thus, to passion could I runne,  
 Till I had over-runne a world of words,  
 My *Masse* might he be said would not haue done,  
 The subiect, matter infinit affords.  
 But there's a meape in all; with too much grieuing  
 We must not of Gods providence despaire  
 Like cursed *Papaier*, or men vnbeleeuing.  
 Tis true, the *Hopes* that we haue lost were faire:  
 But we beheld him with an outward eye,  
 And though he in our sight most worthie seem'd,  
 Yet God saw more, whose secrets none can spye,  
 And findes another whom we lesse esteem'd:  
 So *Lesles* eldest *Sonnes* had most renowe,  
 But little *Dauid* did obtaine the Crowne.

*Eleg. 45.*

Let vs our trust alone in God repose,  
 Since *Princes* faile; and maugre *Turke* or *Pope*,  
 He will provide one that shall quail our toes,  
 We saw he did it, when we had lesse hope:  
 Let's place our *Ioyes* in him and weep for sin,  
 Yea let's in time amend it, and foresee,  
 (If losse of earthly *Hope* hath grieuous been)  
 How great the losse of heauens true *Ioyes* may be:  
 This if we doe, God will stretch forth his hand,  
 To stop these plagues he did intend to bring,  
 And poure such blessings on this mournfull Land,  
 We shall for *IO*, *Halleluiah* sing:  
 And our deare *Iames*, if we herein perseuer,  
 Shall haue a *Sonne* to grace his Throne for euer.



AN EPITAPH VPON THE  
most Hopefull and All-vertuous  
*Henry, Prince of Wales.*

**S**Tay Traveller, and ready, dost neuer beare  
In all thy journeyes any newes or tales  
Of a great Heroe, to the world once deare,  
They call'd him Henrie the brave Prince of Wales?

Looke here, within this little place he lies,  
Eu'n he that was the Vniuersall Hope:  
And almost made this Ile Idolatrize,  
See, hee's contented with a little scope,

**Exordus.** And as the Dane that on Southampton strand,  
His Courtiers idle flatteries did abide,  
(Who tearm'd him both the God of sea and land)  
By sucking he could not command the Tide.

So this, to mocke vaine Hopes, in him began  
Dy'd and here lies, to shew he was a man.



A Supposed Inter-locution be-  
tween the Spirit of Prince Henry,  
and Great Britanne.

---

Br. **A** wake brave Prince, thou dost thy cou-ry wrong,  
Shake off thy slumber, thou hast slept too long,  
Open thy eye-lids and raise up thy head,  
Thy Countreie and thy Friends suppose thee dead,  
Looke vp, looke vp, the dayes are growne more short,  
Thy Officers prepare to leaue thy Court.  
The staines of sorrow are in every face,  
And Charles is cald vpon to take thy Place,  
Awake I say in time, awake the rather,  
Least Melancholy hurt thy Royal Father.  
Thy weeping Mother wailes and wrings her hands,  
Thy Brother, and thy Sister mourning stands;  
The want of that sweet company of thine,  
Inly torments the louing Prince of Rhine:  
The Beauties of the Court are sullied o're,  
They seeme not cheerfull as they did before,  
The heauie Clergie, in their Pulpits mourne,  
And thy Attendants looke like men forlorne,

*Prince Henries Obsequies.*

Once more (I say) sweet Prince once more arise,  
 See how the teares haue drown'd my watry eyes,  
 All my sweet tunes and former signes of gladnes  
 Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of sadnes.  
 The *Trumpet* with still grones makes no rebound,  
 And *Dumpe* is all the cheerefull *Drum* can sound:  
 Thy mournfull *Wales* with dolefull rumors rings,  
 And *Oh Guayvinnagh*, *oh Guayvinnagh* sings:  
 Yea *Ireland* too, as iustly sad as we  
 Cries loud *Oh bone, oh bone my Grama cree.*  
 But more *Romes Locusts* doe begin to swarme,  
 Their courage now with stronger *Hopes* they arme,  
 And taking hold of this thy *Trans-mutation*,  
 They plot againe to sue for toleration.  
 Yea *Hell* to double this our sorrowes weight,  
 Is new contriuing of old *Eighty-eight*.  
 Comethen and stand against it to defend vs:  
 Or else her guile, her plots, or force will end vs.  
 This last-last time, sweet *Prince* I bid thee rise,  
 My *Bristaines* droup already: each man flies,  
 And if thou saue vs not from our great foes,  
 They quickly will effect our overthrowe.  
 Oh yet he moues not vp his liuing head,  
 And now I feare indeed he's dead. *Sp.* he's dead.  
*Brit.* What voice was that, which from the vaulted roof,  
 Of my last words did make so plaine a prooffe?  
 What was it seem'd to speake about me so,  
 And saies he's dead? wast *Eccho*, yea or no? *Sp.* no.  
*Brit.* What is it some dispos'd to flout my mone?  
 Appeare: Hast thou a body, or hast none? *Sp.* none.

*Brit.*

*Prince Henries Obsequies.*

*Brit.* Sure some illusion, oh what art? come hither  
My *Princes* ghost, or fiend, or neither. *Sp.* neither.

*Brit.* Indeed his Ghost in heaven rests, I know,  
Art thou some *Angel* for him, is it so? *Sp.* so.

*Brit.* Doe not my Reall greefes with vilions feed,  
In earnest speake, art so indeed? *Sp.* indeed.

*Brit.* What power sent thee now into my Coast,  
Was it my *Darling Henries Ghost*? *Sp.* 's Ghost.

*Brit.* Th' art welcome then, thy presence gratefull is:  
But tell me, liues he happily in blisse: *Sp.* y<sup>e</sup>.

*Brit.* If so much of thee may be vnderstood,  
Is the intent of this thy comming good? *Sp.* good.

*Brit.* Say, hath he there the *Fame* that heere he had,  
Or doth the place vnto his glory add? *Sp.* add.

*Brit.* May I demand what thy good errants be?  
To whom is that he told to thee? *Sp.* to thee.

*Brit.* Oh doth he mind me yet, sweet Spirit say,  
What is thy message? I obey: *Sp.* Obey.

*Brit.* I will not to my power one little misse,  
Doe but command, and say doe this: *Sp.* doe this.

*Brit.* But say, it seems that thou hast made thy choice,  
To speake with *Eecb's* most vnperfect voyce:

In Plainer wise declare why thou art sent,  
That I may heare with more content. *Sp.* content



*The Spirit leaues his Eccbo and  
speakes on.*

*Spi.* **T**Hen heare me *Britannie*, heare me and beleeeue  
Thy *Henries* there now where he canot grieue,  
He is not subiect to the Slye inuasion  
Of any humane, or corrupted *Passion*,  
For then, (although he sorrow now forbears)  
He would haue wept himselfe, to see thy teares,  
But he (as good *Saints* are) of ioyes partaker,  
Is lealons of the glory of his Maker;  
And though the *Saints* of *Rome* may take it to them,  
(Much help to their damnation it will doe them)  
He will not on his *Masters* right presume,  
Nor his (mal't due vnto himselfe) assume,  
And therefore *Britannie*, in the name of God,  
And on the paine of his reuengefull rod;  
He here coniures thee in thy tribulation,  
To make to God alone thy inuocation:  
Who rooke him from thee, that but late was liuing,  
For too much trust, vnto his weakenes giuing,  
Yet call'st thou on thy *Prince* still, as if he,  
Could either *Sauour* or *Redeemer* be:

Thou

*Prince Henries Obsequies*

Thou tell'st him of the wicked *Whore* of *Rome*,  
 As if that he were Iudge to giue her doome.  
 But thou might'st see, were not thy sight so dim,  
 Thou mak'st a mean-while another *Whore* of him;  
 For what ist for a Creatures ayde to cry,  
 But spirits whoredome? (that's Idolatry)  
 Their most vnpleasing breaths that so invoke,  
 The passage of *Iehouah's* mercies choke:  
 And therefore if thy sorowes shall haue end,  
 To God thou must thy whole deuotions bend.  
 Then will thy *King* that he leaue off so mone,  
 God hath tane *Hu*, yet left him more than one,  
 And that he hath not so seuerely done,  
 As when he crau'd the *Hebrewes* onely sonne,  
 Because, beside this little blessed store,  
 There's yet a possibility of more.  
 Go tell the *Queene* his mother that's lamenting,  
 There is no cause of that her discontenting,  
 And say there is another in his place,  
 Shall doe his louing Sisters nuprialls grace.  
 Enforme the *Palatine*, his *Nymph* of *Thame*  
 Shall giue his glorious *Rhyme* a trebble fame:  
 But vnto *Charles*, to whom he leaues his place,  
 Let this related be in any case.  
 Tell him he may a full possession take  
 Of what his Brother did so late forsake;  
 But bid him looke what to his place is due,  
 And every vice in generall eschue:  
 Let him consider why he was his Brother,  
 And plac't aboue so many thousand other.

Great



*Prince Henries Obsequies.*

Great honors haue great burthens: if y<sup>e</sup> are high,  
 The stricter's your account, and the more nigh:  
 Let him shunne flatterers at any hand,  
 And euer firmly in Religion stand,  
 Gird on his sword, call for *Iehonab's* might,  
 Keep a good conscience, fight the *Lamb's* great fight  
 For when his Father shall surrender make,  
 The *Faith's* protection he must undertake.  
 Then *Charles* take heed, for thou shalt heare afar,  
 Some cry, peace, peace; that haue their hart on war,  
 Let Policie Religion obey,  
 But let not Policie Religion sway:  
 Shut from thy counsell such as haue profest  
 The vvorship of that *Antichristian* beast,  
 For howsoe're they dawb't with colour trim,  
 Their hands do beare his mark, their hart's on him,  
 And though they seeme to seek the Commons *Weale*,  
 Tis but the Monsters deadly wound to heale,  
 Banish all *Romish* Statists, doe not stop  
 Of that pride-painted *Drab* infectious Cup,  
 Yea vse thy vtmost strength, and all thy power  
 To scatter them that would build *Babel's* tower,  
 Thou must sometime be ludge of equitie;  
 And of suruey e'ne thine owne family:  
 That at thy Table none partaker be,  
 That will not at *Christ's* boord partake with thee;  
 The Lords great day is neer, is neer at hand,  
 Vnto thy combat see thou bravely stand.  
 For him that ouercomes, *Christ* keeps a Crowne,  
 And the great st conquest hath the great st renouwe.

*Prince Henries Obsequies*

Be mercifull, and yet in mercy iust:  
 Chase from thy Court both wantonnesse and lust;  
 Disguised fashions from the Land cast away;  
 Women may women, and men, men appeare.  
 The wide wide mouth of the blasphemers teares  
 His passage vnto God, through all the Spheres,  
 Prouoking him, to turne his peacefull word  
 Into a bloody double-edged sword:  
 But cut his tongue, the clapper of damnation,  
 He may fright others with his Violation,  
 The Drunkard, and Adulterer, from whence  
 Proceeds the cause of dearth and pestilence,  
 Punish with losse of substance, and of limbe,  
 He rather married vnto Heaven may climbe  
 Then tumble whole to Hell, and by his sin,  
 Endanger the whole state he liueth in:  
 Down, down, with Pride, & ouerthrowe Ambition;  
 Grace true deuotion, root out superstition,  
 Loue them that loue the Truth, and Vertue graces,  
 Let Honesty, not Wealth, obtaine great places,  
 Begin but such a course, and so persequer,  
 Thou shalt haue loue here, and true blisse for euer;  
 Thus much for thy new Prince; now this to thee,  
*Britaine*; It shall thy charge and durie be,  
 To tell him now what thou hast heard me say,  
 And when soeuer he commands, obey:  
 So if thou wilt in mind this counsell beare;  
 Vnto thy state haue due regard and care,  
 And without stay vnto amendment hie,  
 Thou shalt be deare to those, to whom I fly.

*Brit.*

*Princes Henries Obsequies.*

*Brit.* Oh stay, and doe not leaue me yet alone.

*Spi.* My errand's at an end, I must be gone.

*Brit.* Goe then, but let me sake one word before.

*Spi.* My speech now failes, I may discourse no more.

*Brit.* Yet let me craue thus much, if so I may,

By *Eccles* thou reply to what I say. *Spi.* Say.

*Brit.* First tel me, for his sake thou count'st most dear,

Is *Babels* fall and *Iacobs* rising near? *Spi.* Near.

*Brit.* Canst thou declare what day that work shall end,

Or rather must we yet attend? *Spi.* Attend.

*Brit.* Som Land must yield a Prince that blow to strike,

May I be that same Land, or no, is't like? *Spi.* Like.

*Brit.* Then therefore tis that *Rome* bears vs such spight,

Is she not plotting now, to wrong our right? *Spi.* right.

*Brit.* But from her mischiefes and her hands impure,

Canst thou our safe deliuerance assure? *Spi.* Sure.

*Brit.* Then notwithstanding this late losse befell,

And we fear'd much, I trust 'tis well. *Spi.* 'Tis well.

*Brit.* Then lie thou to thy place, if this be true,

Thou God be prais'd, and Griefes adue. *Spi.* Adue.

A



A Sonnet of Death, composed in Latine  
Rimes, and Paraphrastically translated into the  
same kinde of verse, both, by the  
former Author.

**H** *Enus, belus, Mors percutit, & importune,*  
*Quam nunquam prateris vltus impune.*  
*Abite Medici, non est sanabile*  
*Hec vulnus Socrus, sed incurabile.*

Hark, hark, Death knocks vs vp. with Importunitie,  
There's none shall euer make boast of impunitie.  
The Doctor toyles in vaine, mans life's not durable,  
No medicine can preuaile, this wound's incurable:

*Quid pelli Dominum profunt fauores?*  
*Filli quid Hominum iuuant amores?*  
*Nec mundi vanitas, nec Pompa Curia,*  
*Potest resistere Adortu iniuria.*

What will the countenance of Lords, or Noble-men  
Or idle peoples loue, help or auaille thee then?  
Nor the worlds bravery, nor yet Court vanitie,  
Can stay this Monsters hand, foe to humanitie.

*Non curat splendidum, nec Venerabile,*  
*Nec pectus candidum quantum amabile:*

*Decumbunt*

*Prince Henry's Obsequies.*

*Decumbunt Principes inq̃uo tu/nere,  
Non parer̃ p̃ntini, qui stant p̃lluere.*

He knows no reverence, nor cares for any state.  
Sweet beauties move him not, though nere so delicate;  
Princes must stoop to him, he rides on martially,  
And spares not any man, but strikes impartially.

*Mercede dignis nil morat cupidi,  
Nec prece pauperis (siorat) miseri,  
Et frustra falleretentis ingenio,  
Surda Rhetorici Mori est eloquio.*

Therich-mans money-bags are no persuasion,  
The beggers wofull cry, shirsvp no passion,  
Hee'l nor beguiled be, by any fallacy,  
Nor yeld to Rhetorick, Wit, Art, nor Policy.

*Aspetu pallida, vultu terribilis;  
Est tamen valida, Adors invincibilis:  
Et suas tibi (nec est formalis),  
Vir omnis sequitur, si sit mortalis.*

His looke's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie,  
He masters any man (alas what remedy!)  
He's nothing curious which way the measures be,  
But all dance after him, that beare his melodie.

*At ob! oh horrida, latens necando,  
Ruit incognita; non scimus quando:*

*Prince Henries Obsequies.*

*Et statim perditur hac mundi gloria;  
Vna sic fragilis, sic transitoria.*

But woe of all the rest this seemes most terrible;  
He comes when we know least, and then, inuisible;  
Then quite there endeth all worldly prosperitie;  
Such is this lifes estate, such his severitie.

*Ergo vos incolae terrarum timidi;  
Este solliciti, vos, ob vos miseri!  
Sic quamvis subita, hac è carnalibus,  
Reddet vos similes, dijs immortalibus.*

Then oh you wretched men, sith this is euident,  
See you more carefull be, oh be more prouident,  
And when he takes this life, full of incertaintie,  
You shall liue euer-more to all eternitie.

*FINIS.*